

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Rysith on December 13, 2008, 02:43:23 am

Title: **Lanternwebs (The End!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 13, 2008, 02:43:23 am**

"Halt!" cried Tosid Vodsazir. "This shall be the site."

The other six looked out from the wagon and down the mountainside. Below them, a stream burbled happily through clay soil, trees dotted the hillsides, and green grass grew thick upon the ground. Above them, though, they could see a plateau, twisted trees long dead tied to blacked earth and stagnant, murky ponds. A malignant place, rumored to be caused by an ancient evil long buried beneath the mountains, an evil so terrible that the dead walked the land freely near them. The mountains themselves were named "The Unnameable Point", and the forest "The Forest of Funerals".

The brook was no safer, the dwarves knew, despite its inviting greenery. Many nights on their trek from Endoksobìr had been spent, not in restful sleep, but huddled in the wagon listening to the deep howls of the wolves, both lower and more savage than the howls of the wolves of their homeland.

And yet it was here that Queen Lektadlòr had ordered a fort built. It was to be, she said, a fortress unmatched by any throughout the land, to secure a vital corridor between the mountainhomes and the Bewildering Oceans. Tosid had objected, of course. The site was wholly unsuitable, surrounded by untamed wilds on all sides and with the Unnameable Point looming over it like an axe waiting to fall. He wasn't the right dwarf to lead, he insisted. There were other, more qualified dwarves available, ones from the court who knew how to lead dwarves with a gentle but firm hand. He'd do something wrong, and the entire expedition would be for nothing.

But the queen had held firm. The site was a bit harsh, it was true, but the location had all of the resources he could possibly want: Flux and sand had been reported by the scouts, and the mountains themselves were known to house ample magma. With the brook for running water, there was nothing that he would want for. Furthermore, his experience with mechanics would give him the perfect background to create a well-organized and smoothly running fortress, which was exactly what was needed if he was to accomplish the Queen's goals: Wall off the Forest of Funerals, tame the wilderness, and provide a forward outpost to hold off the Orcs when they turned their attention from the Unions of Responsibility to the dwarves further south. And, she reminded him, it was only with much negotiation and maneuvering that she had managed to take the honor of administering this fortress for the Braided Lenses. Eshtân Fikodniral had been extremely vocal in insisting that the expedition be lead by The Fence of Taking, claiming that the expedition would surely be lost without her clan's superior combat experience, and would no doubt jump at the chance to take over.

And so, eventually Tosid's sense of duty won out, and he had agreed to lead the expedition for the glory of the Braided Lenses and the Theater of Beards. For months, they had skirted the edges of The Virtuous Towers, who's cliffs had long sheltered the five dwarven nations that lived within, hidden from the wars outside. Through the Cruel Skull-Fields, across the Prairies of Impaling, around the Stinky Murk, and over the Gilded Hill, until at last they had arrived at Udilorshar, Lanternwebs.

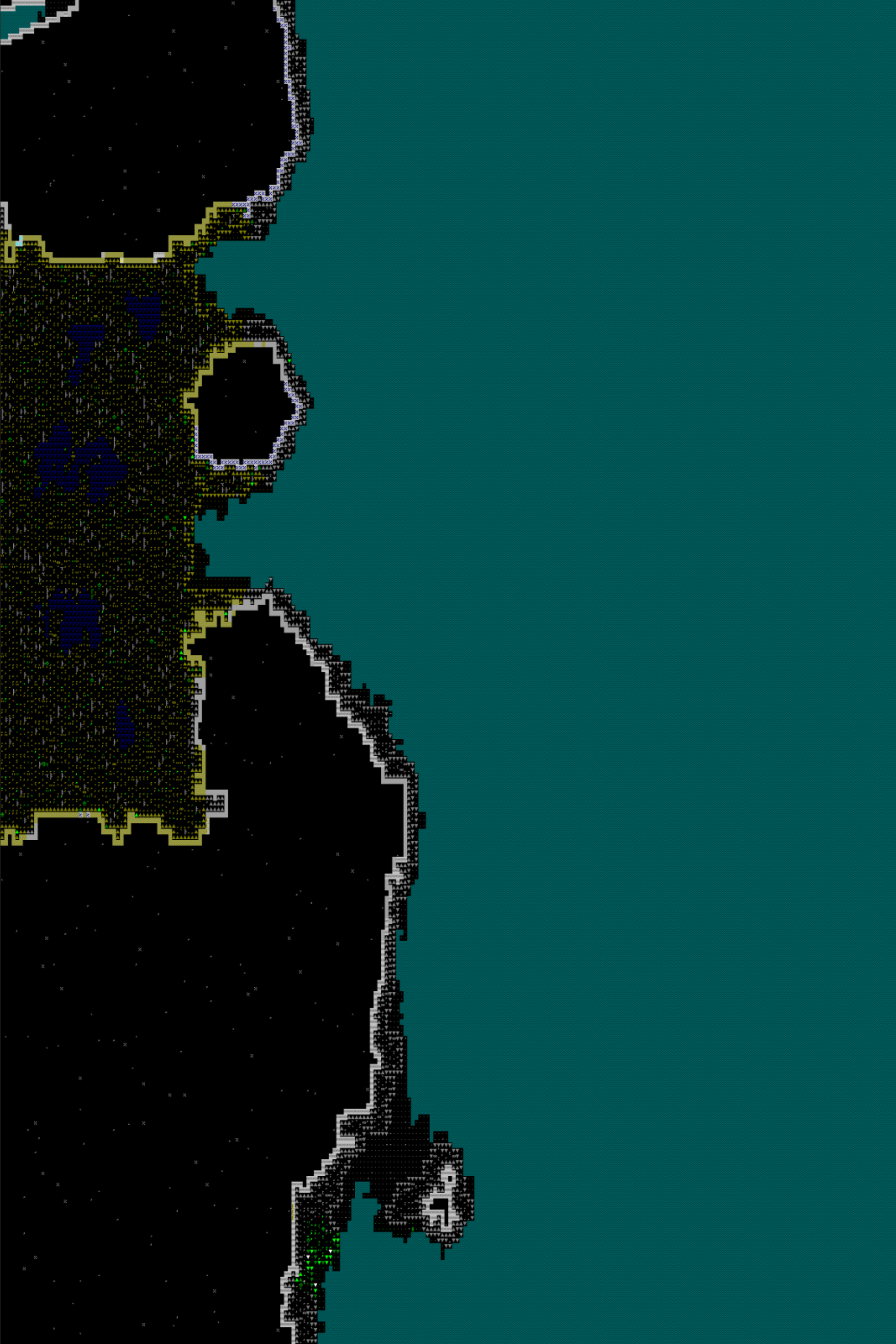
Tosid looked over the dwarves before him. Sigun Dumatigath and Mosus Bidoksibrek, both competent miners. Kikrost Dakaskûbuk, their carpenter and guard. Uvash Ottansazir, their mason. Zaneg Sibreknekut, their armorsmith. Stinthåd Umåmfath, their farmer. And of course, himself, Tosid Vodsazir, mechanic-turned-expedition-leader. He raised his arm.

"Strike the Earth!"

Embark Location
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The Forest of Funerals
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 13, 2008, 03:07:08 am**

And, hopefully the other updates will be a bit easier to write then that, when I've got actual events to describe. Now, a bit of out-of-character stuff.

I've been thinking about trying to write a dwarf fortress story for a bit now, inspired by the writing that I've seen here. Then, when I was generating worlds to test my orcs on, I found this site, and decided that it was too good to simply use for testing. It's got flux, sand, a brook, a magma pipe, adamantine, and chasm all in a 5x5 area. So, now it's going to be a story! The brook/adamantine/magma are actually in a 1x3, but I wanted a bit more space. The chasm is, unfortunately, only in the upper-left corner (I don't have chasms turned on for embark), but it's got a nice selection of skeletal thingies in it, from skeletal Antmen through skeletal Batman and skeletal Troll to Skeletal Troglodyte, so it should be plenty.

However, it was generated with my test RAW configuration, so there are a few "cheaty" reactions that you might see in screenshots (when

I find a good image host, grumble...), mostly to generate fortress wealth quickly and attract orcs for testing purposes. I don't want to re-generate and take them out, for fear of breaking the site and the wonderful history that ended up happening. I tend not to play Dwarf Fortress for resource-restriction challenges anyway, so I might use, for example, the "generate rock crystal from green glass" reaction from time to time, but by and large I'll stay away from them, even though they are there.

That said, this is definitely not vanilla DF. Most notably, I've got orcs (and, as hinted in the opening, the site is between two orc civilizations). I've also got a variety of nasty beasts that should show up, such as dire wolves, giant ants, giant wood spiders, and armored war elephants. With luck, the test will work and the orcs will show up riding the latter two. I've also got "fine" and "Pure" versions of the metal-bearing minerals, which process into two and four times as many bars (with a bit of randomness) respectively. "useless" stone (Orthoclase, Microcline, I'm looking at you!) have been reduced to small clusters. Glass can be tempered to make "metal" bars, ranging from green glass as low-quality smithing material to crystal glass as a slightly weaker, but more valuable, substitute for steel. I'm also using both Growable wood (trees can be farmed with a 2-year grow duration) and a plant rebalance that increases grow times to a season or two, as well as adding cotton as a valuable (rope reed < cotton < GCS silk) above-ground plant. I think that that's all the mods I have in right now...

Anyway, just thought that I should do a disclosure of how this game will be a bit different from standard dwarf fortress, so people aren't disappointed later when I strike Fine Native Gold or I talk about someone dying to a pack of zombie giant wood spiders. In general, less struggling with internal factors, more fighting against external ones.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Duke 2.0** on **December 13, 2008, 03:12:46 am**

Wait, you have glass as a metal ah-la Morrowind?

SOLD!

So is this going to be a "Post a name, I will name dwarves after you" type of jazz? Or just you posting a story?

And don't sweat over modded in things, as long as we can recognize the name. Violent Xalecs is not reconizeable. Wood spiders, armored elephants, even Beak Dogs we can somewhat visualize. And that is what DF is all about, visualizing the awesome things going on.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 13, 2008, 03:23:27 am**

Quote from: Duke 2.0 on December 13, 2008, 03:12:46 am

Wait, you have glass as a metal ah-la Morrowind?

SOLD!

Yeah, sort of. Except that rather than being rather uber, as in Morrowind, it's 50% block/damage for green, 75% block/damage for clear, and 125%/100% for crystal glass. It seems reasonable to me, since glass can actually get pretty hard if you've got enough of it.

Quote

So is this going to be a "Post a name, I will name dwarves after you" type of jazz? Or just you posting a story?

I hadn't really thought about it, but I don't have any objection to naming dwarves. I'll do my best to accommodate requests, but I'll warn ahead of time that there probably won't be much to do for the first year other than a frantic scramble to get enough trade goods up before the autumn caravan shows up, and a bridge up before the winter orcs show up.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Duke 2.0** on **December 13, 2008, 03:29:41 am**

Bah, that is the best part of a fortress! When you don't know if you will survive the first winter! After that, you should be fine and boring. Trust me, unless the Orcs are like the apocalypse made flesh, by year 5 you should be set. Unless this is SpearGrove. :(

I would like a character by the name of "The Duke." The 'the' is essential.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 13, 2008, 03:41:05 am**

Quote from: Duke 2.0 on December 13, 2008, 03:29:41 am

Trust me, unless the Orcs are like the apocalypse made flesh, by year 5 you should be set. Unless this is SpearGrove. :(

I would like a character by the name of "The Duke." The 'the' is essential.

They are like the apocalypse made flesh. Read the thread in my sig =) I'm also going to try to take them on without resorting to immense numbers of traps, or just sealing myself in, since we wouldn't be much of fort of legend if we didn't go engage them in hand-to-hand from time to time. I want my walls engraved with glorious images of dwarves striking down orcs, not "The orc is withering" "The orc is sitting around looking bored" "The orc is making a rude gesture across the moat". Unfortunately, that means not taking on the 16-20 orcs that will likely show up the first winter.

And, the miners are now lead by The Duke Dumatigath.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **December 13, 2008, 05:20:18 am**

ooh is this community cause it sounds great so far

Can I have the carpenter/Guard plz

Flint if male
Skeria if Female

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **DeadorK** on **December 13, 2008, 06:03:10 am**

Cool fort! If possible could I have the mason. Name him/her Hat.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **December 13, 2008, 06:20:01 am**

Please can I have the armoursmith?
Name him/her Skjald.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **December 13, 2008, 02:11:41 pm**

Guess I'll take the other miner. Call him Shoruke. When you get into late game, draft him into the military (as 'unarmed') and have him fight with a pickaxe and heavy armor.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 13, 2008, 04:39:08 pm**

Planning is the key. If the Queen says that I am to use my expertise with mechanics to run a fortress, then I shall run in like a exceptionally crafted set of mechanisms. And exceptionally crafted mechanisms are not made from parts cobbled together. The mechanic must see the entirety of the mechanism, each gear and axle perfectly fitted together in the mind, before they even begin to work the stone. They must ensure that no piece that is needed is cut, and no piece that is unneeded is not cut. So shall it be with my fortress. Already, I can see it. Waterfalls streaming through the dining rooms. Workshops stacked on each other, close to the bedrooms but not so close that the noise will be bothersome. A triple-layered entranceway with positions for marksdwarves and an immense pit to swallow any who attack us, emptying next to the barracks that our warriors can finish off the weakened and stunned enemies. Pathways for water, magma, and mechanical power throughout the fortress. Unfortunately, we will be unable to accomplish this with only the seven of us, and some things must remain un-done until the proper time.

The first season passed in a flurry of activity. We've carved out an entrance in the red sand next to the brook, and struck Dolomite immediately beneath us. That means iron and coal, both useful once we trade for an anvil in the autumn. I've ordered our mason, who now styles himself "Hat", to produce as many blocks as he can. Not only will it give him valuable practice, it will greatly increase the quality of our buildings to be made with smoothed blocks rather than rough stone. If we are to become a shining example of dwarfdom, it hardly befits us to have sloppy workshops. We've moved everything out of the wagon, and gotten all the food underground. Many of the tower-cap logs that I ordered brought still need to be moved inside. Though we have space for them, it seems that there is no time to haul them all.

One other thing of note: On the 22nd of Granite, we had our first encounter with a creature of the Forest of Funerals. Stinthäd saw it first, just a small blur of motion near the wagon. Soon after, though, I saw it for what it was: a hoary marmot skeleton, walking the land as if it still had flesh and muscle. The sight of it sniffing around our wagon so unnerved me that I ordered Flint to kill it, or destroy it, or whatever you would call it. While he did so most proficiently, the prospect of future, and larger, visitors from the forest is not a pleasant one.

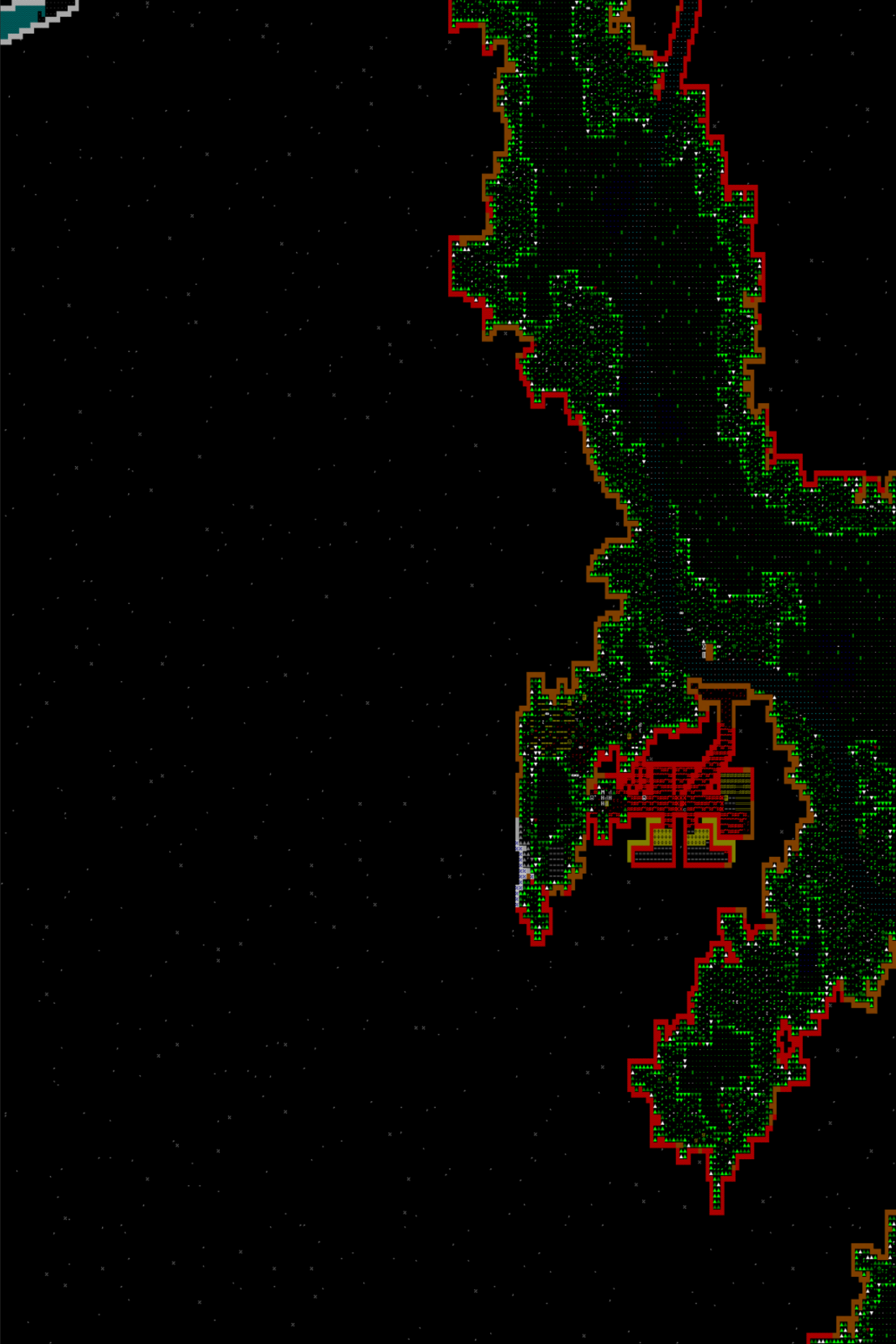
~~((I've got screenshots, but no idea where to host them. Does anyone have suggestions?))~~ Now with screenshots!

Workshops, food storage, and dining halls
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Main entrance, farms. There is a bridge across the brook right where the outcropping is, on the next level up

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



And, of course, our dwarves:

The Duke
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

PS: 99

'The Duke' Dunatigath, "'The Duke' Roughnessscape", Miner

'The Duke' Dumatigath has been quite content lately. He talked with a friend lately. He dined in a fantastic dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He had a fine drink lately. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He is a worshipper of Akil the Golden Silvers. He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'The Duke' Dumatigath likes Mudstone, Black bronze, Morion, badlands and beds. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven rum and Dwarven sugar. He truly treasures the company of others. He is unassertive. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He has a good awareness of his own emotions. He is uncomfortable with change. He rarely completes tasks and is often overcome by distractions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Flint
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Hat
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100
`Hat` Ottansazir, ``Hat` Mindbridges", Mason
`Hat` Ottansazir has been ecstatic lately. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He dined in a fantastic dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a fine Bridge lately. He became caught up in a new romance recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was caught in the rain recently.
He is romantically involved with `Skjald` Salvesecret. He is a faithful worshipper of Rodem the Rag of Lobsters.
He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards.
`Hat` Ottansazir likes Bituminous coal, tempered crystal glass, Citrine, coral, maces and horses for their powerful kick. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven ale. He absolutely detests purring maggots.
He is concerned about rejection and ridicule. He doesn't need thrills or risks in life. He is often cheerful. He is open-minded to new ideas. He is very straightforward with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He is immodest. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Skjald
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99
`Skjald` Sibreknekut, ``Skjald` Salvesecret", Armorer
`Skjald` Sibreknekut has been ecstatic lately. She talked with a lover lately. She had a fine drink lately. She dined in a fantastic dining room recently. She slept without a proper room recently. She had a wonderful drink lately. She admired a fine Table lately. She became caught up in a new romance recently. She has been annoyed by flies. She was disgusted by a miasma lately. She was caught in the rain recently.
She is romantically involved with `Hat` Mindbridges. She is a worshipper of Istrath.
She is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards.
`Skjald` Sibreknekut likes Gneiss, Platinum, Peridot, coral, clouds, leather armor, beds and large gems. When possible, she prefers to consume Dwarven beer. She absolutely detests purring maggots.
She rarely feels discouraged. She occasionally overindulges. She enjoys being in crowds. She isn't given to flights of fancy. She does not display her own emotions and has no awareness of them. She constantly strives for perfection. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Shoruke
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Tosid
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99
Tosid Uodsazir, "Tosid Soundbridged", Mechanic
Tosid Uodsazir has been happy lately. He dined in a fantastic dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was caught in the rain recently.
He is a casual worshipper of Akil the Golden Silvers.
He is the leader of The Theater of Beards. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. He is the manager of The Theater of Beards.
He is the bookkeeper of The Theater of Beards. He is the broker of The Theater of Beards.
Tosid Uodsazir likes Gypsum, Zinc, Tube agate and snakemen for their flexible, snaking movements. When possible, he prefers to consume giant rat.
He is often nervous. He often feels discouraged. He is very active. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He is modest.
He has a strong sense of duty. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **December 13, 2008, 04:52:04 pm**

I use tinypic.com myself... it works just fine. I've heard other people say they use photobucket, but it seems to get a lot of downtime and errors and stuff.

Glad to be of service ;D

And I like how my character likes war. Perfect for someone who spends his life reducing mountains to rubble, and then joins the army.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 13, 2008, 06:44:44 pm**

It is as I feared. The marmot was but the first of many. On the 15th of Hematite, Skjald cried out that there was a giant eagle rising over the peaks. But this was no ordinary giant eagle. Held together and aloft by fell magics, it was nothing but the bones of a once-terrifying predator of the air. Its death had done nothing to quench its appetite for bloodshed, though, and it swooped down upon us before we were aware what was happening. In the chaos, it struck down one of our faithful war dogs and severely injured another before being shattered. I was far too busy fleeing from it to know who stood to fight, other than the dogs, but within seconds the battle was over and the eagle's bones lay shattered on the ground next to our dogs. I hope that the wounded dog will recover with time, though I cannot spare anyone to tend to it. Perhaps during the winter, when there is less work to be done. The problem of assault from the air worries me, and I will need to think of some additional defenses. As always, the mechanic finds that the mechanism is a bit more complicated than he had initially thought.

We have also seen skeletal batmen flying out of the chasm at night, their long fingerbones making whistling noises as they fly around the peaks. I only hope that they are not enticed to come nearer to the fortress. The others, though, have taken to naming them. I suppose that they find it less fearful if they have been given familiar names. Thus far, we've sighted and named six: îton Endokusân, Solon Nishdodók, Udil Logemîlul, Dumat Unibokil, Kadol Igathkol, and Dodók Ostathingish. The chasm creatures, and the batmen in particular, are the sand in the mechanism of the fort. I have no doubt that if they are allowed to continue roaming, they will begin picking off woodcutters and migrants, slowing the fortress and eventually causing it to grind to a halt.

The bridge over the brook has been finished, and I've given orders to have walls built at strategic places so that that bridge is the only means of accessing the fort. While the progress hasn't been as fast as I would like, it will almost certainly be done by the time that winter comes. The sooner we can retract our drawbridge, though, the sooner I'll be able to sleep soundly at night.

And, as summer draws to a close, we had our first harvest. It's only a few plump helmets, and the wine that they will produce may be so foul that I'll use it only for cooking and emergencies, but we have food now that was not brought with us. Not a moment too soon, as well. Our food and drink supplies had begun to run low, and booze is the grease that will allow our fort to work smoothly.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 15, 2008, 12:43:09 am**

With autumn came the dwarven caravan that Queen Lektadlðr had promised. They had assured me, before I left, that it would be carrying all of the necessities that we were unable to fit onto our single wagon. And, when they showed up, I suppose that they did. They brought an anvil, some meat, and some more food, all of which I traded in exchange for some mechanisms that I had made during my idle time here.

They also had a whole variety of items completely unsuited to a fortress struggling to get itself underground. Giant cave spider silk mittens encrusted with black diamond? Perhaps we would want to import that when we were a large, prosperous fortress, but right now that single mitten was worth more than the rest of the goods we had in the fortress, combined. There was also a hoary marmot bone ring, encrusted with sapphire, that they wanted 2,000 ingots for. I think that we've seen quite enough hoary marmot bones here. Perhaps the mountainhomes have really been isolated for too long, to count jewel-encrusted clothing among the necessities. I spoke with Urist Almôshlral, our liason, about the situation, and told him that next year we would need leather, meat, more drink, silk thread, some of the rarer ores, and colored rocks. Some would question the need for colored rocks, but they have never seen the inside of the defensive control room that I'm planning. There will be at least eight levers, and having them all in Dolomite would make it too difficult to tell them apart, particularly if people are panicking during an attack. Much better to color-code them. We already have an orthoclase lever to raise the outer bridge and a cobaltite lever to raise the inner one, but we will need more. Microcline, mica, kimberlite, serpentine, jet. Anything but plain white, really.

Just to further drive home that the mountainhomes were out of touch with the needs of a developing fortress, they asked us to supply them with tanned hides, cheese, crowns, seeds, plants, fish, earrings, meat, amulets, and drinks. Surely, they must have all of the supplies to produce them back at the mountainhome? While we might be able to make some rock crowns and amulets, the rest will probably be in short enough supply that we couldn't risk trading them away, especially just before the winter. Perhaps I am being unfair, though. We have always had Endoksobir, and only Endoksobir. The other groups have always only had their mountainhomes as well, so we are the first new fortress founded in over a hundred years.

The rest of the season was mostly uneventful. The Duke struck rich magnetite while he was tunneling out what will become bedrooms, which should give us ample iron once we find and tap into the magma. The Duke also managed to attain the rank of legendary miner early in Sandstone. Shoruke is lagging behind him a bit, but his work in the masonry workshops cutting and dressing the stone that we mine more than makes up for it.

I've ordered the dog that was wounded in the giant eagle attack tied up behind the outer drawbridge. The merchant caravan will surely draw the attention of thieves, and I want to at least be alerted to their presence. I've also ordered some more space mined out in preparation for placing fortifications overlooking the drawbridge.

Now I must go. Winter is upon us.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 16, 2008, 02:49:52 am**

Winter has come, though it is not nearly as cold here as it was in the mountainhomes. The brook remains free-flowing, and the grass remains green.

However, as I feared, the caravan has drawn the attention of the orcs, and they arrived in force: 12 slashers and four wrestlers, one of them mounted on a fearsome beak dog.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



I'll admit that I panicked a bit and ordered both the inner and outer drawbridges raised, and then panicked even more when I realized that most of us were asleep, so there was nobody to pull the levers to raise them. Anyone else in my place, seeing over a dozen of the beasts charging the gate when we had only a single trained soldier to protect us, would have done the same. Fortunately, my shouts roused Skjald and Flint enough to have them raise the bridges, and we were safe, if trapped.

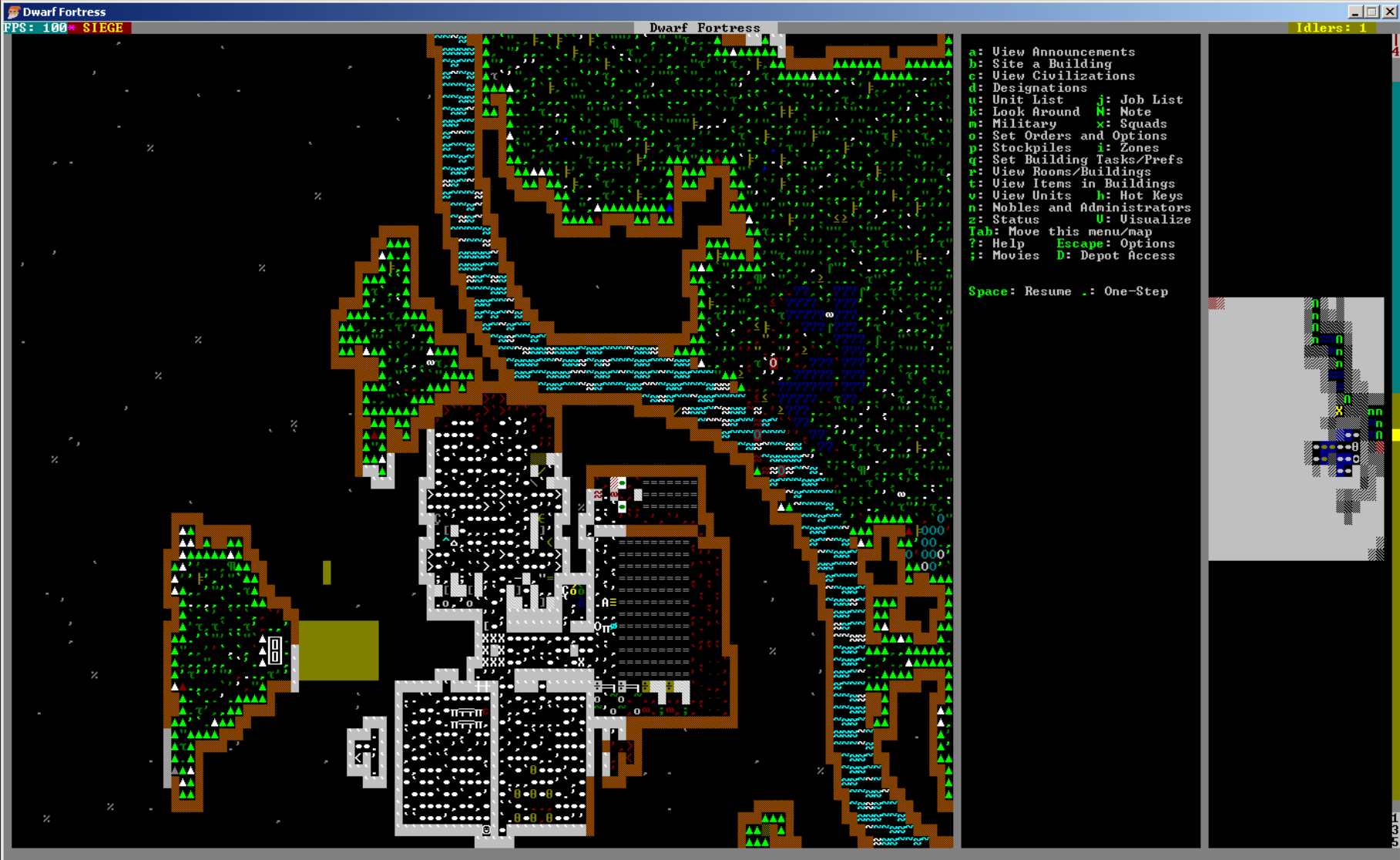
The Duke questioned why we were hiding inside rather than fighting them on open ground, the way we would with goblins. A single trained warrior can stand against a dozen goblins, and between him, Flint, and Shoruke they would only have five apiece. Flint, who had seen the aftermath of battles between The Unions of Responsibility and the Orcs, vetoed that plan. Orcs, he explained, were unlike goblins in several ways that made fighting against them much more difficult.

"For one, as you can see, the average orc stands nearly seven feet tall. This gives them a great advantage over dwarves in combat that the goblins don't enjoy." He said, "Their skin is naturally tough, removing another advantage that dwarves have over goblins. As if that wasn't bad enough, they are fearless in battle and feel no pain. If we fought them, it would be a fight to the bitter end. I've heard stories of orcs losing both their legs, only to crawl along the ground and tackle soldier to allow their comrades a killing blow. They came here willing to die. Are you?"

The Duke remained unconvinced, and Flint ordered an area of the planned fortifications overlooking the brook, where the orcs were now idling, mined out while he made a handful of wooden bolts to drive his point home. The orcs began grunting at us and gesturing rudely as soon as they could see dwarves, and Skjald was so frightened by her first actual sighting that she fled in terror from them immediately, and joined Flint in opposition to The Duke's plan.

From the position overlooking the orcs, Flint took aim with a crossbow and fired bolt after bolt at the milling group, to no noticeable effect. The orcs seemed nearly impervious to the bolts, and it was not until fifty bolts were fired that they retreated behind a hill and out of Flint's firing range, leaving three dead behind. None of the surviving orcs had so much as a scratch on them.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



This finally convinced The Duke that force of arms was futile against the orcs at this point, and so we began to make preparations for spending the winter as prisoners in our own fortress.

We still had ample material inside, and we began making it seem a bit more like the mountainhomes. Several large digging projects were laid out, including space for our forges and a system of pipes to supply us with fresh well water without the need to venture outside: I expect more orcs to attack, once they know the location, and I would hate for one of our wounded to die of thirst because we cannot venture outside. The siege, though, prevented any immigrants from the mountainhomes. Though I would be glad of the extra labor, I am somewhat relieved. Getting them safely inside would have been a tricky operation at best, and a total disaster at worst.

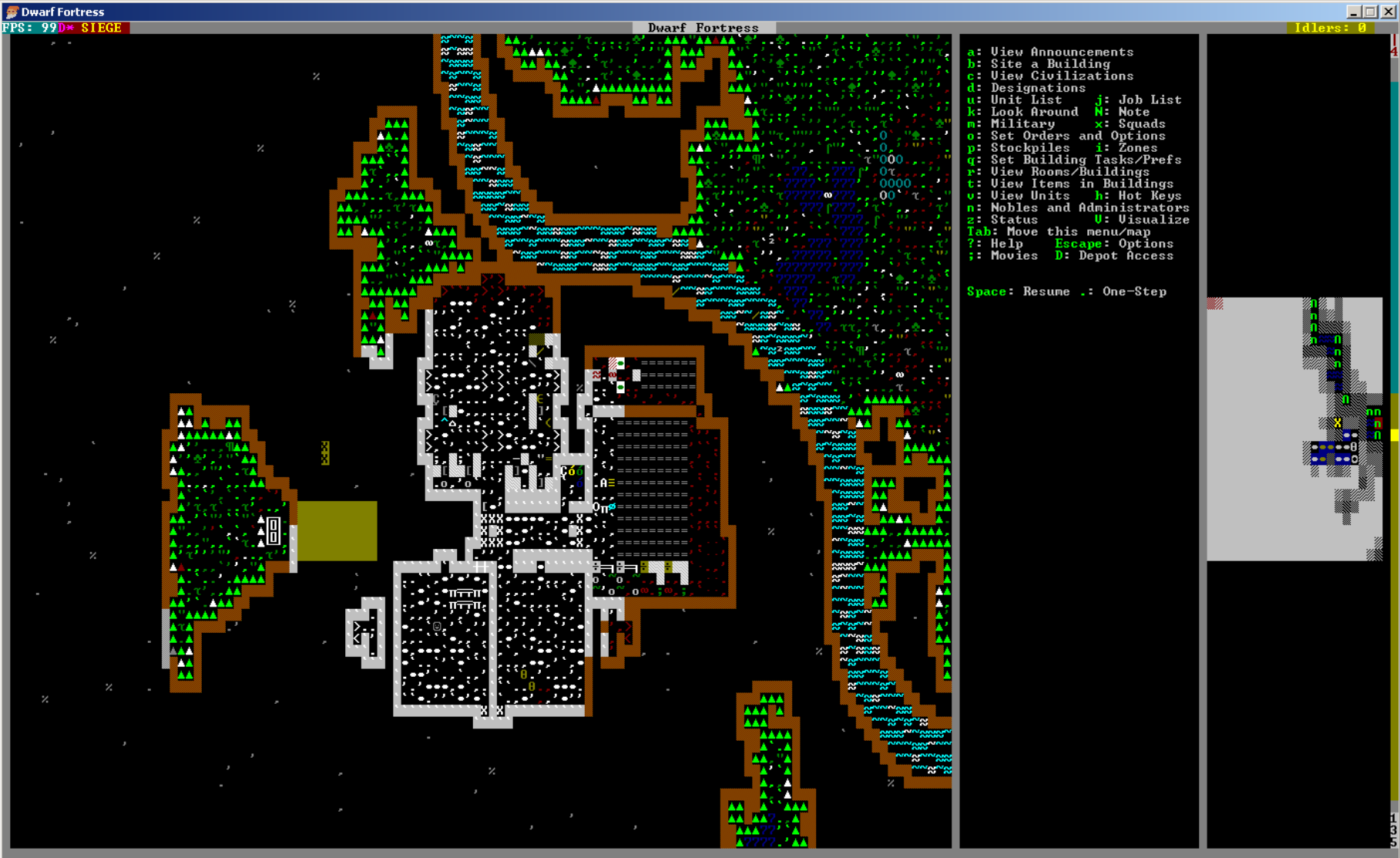
And so, while the orcs wandered outside, we labored inside. Proper rooms were built, so each of us can have some privacy rather than the communal arrangement that we had before, for which I'm quite grateful. And so, with the doors just being put into place, we pass the one year mark from our arrival here. The orcs still wait outside, and there is still much work to be done. But we shall continue on, for the glory of the Braided Lenses and the Theater of Beards!

Current maps of the fortress:
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



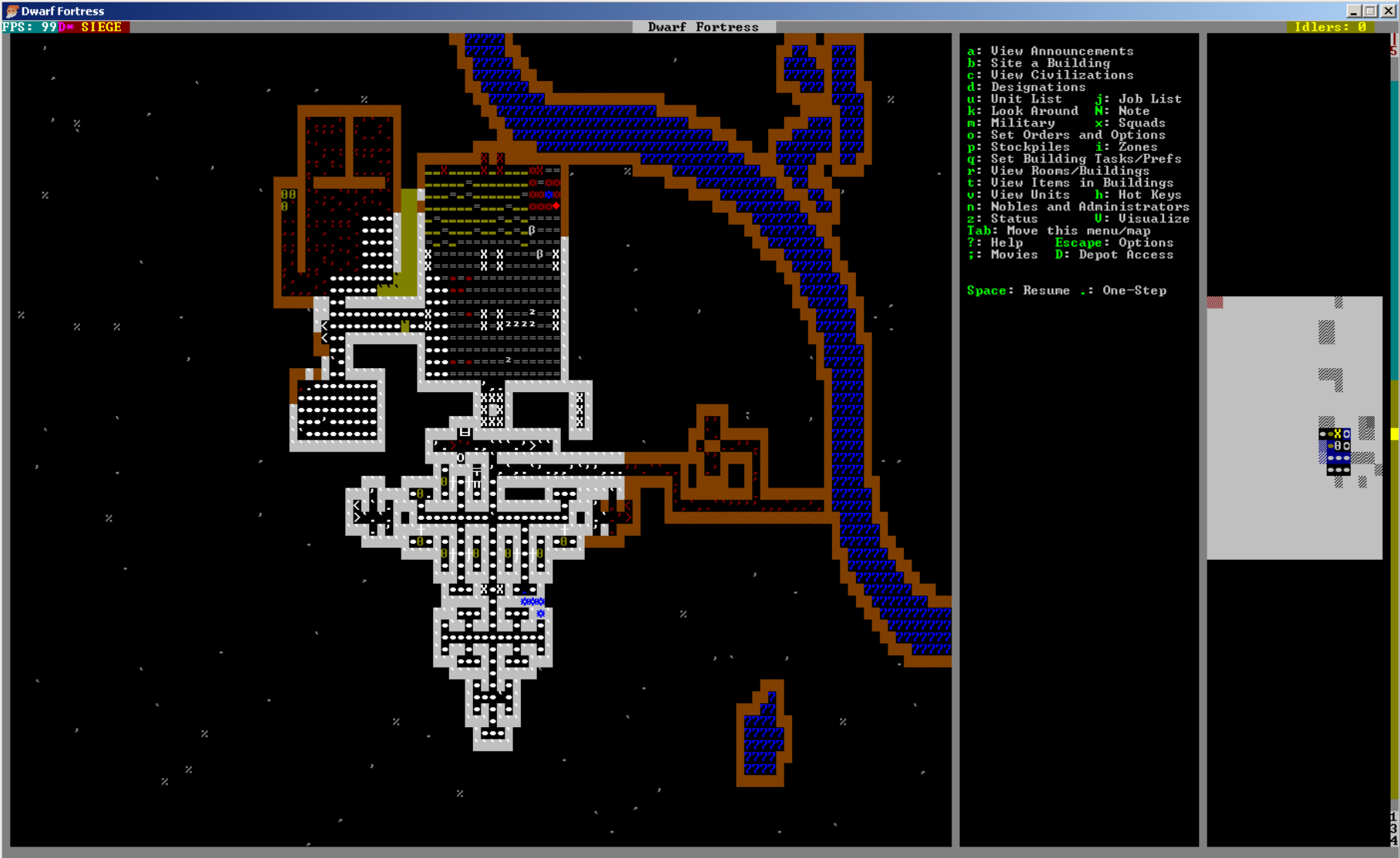
Here the outer fortifications can be seen, as well as the main entrance, food storage, and farms.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



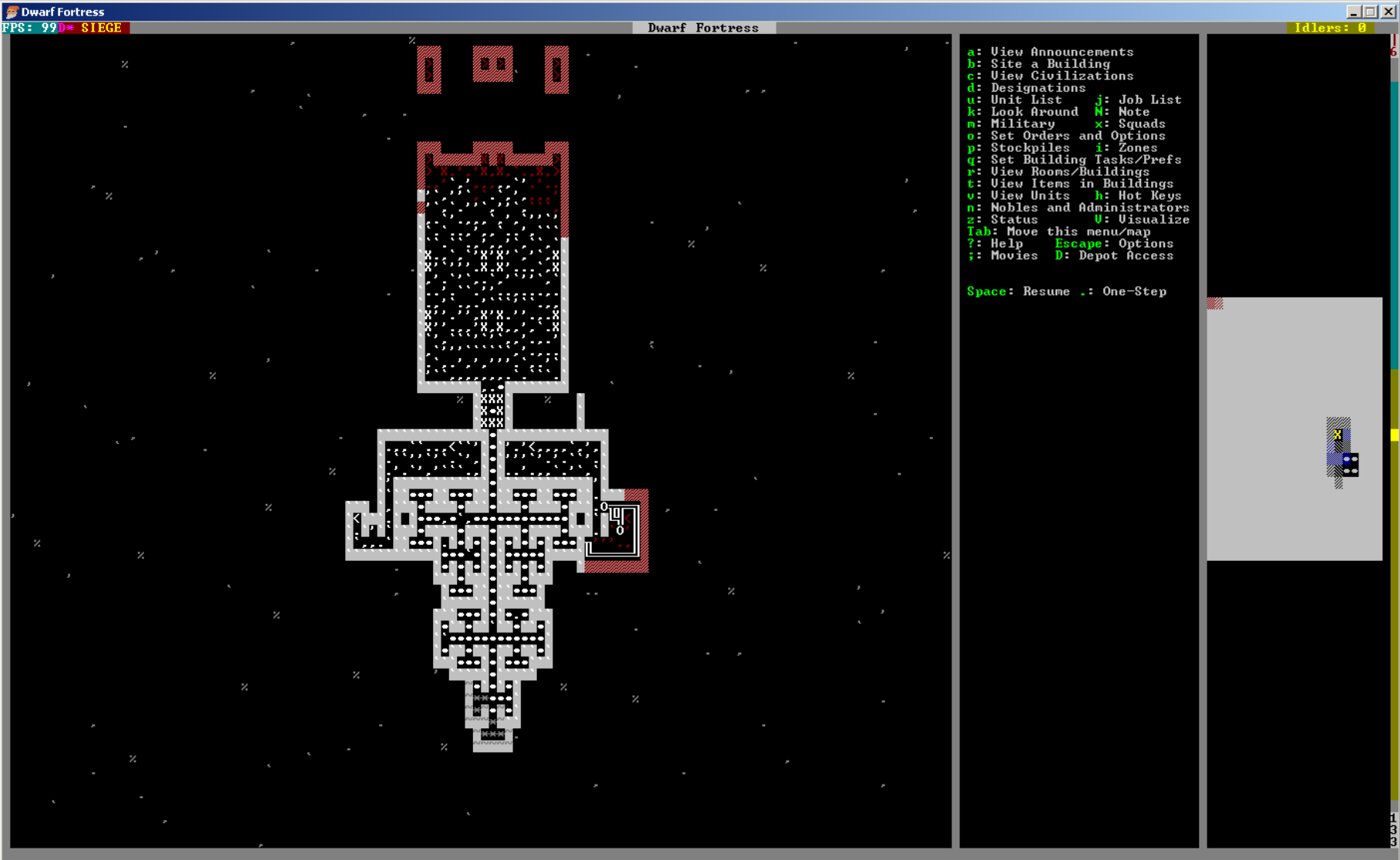
The workshops, dining room, food processing area, and the Orcish menace. The designated, un-dug area is scheduled to become a pit trap under the entranceway

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Storage for the workshops, the bedroom complex, and part of the plumbing system. The bottom of the pit and the barracks are in the upper left

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The lower storage, directly above where we have mined out space for the forges and furnaces. The edges of the magnetite are at the bottom of the bedroom leaf, and the large rooms with upwards stairways are going to be the water reservoirs once we can venture outside to flood them, and we've had engravers down to smooth them out.

Thus ends the first year of Lanternweb's history.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **December 16, 2008, 04:49:19 pm**

Agh! How did you get sieged in your first year? It was my third when I got sieged. Must of been my wealth, which I'm starting to remember as poor. Anyway great story, bring those orcs on! ;D

Get me a dwarf if you can.

Gender: Male, has to be.
Profession: Military and any weapon will do.
Name: 'The Tooninator'

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 16, 2008, 09:34:27 pm**

Quote from: ToonyMan on December 16, 2008, 04:49:19 pm
Agh! How did you get sieged in your first year? It was my third when I got sieged. Must of been my wealth, which I'm starting to remember as poor. Anyway great story, bring those orcs on! ;D

I suspect that it's the trade progress trigger, since the first one is at about a thousand in exported wealth (which, conveniently enough, is one anvil). It might also be the proximity to orcish empires, which although it shouldn't affect things really seems to anyway. At this point, I just expect my forts to get sieged their first winter, and am pleasantly surprised when they don't (after being suitably paranoid about opening the gates). The number of testing forts I've lost to opening the gates too early, especially with the new FastOrcs...

Quote
Get me a dwarf if you can.
Gender: Male, has to be.
Profession: Military and any weapon will do.
Name: 'The Tooninator'

I'm planning to draft some of the migrants when they come (eventually.....), so I'll give you someone from there. Hopefully I can avoid getting you killed off early =)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **December 17, 2008, 06:15:43 am**

Great writing so far keep it up :D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 18, 2008, 10:40:39 am**

The sieges did not break until the 16th of granite, but as soon as the orcs had left the area I ordered the bridges lowered and as much of the slain orc's equipment recovered as possible. The bodies had long since rotted, but the armor and short swords were still in usable condition. Also of note was that we found that one of the orcs had died with at least 6 bolts stuck in him. This has only cemented my opinion that we will not be engaging the orcs on even terms for quite a while. Unfortunately, aside from the swords and shields, the armor is entirely unsuited for our use. As soon as we find the magma pipe, I'll order it melted down and re-forged into something useful.

Speaking of magma, The Duke and Shoruke tunneled out the magma pipe system beneath where I plan to site the forges and struck another cluster of rich magnetite. While excavating and rewalling it will take some time, I would hate to think of any of it going to waste. If only we could find some lignite or coal, steel production could begin in earnest, as opposed to the few batches that we've turned out with charcoal thus far. When the immigrants that Queen Lektadlør said she would direct to us on the return of the caravan show up, I'll set some of them to cleaning that area up and making it ready to be flooded. I've already had components for a screw pump cast in steel in preparation for pumping the magma, all we need to do now is re-wall the magnetite and find the magma pipe.

Where are those migrants? It's almost summer, and still nobody ventures near us. Perhaps the orcs have scared them away, and we will be left to create the fortress alone, just the seven of us?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 18, 2008, 11:09:15 am**

At last! though we're now well into late spring, the immigrants have finally showed up. To my horror, they arrived through the Forest of Funerals. They must have gotten lost on their way and wandered up the western side of the Unnamable Point in search of us. Their journey must have been perilous indeed.

Unfortunately, they were not quite safe yet. The skeletal batmen and giant cave swallow have been ranging ever-farther from the chasm, and I could see that two of the batmen and the cave swallow stood, or at least unnaturally flew, between the migrants and the safety of the fortress. Flint was immediately ordered to grab one of the Orcish shields and rush out to escort them back. Before he could reach them, though, the batmen were already upon them. However, one of the migrants, who I can only assume was their leader, bravely stood his ground while his fellow migrants scattered around him.

The skeletal batman swooped low, raking sharp bone across the dwarf's unprotected upper arm and leaving deep gashes. The dwarf, though, grabbed the batman by the wing and pulled, tearing the bonds of dark magic holding it to the batman's body and throwing the creature to the ground. As it vainly attempted to recover and return to the air, the dwarf ripped it into pieces, only to be set upon by the second batman, who left a second set of scratches along the dwarf's back. Turning, the dwarf grabbed the batman's leg as it passed, tearing it off but not downing it as it had the first. As the batman wheeled around for another pass, the dwarf stood ready, bleeding but resolute, and as it came low to attack got a solid hit onto its fragile ribcage, shattered it and throwing it back to land in pieces on the ground.

As he turned to continue his journey back to the fort, he looked over the edge of the Forest of Funerals only to see the skeletal giant cave swallow rising over the edge, claws outstretched to shred his unprotected flesh. As he prepared to give his life to allow the other migrants to flee to safety, Flint crested the hill, sliding in front of him to deflect the talons with his shield before cleaving the right wing off. As the swallow crashed to the ground, the two dwarves quickly surrounded it and dispatched it before it could rise again.

I shall have to keep an eye on this dwarf. He claims that he's never seen combat before, but I just saw him destroy two of the undead with his bare hands without taking enough wounds to consider bed rest. He calls himself "The Tooninator"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100

'The Tooninator' Matuliden, "'The Tooninator' Dancepaddles", Recruit

'The Tooninator' Matuliden has been unhappy lately. He has been attacked by the dead lately. He has complained about the draft lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He is a worshipper of Rodem the Rag of Lobsters. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'The Tooninator' Matuliden likes Chronite, Black bronze, Indigo tourmaline, pearl, the color aquamarine, greaves, cabinets and cats for their companionship. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven wine. He absolutely detests toads. He is unassertive. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He is modest. He is not affected by the suffering of others. He is confident. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

All told, we received 21 new dwarves: two bowyers, two metalsmiths, a woodcutter, an armorer, a gem setter, a woodcrafter, a weaver, a glassmaker, a tanner,a dyer, an engineer, a wrestler, a peasant, The Tooninator, and five (yes, five!) children. Flint will be busy making beds for them all, I'm sure. There was also evidence that there were more when they left, undoubtedly lost in their long trek here: four of the children have only a father, and one of them only a mother, for a total of three broken couplings. I will do my best to see that the children do not suffer any more losses than they already have.

Summer has arrived, and I'm sure that the orcs will be back in force. Preparations must be made for their arrival.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **December 18, 2008, 02:32:01 pm**

Some of those personal behavior things sound like the Terminator, but others don't. ;D Oh well. Nice fighting though. 8)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 19, 2008, 10:17:24 pm**

An eventful summer, to say the lest, though fortunately free from orcs. Even with The Tooninator on our side, I do not fancy our chances against them.

The immigrants were quickly put to work, though, cleaning the stone off the floors and making it ready for smoothing. Flint was forced to take a break from sparring to construct beds for the new arrivals, but I drafted another peasant, Kib Amkolrigòth, as The Tooninator's sparring partner. They've both been given leather armor and shields, and seem happy enough.

On the 12th of Hematite, Olin Oltarós, the armorer who arrived with the migrants, suddenly vanished from the common hall. I didn't see him again until two days later, when he emerged from our smithy with a steel high boot that he called Unulalis Kobel Bumal, or "Dankkissed the Summit of Worries". He was clearly scarred from his trip through the Forest of Funerals, and the entire thing is studded with steel, banded with steel, and spikes of steel. A pointed piece, and I'm sure it will serve our army well in the future. According to my accounting, it is also worth a healthy 162,000 ingots, more than tripling our total fortress wealth to just over 237,000 ingots total.

But, in the middle of that, a Human caravan from the Short Unions of Assaulting arrived. I was somewhat surprised, since the only humans we had previously had contact with was the Unions of Responsibility. Regardless of their origins, they seemed friendly enough, and we bought meat, some river spirits, some of the rarer metals that they had brought, bins and bins of leather, and some above-ground seeds from them, all in exchange for the two suits of orcish chain that we had salvaged from the last siege.

We had already traded when I finally met with their merchant guild representative, Rigu Primetrusses. He said that they came from the south, on the far side of the territory claimed by the Mysterious Dread. I told him that we were no friends of the Mysterious Dread, and he said he was glad that he had found us. It seemed that the Short Unions of Assaulting was involved in a war with no less than three tribes of orcs and two tribes of goblins. They had received aid from the dwarves in the area previously, but both of them were running out of resources to defend themselves, let alone aid each other. It seems that everywhere the civilized nations are under attack from the Orcish threat. He asked for gems, headwear, shields, ammunition, gauntlets, meat, and goblets. I tried explaining to him that any gauntlets or headwear that we made would be too small for humans to wear, but he insisted that they were desperate. I'll make sure to relay the news to the dwarven caravan when they arrive next season, as I'm sure the Queen will want to know of this. Perhaps we are the last civilizations untouched by the orcs. If that were so, we would be bound to give whatever aid we could to help the others. Before he left, though, I requested that he bring us wood, above-ground seeds, and some of the rarer metals (It never hurts to have aluminum around, should we need it). He assured me that they could spare those, as they weren't vital to the war effort.

Hematite also saw a trio of kobold thieves, one of which managed to make off with a leather quiver. No great loss, but it means that the dog that I had ordered tied at the bridge wasn't as effective at spotting them as I had hoped. I've ordered a kitten tied in its place, and hope that the legendarily sharp vision of cats will serve us well.

With a looming demand for our metalcrafts, I ordered The Duke and Shoruke to dig out and find the magma pipe, which they struck on the 2nd of Galena. Although it contains three skeletal fire imps, we were able to tap it and seal it with a steel grate without incident. Some of the migrants are now smoothing the magma pipeway in preparation for starting up the forges of Udilorshar for the first time, and hopefully we'll have everything running by mid-autumn. With the armor that Olin is sure to turn out, we might even be able to meet the Orcish menace in open combat the next time they come.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **December 20, 2008, 01:08:34 am**

I'm such a brave guy. Digging into volcanoes with skeletal fire imps inside. That's pretty intense.

...At least I don't have Flint's job. I do NOT feel like going toe-to-toe with something seven feet tall.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 22, 2008, 07:06:56 am**

Just a heads up: I'll be without computer access for the holiday break, but should be back with an update shortly thereafter. Lanternwebs is not dead!

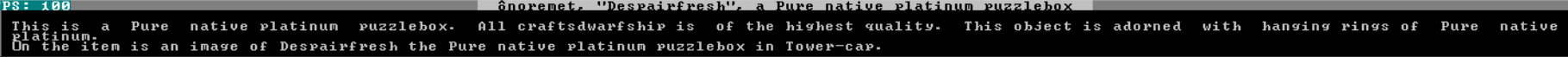
Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 06, 2009, 12:50:09 pm**

Autumn has seen us expanding the fortress according to plan. We have ample space for any future migrants, and I've ordered 6 of the summer migrants to work on smoothing the walls to make them suitable for habitation. While digging the latest rooms, we struck no less than three veins of lignite. That, coupled with the magnetite that we've already found, means that there will be steel aplenty for Olin to forge. We've almost completed preparations for filling the pipes below the forge area, and we've laid out space for two dozen magma workshops. The central area, floored with rich magnetite and surrounded on all sides by dolomite block walls holding back the magma, will be turned into a tomb for our most honored dead, which I'm sure we will begin accumulating.

The dwarven caravan, and our liaison Urist Almôshilral, returned as well, bringing with them supplies and news of the mountainhomes. Their trade requests, and the merchant's chatter, reflected the growing mobilization of the mountainhomes for war with the orcs: They requested battle axes, headwear, ammunition, backpacks, and shields. At the same time, though, the nobility continues to ask for rock toys, gem windows, and prepared meals. I hope that we can hold back the threat long enough for the mountainhomes to be victorious, even if our fortress should fall.

The other significant event of the autumn was the inspiration of Likot Edtulducim, one of the peasants assigned to smooth the corridors of our fortress. On the 17th of Timber, he shouted that the spirits of our ancestors were speaking with him, and ran to a craftsdwarf's workshop with a sizable lump of pure platinum that we had just traded with the caravan for, and one of the tower-cap logs that was left over from our initial journey here. He claimed that his ancestors had told him how to work the platinum, representing the strength and value of the mountains, and the tower-cap, representing the journey we had undertaken to reach here, into an artifact that would represent the future of the fortress. He seemed quite insane, but he was also quite determined, and within a week he proudly presented me with onoremēt, a pure native platinum puzzlebox. It is a cube half the height of a dwarf, with several interlocking sections. The outside is covered with an image of itself in towercap, and the entire thing is covered with rings of more platinum. Every surface is meticulously engraved with imagery that Likot claims is the future: dwarves in pitched combat with orcs, enormous underground halls with statues of gold and steel, halls of revered dead with statues of heroes watching over them, and most strikingly an image of the entrance to the Forest of Funerals with an immense wall, topped with a web of stonework reaching to the highest peaks, manned by dwarves. He's warned us that if we take it apart, it's unlikely that we'll be able to re-assemble it, so I've ordered it put into a vault for now, but I must admit that it had me feeling very positive about the future, despite the challenges that we face. Of course, "onoremēt" translates to "despairfresh" in the common tongue, so I'm not sure how positive it really is.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Edited to add the image.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 07, 2009, 04:18:03 pm**

Winter brought with it the two things we have come to expect here: cold and orcs. The cold is not so much that it forces us indoors, but I've seen thin sheets of ice some mornings over our murky ponds. The orcs, on the other hand, are more than sufficient to keep us cooped up for the winter. By the end of the first week of Moonstone, we had just over thirty orcs camped outside our drawbridges, all riding beak dogs, including a pikemaster and an elite sniper. With three dwarves in our military (The Tooninator, Flint, and Kib), I doubt that we could take ten-to-one odds, especially as they would be more like twenty to one with the beak dogs. I've ordered the exterior drawbridge raised, and expect that it will stay raised for the entirety of this season.

The fortress does not lack for things to do without venturing outside of our walls, though: There are bedrooms and storerooms to be excavated and smoothed, the final touches must be put on the magma pipes before our forges can be started and, once they are, there are many metal goods to be made. I'm also working on getting all of our workshops running correctly: The skilled migrants will no doubt want to practice their trades here. The humans should be arriving in the summer with cotton seed, and we have already mined some gems from the earth. Plus, when the glass furnaces start we will be able to put the final pieces in place for the indoor waterfall that I have planned through the dining room, sure to bring a smile to the face of any dwarf dining there.

The only other thing of note was the sighting, from our fortifications, of a column of giant ants making its way across the river valley. There were at least four dozen of them, marching in single file for a purpose that I cannot fathom. They seemed to pay no attention to us, but we should keep their presence in mind: their jaws look like they could easily pick up and carry off a dwarf, and a battle against that many is a much more chancy affair than a battle against the giant eagles that sometimes haunt the peaks.

And I wrote too soon! As winter draws to a close the weaver who arrived in the spring, Itēb Kidetcerol, announced that he had a secret project that he needed to work on, and told me that nobody was to be allowed near the clothier's shop we had just built. We didn't have any plans to make clothing yet anyway, so I gave the order that it was to be for his exclusive use. He's barricaded himself in there muttering about strange magics and giant cave spiders. I hope he'll come to his senses eventually, but I've asked Flint to keep an eye on the workshop in case anything goes wrong.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **January 07, 2009, 04:23:59 pm**

The newest Orcs are nasty! They siege almost every season. ;D

You don't have enough people for military either. Next migrant wave you should recruit most into the military.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 07, 2009, 10:21:52 pm**

The spring started out well, with the Orcs giving up and leaving just after the seasons changed. Though they weren't really impacting fortress life, it's good to know that painful death doesn't await anyone trying to reach the fortress. At least, no more painful than the skeletal batmen and the giant eagle that seems to have nested in one of our peaks.

Spring also brought the Elves. Apparently they had heard of us somehow, though I'm not sure from where. They claim not to have had any contact with either the orcs or the humans, and I don't know of anyone else who knows where they are. The elves are a tricky bunch,

that much I've been told.

Tricky or not, we don't need more enemies right now, so I'm giving them some fine stone crafts as a gesture of goodwill. They've also brought some cloth, which Iteb has been pestering me for. I say "pestering", but I really mean "stalking". I'll be trying to update the stockpile records late at night, and he'll suddenly be standing behind me whispering "The cloth... Do you have it yet?" or something else like that. I've given up trying to tell him that he's the only weaver that we have in the fortress, and that we don't have anything to weave anyway. I hope he likes the elven cloth. Aside from the cloth, they brought a lot of clothing that's too large for us, and some worthless wooden bows. They've clearly never met dwarves before.

Luck is with us. Iteb rushed to the trade depot as soon as the deal was closed, seized a bolt of cotton cloth, and re-barricaded himself in. He emerged a few days later with a giant cave silk spider turban, with a sash of cotton wrapped around it, bands of giant cave spider silk and iron wrapped around it, and covered in rings of cave lobster shell. He calls it "Ringpuzzled the Sorcerers of Styling", and I must admit that it is very stylish. I asked him what sorcerers had to do with it, and he said that the iron and the cave lobster shell should focus the magical talent of any dwarven sorcerers that happen to immigrate to our fortress. He didn't seem perturbed at all when I told him that there weren't any dwarven sorcerers in the mountainhomes. "No dwarven sorcerers YET", he said. He's come out of the workshop, but I can't help but think that some part of him is gone. He's not socializing with the other dwarves as much, that's for sure.

This spring has also seen our first contact with the goblins. While I had heard stories of the terrible fighting prowess of the goblins before, I must admit that after the orcs they were a bit underwhelming. Comic relief, almost, if they weren't trying to do evil to us. First, they very carefully laid an ambush, cleverly ambushing our guard kitten from the other side of the drawbridge with their lone marksgoblin. I ordered the bridge retracted and sent Flint to take out the marksgoblin so that Kib and The Tooninator could kill the rest of them. Unfortunately, they were so busy running around outside the bridge that Flint killed four of them trying to hit the marksgoblin, and they broke and ran for the hills. The Tooninator was quite upset that he couldn't join the fight, but Flint has been dubbed Flint Coloredlances the Acrid Palm of Spines, and seems quite proud of his title.

Shortly after the failed ambush, we watched as a goblin babysnatcher sprung from ambush, bag in hand. Unfortunately for him, he had tried to grab a groundhog, which promptly escaped. Within the day, this was repeated with the same groundhog. I'm not sure if these goblins have ever actually seen baby dwarves, but they don't look particularly like groundhogs.

In slate, the retaining wall for the magma was finally completed, and we were able to start up the forges. The first task was to begin smelting steel for Olin, and to start the production of fine steel armor for the military that we hope to raise.

Speaking of raising an army, late spring has also brought more migrants. 18 more dwarves have made the journey from the Mountainhomes, and at the suggestion of The Tooninator I've drafted most of them into the army and ordered them to start training. I've left a metal crafter, planter, jeweler, engraver, and herbalist to their jobs, and drafter the rest. They are a motley assortment of pump operators, cheese makers, wood burners, butchers, and so on, but I'm sure that in time they will become warriors. At the very least, with 16 soldiers trained soldiers and fine plate, we may be able to consider fighting the orcs off rather than hiding when they next darken our horizons.

To round off the season, another of the skeletal batmen, Solon Tradeclapsed, fell. It seems that I missed drafting one of the hunters that came with the migrants, and he ventured too close to the peaks. He screamed for help as his bolts passed harmlessly through it, and Kib was able to get to him and dispatch the undead, though not before it broke the hunter's left wrist and arm. I've now drafted him as a marksdwarf to prevent incidents like this in the future, and left him to heal in the barracks while he thinks about why it is that we don't send out hunters here.

And now, I must go. The whispers are telling me of a glorious mechanism, white dolomite and black iron. None may know of its design until its glory is revealed to the world. Then I'll show them. I'll show them all! But I must construct it in secret... Yes...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **January 08, 2009, 04:20:38 am**

palm of spines lol I feel sorry for flints enemies

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 08, 2009, 04:43:12 pm**

Quote from: shoruke on December 20, 2008, 01:08:34 am
...At least I don't have Flint's job. I do NOT feel like going toe-to-toe with something seven feet tall.
Quote from: shoruke on December 13, 2008, 02:11:41 pm
When you get into late game, draft him into the military (as 'unarmed') and have him fight with a pickaxe and heavy armor.

Which is it? :) Anyway, back to the story!

My name is Kib Amkolrigoth, and I'm recording this now for the history of the fortress in case I don't make it back. Duty must be upheld. Tosid continues to be indisposed, and I seem to have become the nominal leader while he rants in his mechanic's workshop. Unfortunately, dark times loom ahead.

To begin at the beginning...

Just around the arrival of summer, Tosid Vodsazir, who had been serving admirably, if a bit pessimistically, as our expedition leader, announced that he was not to be bothered and sealed himself in our mechanic's workshop, refusing all contact with the outside. I've taken the liberty of reading his previous journals, and it seems that he's planning something big. Having no idea how long such a project will take, we decided in counsel that I should take over, at least until Tosid regains his senses.

Though Tosid spent no more than a week inside the mechanics shop, he still appears to be under the sway or whatever secret urge is driving him. He emerged with a mechanism, carved from dolomite, studded with iron, and decorated with leather and shell, but has since continued to refuse to lead, instead demanding that our masons, shoruke and hat, make twenty four obsidian grates and the same number of dolomite grates. He also ordered that some of the armormaking steel be diverted to make steel blocks, and has buried himself in the mechanics workshop, churning out mechanisms at an amazing pace. The mechanism that he carved during his solitude is sitting in a stockpile in the deepest chambers of the fort, and I've stopped going down there. Sometimes, it seems like its moving on its own. I'm not sure what Tosid is planning, but I'm not sure I want to be in the fortress when it is complete.

Tosid's plans, though, are the least of my worries at the moment. Shortly after he emerged, we were overjoyed to see a human caravan, as well as their diplomat, making their way down the river valley towards our gates. Before the caravan could reach safety, though, the orcs made their appearance. It is clear that the caravan had been followed, and that both they and we were caught in a pincer.

The bulk of the orcs arrived to the west, riding beak dogs. I've been unable to get a clear count of their numbers, but it is at least two dozen, mixed between wrestlers, slashers, lashers, and snipers. They are lead by two guards and a master lasher, all three of which appear to be fearsome warriors by the trophies that they wear. My main concern, though, was the two squads that arrived over the hills behind us. Though there were only twenty of them, they were perfectly positioned to cut the caravan off from our gates. They were also lead by the fearsome Utes Devilfray, an enormous brute of an orc with an equally large and brutal axe.

Though I feared to commit our freshly-formed military, we had no choice but to sortie out and try to allow the caravan time to get within the safety of our fortress. Though we bought the diplomat time to get within the drawbridges, the mules of the caravan proved to be too slow, and were overrun by orcs before they could even cross the brook. The rest of the caravan broke and fled, and while we and the human guards did their best to hold off the orcs, the mules were slaughtered and one of the wagons destroyed before they could escape. The battle was incredible, and the marksdwarves are still complaining about the severed human head that lodged itself in our lower fortifications. The effort to make the entrance way look like anything other than a blood-soaked battleground after the siege will be monumental. After retreating inside and clearing out the orcs that had made it inside before we could retract the bridges, we took stock of

our situation.

We had lost two brave dwarves in our first clash with the orcs, Tekkud Astellikot and Iton Alathaban. I've allowed their bodies to be interred in the warrior's tomb below the forges, though sadly Tekkud fell outside the fortress, and thus will have to wait before being recovered. We also learned that unlike goblins, unarmed combat is simply useless against the orcs. You can snap an arm back on itself, and the orc will just try to hit you with the other one. All of the holds are useless. I, an accomplished wrestler, spent nearly ten minutes trying to beat one into submission inside our gates with The Tooninator, and they were seldom even inconvenienced by the less-skilled troops. I've decided that the only way that we can kill these orcs is through massive damage and bleeding, so I ordered our metalcrafter to forge battle axes for us. None of us is proficient in their use, but most of them aren't very proficient in anything at the moment, and an inexpertly swung axe can still take off a head. The axes themselves aren't of the best quality either, but we have no way to get anything better.

Two problems presented themselves. The first, and most pressing, was the human diplomat. Though he was safe within the walls, he told me privately that though he greatly respected us and our homes, he was sure that he would go stark raving mad if he stayed for more than a few months. The death of their diplomat, especially in our fortress, would kill any hope that we had of trade or mutual aid with the humans, and I cannot allow that. The second was one of our dwarves, Goden Ashokkivish, was severely wounded in the first battle and now lies dying of thirst in the barracks. Tosid keeps claiming that we have a magnificent plumbing system and fresh water, he just has to start it up, but starting it seems to be the last thing on his mind right now. If he wasn't officially our leader, I'd order him drafted just to have a few "sparring" sessions with him. I digress. We must find a way to get fresh water into our fortress before Goden dies of thirst.

We'd learned from our first encounter, but the time limits imposed by the diplomat and Goden demanded swift action. The most that I could allow for preparation was a month, giving us until just before Galena to make ourselves ready and plan.

The diplomat handled the news of the situation remarkably well, carrying out his meeting with Tosid despite the pressure and Tosid's strangeness. The humans want short swords, waterskins, quivers, and backpacks. The diplomat's requests for musical instruments, scepters, rings, earrings, and idols were, I assume, a product of stress. By mid-malachite, all of the paperwork had been filled out, and the diplomat announced that he was ready to leave.

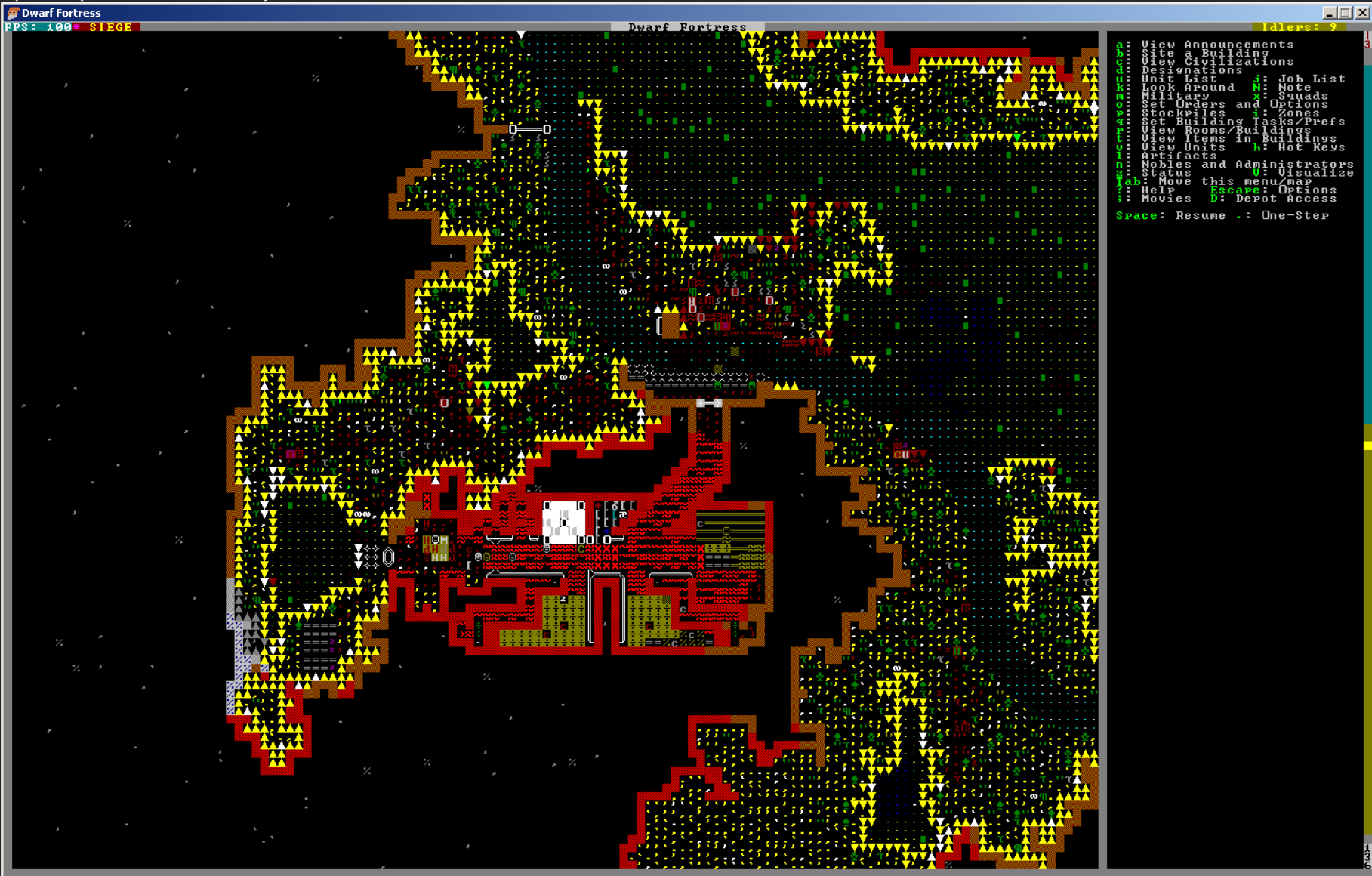
During this time, our three marksdwarves, including the hero Flint, had been harassing the orcs outside our gate, and on the 7th of Malachite Meng Italrith finally struck the killing blow on Utes. I am glad that I will not have to face him in the coming battle, as I had seen him not only take bolts to all parts of his body and simply laugh, but I watched a bolt that had pierced his upper leg completely heal as he walked around on it, taunting us.

And so now, on the 21st of Malachite, we will stand ready on the outer bridge, waiting for the plan to swing into motion. Only three orcs loiter outside the gate now, and we still have fourteen soldiers with us. The extra one is the miner Shoruke, who asked to be fitted for plate and said that she will stand beside us in battle, matching axe stroke for pick swing. I feel honored to fight with one as brave as she. If all goes according to plan, we will rush out and engage the two lashers and the wrestler that still remain, while the diplomat flees to safety, the bodies of our dead are recovered, and water is fetched for Goden. Then, before the main body of orcs can make its way to us and slaughter us with superior numbers and ranged weaponry, we will retreat back inside the fortress and seal the entrance, to wait out the remainder of the siege. It is the best that I can hope for.

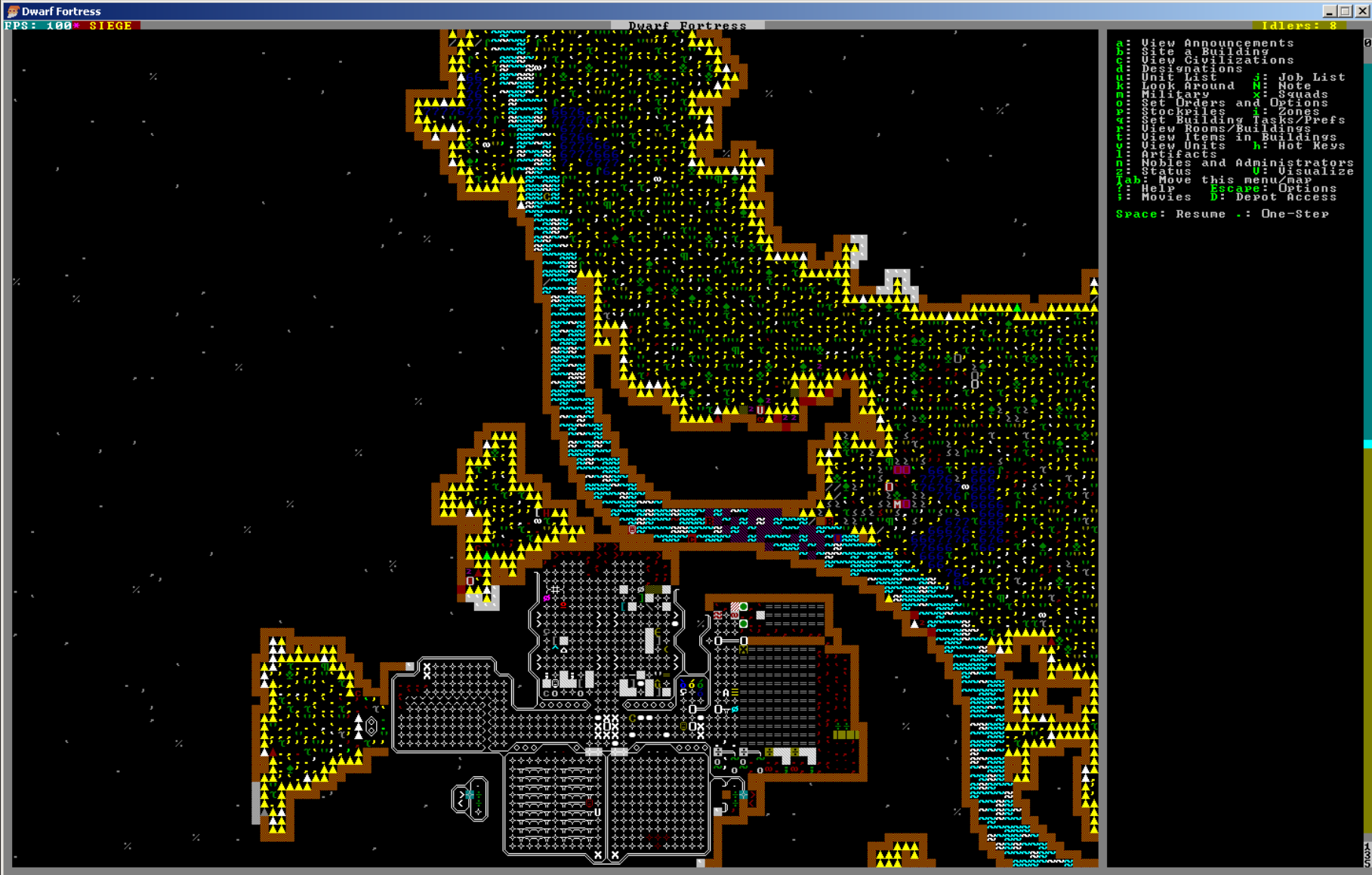
Wish me luck.

((Pictures of the aftermath of the battle soon!))

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The top level of the battle. The mules were coming in along the lower right when they died, and the main battle happened on the plateau in front of the fortifications. The head, visible just in front of the right marksdwarf, was severed by Utes and flew into the fortification from across the moat. I have no idea how I'm going to get it out. Most of the red ground tiles, apart from right in the entrance way, are blood. [Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The lower level of the battle, taken just before the second sortie. The three remaining orcs are on the mid-right, the body of Utes is in the brook, the dead dwarf is in the brook towards the center, and the diplomat is in the dining room.

Total death count so far: two merchants, a wagon, two horses, a muskox, a camel, 8 caravan guards, two dwarves, 15 beak dogs, and 15 orcs.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **January 08, 2009, 05:21:32 pm**

I can't wait!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 09, 2009, 01:30:49 am**

I must admit, that went remarkably better than it seemed like it had the potential to. Clear planning comes through again, I suppose.

The Tooninator, Shoruke, and I were the first to cross the bridge and charge the three orcs, even with our steel plate weighing us down. I arrived first, swinging my axe across one of the lashers, striking his lower body and left hand and sending him staggering back. The Tooninator was close behind me though, scoring a telling blow on the other lasher with his sword, piercing her chestplate and hitting both of her lungs and her heart. His next swing sent the lasher flying backwards into the wrestler, momentarily stunning the wrestler as the dead corpse landed heavily on him.

Shoruke used the opening to swing in with her pick, striking a glancing blow to the wrestler's upper right arm. Despite the lack of armor, the blow didn't hit true, but as the wrestler turned to confront Shoruke The Tooninator severed his left arm at the elbow. As the orc recovered from the shock, Shoruke was able to plunge her pick deep into his stomach, shattering his spine and sending him flying backwards where he landed, vomiting blood, with his liver, spleen, and both kidneys flopping out through the hole.

I, meanwhile, had followed the lasher I had already wounded, and was trying to get my axe around his shield when Shoruke tackled him, bringing him to the ground and denting his helm with the butt of her pick. As I was preparing to swing, I suddenly felt a tug on my leg. The wrestler had crawled over to me, despite his wounds, and was trying to pull me down to the ground. I had heard Flint tell stories of their ability to keep fighting, but this was beyond anything I could have imagined. I turned my axe swing to hit the crawling wrestler in the back, finally ending his life.

Shoruke, recovering from the tackle faster than her target, was able to stand up and swing her pick into the lasher's chest, dealing a wound that would have been fatal to anything else. The lasher, though rolled over and to his feet, letting out a fearsome roar of defiance before lashing out with his whip, striking The Tooninator in the leg. He was weakened, though, and I was able to heft my axe to deal him a mortal blow. I was just pulling out my axe when the rest of the militia arrived, out of breath from running in their plate mail.

With the orcs immediately nearby dead, we retreated to the bridge while the civilians went about their tasks. Unfortunately, Tekkud's body had rotted quickly in the heat, though we were able to recover his bones and his armor. Skjald was able to fetch a bucket of water for Goden, and the diplomat quickly made it to safety. With everything that we could do accomplished, we quickly retreated to the safety of the fortress as the main force of orcs were beginning their decent from the forest. Two out of three objectives accomplished, and no losses. Though the time we spent waiting for the civilians to get back inside were among the most tense minutes of my life, it was a much more successful skirmish than I was preparing myself for.

While we were waiting, I took the time to inspect the downed wagon. It looked like it was carrying precious metal bars, bags of seeds, and several logs. I know that I had seen meat and fish in it as well from the fortifications, but by the time we had gotten there it had rotted in the summer heat. At least the smell wasn't noticeable, unlike the rotting head.

With that bit of excitement taken care of, we've settled back in to wait the siege out. I've ordered some tempered green glass training weapons to be made: swords for The Tooninator's squad and axes for mine. This battle made the value of proper training abundantly clear. The glass, coupled with the quality of our armor, should prevent any training injuries.

I also noticed that Tosid has ordered the construction of an unhealthy number of menacing steel spikes. Mosus Olonastod, one of our two metalcrafters, said that his exact words were "Until I tell you to stop". This plan of his is looking less and less pleasant each day.

He does seem to be in a better mood, though, and even agreed to set up the floodgates that we will need to fill the indoor reservoirs, to prevent the need to venture outside for water. All we need now is for one of the miners to channel out the bank of the river. That will unfortunately have to wait until the siege lifts, as I am not eager to risk the outside again.

As the season changes, we continue to work behind our walls, building for the future and the glory of the Theater of Beards.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 14, 2009, 05:19:28 pm**

Rysith cancels Play Dwarf Fortress: Interrupted by Real Life
Hopefully, things will be back to regular updates. And now, back to the journal of Kib Amkolrigoth!

Autumn began with the orcs departing, apparently satisfied that we were not going to re-emerge from our walls in a reasonable amount of time. I wasted no time in ordering all of the debris from the battle brought inside. The iron equipment will be melted down by our smiths and re-forged, and the goods from the caravan need not go to waste. A fortunate rain has washed much of the blood-soaked ground, and our entrance looks almost inviting now, apart from the beak dog skulls still littering the ground.

We also had a bit of an altercation with Kadol, one of the skeletal batmen from the chasm. He had gotten a bit too close to the fortress for the civilians to feel safe gathering, so I ordered our marksdwarves to shoot him down. Hardly worth mentioning, really, except that I've been keeping careful track of how many there are left. Unlike the skeletal deer that live in the Forest of Funerals and the Giant Eagles that haunt the Unnameable Point, the batmen have been showing a disturbing tendency to wander close to our fort, which concerns me.

No more than two days after the Orcs left, the yearly dwarven caravan arrived, along with Urist Almôshilral, our liaison. When I met with him, he said that they had been camping in the hills waiting for the orcs to leave. I can't blame him, really, after what happened to the humans. I was able to convince Tosid to come out for long enough to trade, as he is the only one of us with any skill at appraisal or bartering, but he refused to meet with the liason. Though I'm no politician, that duty fell to me.

The lists that he showed me! Goods beyond description and number! I only agreed to this position as a temporary measure. How should I be expected to know what the fortress will need in a year! Urist was quite insistent that he needed a list to bring back, though. I'll admit that I was probably dazzled a bit by the variety, and ended up requesting quite a few varieties of precious metals, gems, and leathers. I also requested Giant Cave Spider silk, since we have no way of obtaining that ourselves. I only hope that I've done my duty to the fortress acceptably. Urist told me that the mountainhome needed anvils, crowns, large gems, metal bars, tanned hides, armor, fish, plants, footwear, and goblets. I warned him that while we may not be able to supply the tanned hides or the gems, I would try my best to get the rest of them. The armor, especially, should be more than possible.

When I was finished, I ran into Tosid on his way back from the trade depot. I asked what we had traded for, and he looked at me a bit funny before he rattled off an enormous list of things: meat, barrels, cheese, gems, and several more that I didn't catch. I had no idea that the fortress needed meat and cheese, but we may simply have to do without next year. He also mentioned that the Queen should be very pleased with the token he had sent for her, but he ran off into the depths of the fortress before I could question him further.

The hauling job has proven to be larger than previously anticipated, and I've had to send most of the military back to hauling, rather than sparring. I'm loath to keep that up for long, but it's crucial that we get the equipment safely inside before the winter.

The dwarves outside the fortress have brought with them the goblins, as we expected. Happily, they remain much less competent than the orcs. The first two casualties were goblin master thieves, both swiftly dispatched by The Duke while he was fetching water for our injured soldier. Shortly after that, our jeweler came running down from the mountains screaming that there were goblins up there. It seemed that he had been trying to collect some bones up there to make into bolts when a marksgoblin had loosed a bolt in his general direction. I quickly gathered myself, The Tooninator, and Flint to go deal with them.

The battle itself was short and one-sided. Though there were seven of them and only three of us, we had far more discipline than they did. We gathered some distance away and charged as a group, myself and Flint with axes and The Tooninator with his sword. We hit the closest pikegoblin, standing some ways down the mountain as a guard, divided him into rather messy pieces, and kept going without slowing down. Truthfully, most of the battle after that was the three of us chasing down fleeing goblins. None escaped, and I don't think any of us suffered even the slightest wound. We stood guard over the site as we waited for the haulers to gather the equipment from the fallen. Though we have next to no use for it, the last thing I want is for kobolds to decide that we offer a good place to hunt for discarded weapons and armor.

The hauling, especially from the ambush site, has taken long enough that winter is fast approaching. I've pulled the civilians back to the fortress so that none of them are caught far from the gates if there is a siege, leaving a collection of armor still lying on the ground. I would have had The Duke or Shoruke dig us some underground tunnels out to the site, but they've both been occupied by whatever it is that Tosid is planning.

Upon our return, Tosid was waiting at the entrance to greet us, and granted The Tooninator the title "The Lyrics of Noiselessness". He said that it was an indication of the role that he would play in the future of the fortress. I think Tosid's going to snap any day now, but The Tooninator accepted the title, and seems to have gained a more menacing air of late. As if he needed more of one, a dwarf that can outrun an orc while wearing platemail, with a sword at each hip, already seems menacing if he isn't fighting by your side.

Flint ran off as soon as we got back from standing guard, claiming that Tosid had a task for him, and I haven't seen Hat in ages, though the coating of dolomite dust around his masonry shop tells me he has been busy. Some of the furnace operators have said that they've seen Skjald working in the forges alone, late at night. I grow more and more wary of this "project" that Tosid is preparing, and worry at the secrecy with which he and the rest of the original seven are working on it. Perhaps The Tooninator can get me some more information about it, now that he seems to be in Tosid's good graces.

Winter falls around us now, so this entry must come to a close.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 14, 2009, 05:31:17 pm**

From the journal of Tosid Vodsazir, master mechanic.

Since the Ancients chose me, everything is clear. The design, the implementation, the materials. We have it all, it is within our grasp. But the others! The others do not know, must not know. They would not understand. I've done all that I can to keep them separate, not knowing, but the time is drawing near when I must work directly on the clay they stand on.

The other five have been most helpful in this. They know what the Ancients demand, and what we must do to fulfill it. The Duke and Shoruke, especially: much must be excavated, and excavated in secret, for the first phase. Hat has worked tirelessly to supply the stones we will need once everything is in place, and the all-important grates are already completed by his hand. Skjald's ability to shape the steel has also been invaluable, and without Flint's skill with wood there would be no power, no life.

This season, the steel pillars were placed, and I've begun fitting the spikes. I had to enlist the aid of some of the migrants, I had no choice if I was to complete it in time. They know nothing of the spike's true purpose, though, and I've been careful that only we six place them. We are almost there. Salirshosh waits. She tells me the mechanisms that we need, how they are to fit together, how the system will breath once it is complete. I see it all. It is so close...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **January 14, 2009, 10:12:10 pm**

There is to be much excavating?!? Sounds good! It means I get to practice my mining, which will be helpful when I start bashing orc skulls in full-time.

Quote from: Rysith on January 08, 2009, 04:43:12 pm

Quote from: shoruke on December 20, 2008, 01:08:34 am

...At least I don't have Flint's job. I do NOT feel like going toe-to-toe with something seven feet tall.

Quote from: shoruke on December 13, 2008, 02:11:41 pm

When you get into late game, draft him into the military (as 'unarmed') and have him fight with a pickaxe and heavy armor.

Which is it? :) Anyway, back to the story!

I mean that I don't want to fight orcs *right now*. Once I'm a legendary miner, those orcs are going to hit the ground like the proverbial pile of bricks.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 15, 2009, 12:09:27 am**

Quote from: shoruke on January 14, 2009, 10:12:10 pm

I mean that I don't want to fight orcs *right now*. Once I'm a legendary miner, those orcs are going to hit the ground like the proverbial pile of bricks.

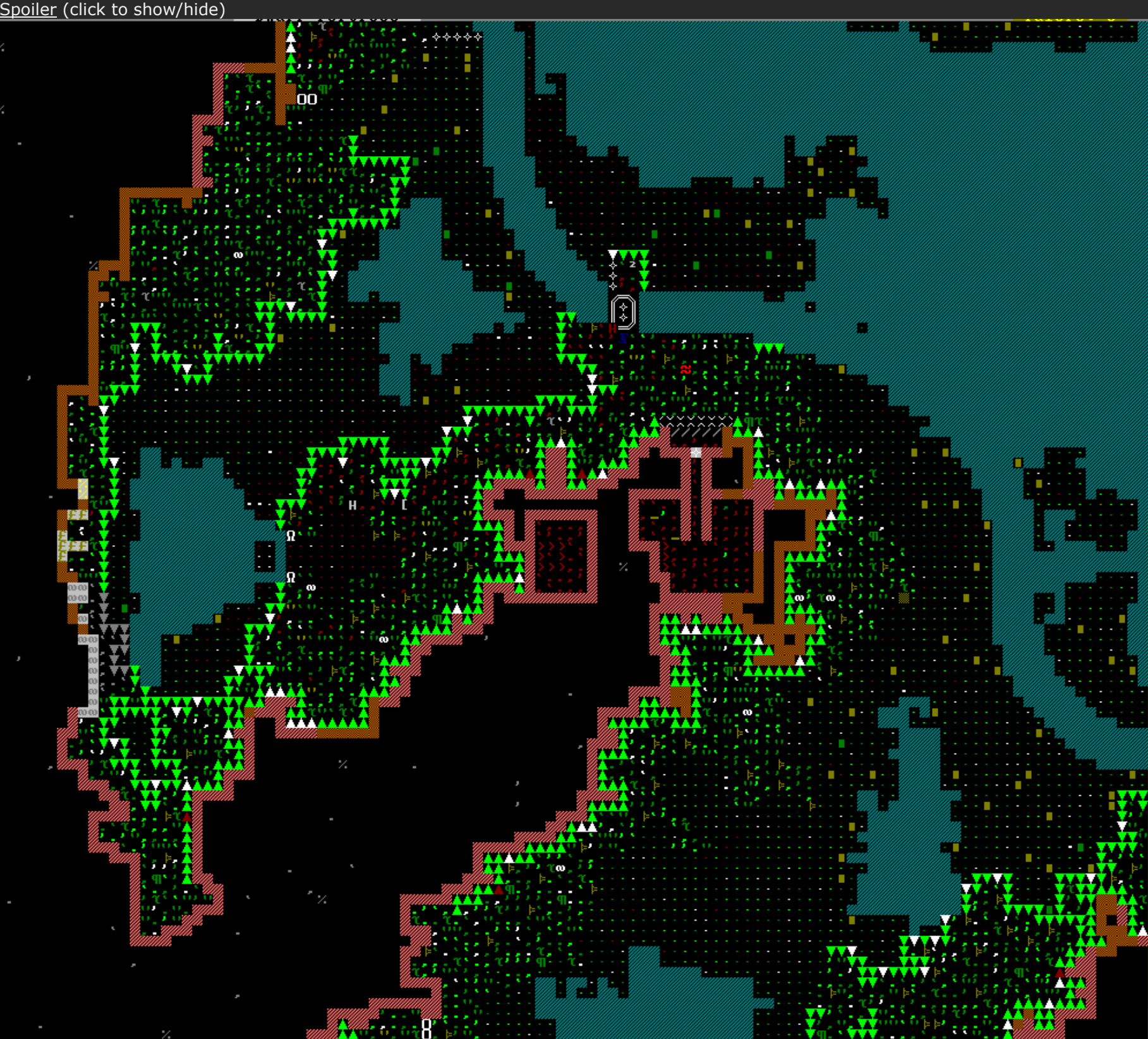
Ah, you hit legendary miner back in winter of the first year. I'm currently being cautious with your military assignments (You're also a master mason, and I don't want you going champion on me before I've trained up a replacement), but training-wise you're good to go. I'm getting you a nice steel pick (and hopefully a better-quality one, once I've got a decent weaponsmith) and you should be ready to join in the first time we face the orcs head-on.

And, since Shoruke's confusion prompted it, here are pictures of the fortress and the dwarves! It's now mid-winter of 110.

Here's the stocks screen:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

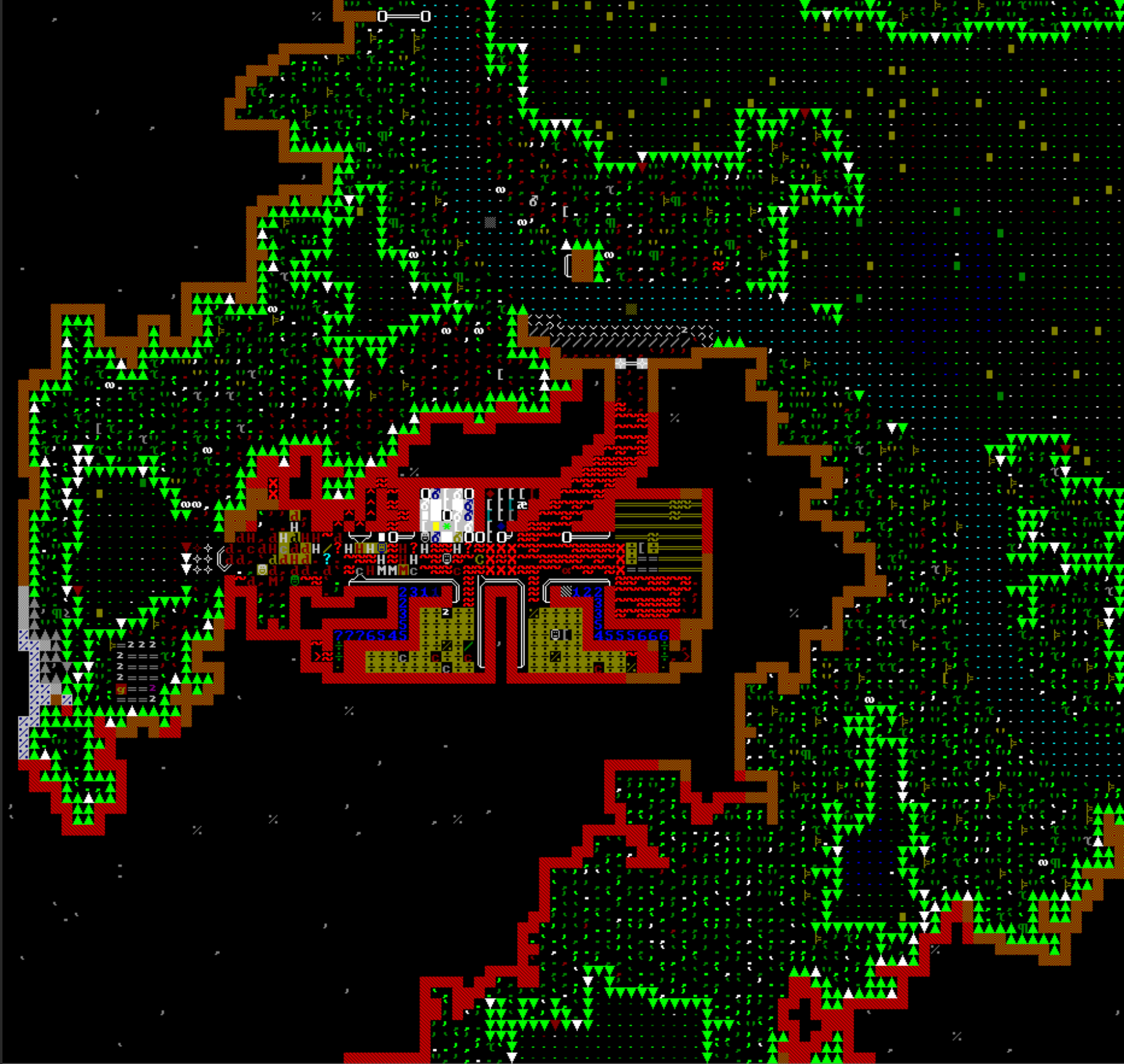
Created Wealth:	3088470*	Population:	44	Champions	2
Weapons:	11810*	Miners	2	Axedwarves	None
Armor and Garb:	1195400*	Woodworkers	2	Axe Lords	None
Furniture:	44470*	Stoneworkers	2	Swordsdwarves	None
Other Objects:	737175*	Rangers	None	Swordmasters	None
Architecture:	172215*	Metalsmiths	None	Macedwarves	None
Displayed:	145510*	Jewelers	None	Mace Lords	None
Held/Worn:	781890*	Craftsdwarves	None	Hammerdwarves	None
Imported Wealth:	186764*	Nobles/Admins	None	Hammer Lords	None
Exported Wealth:	28287*	Peasants	None	Speardwarves	None
Food Stores:	1290	Children	5	Spearmasters	None
Meat	40	Fishery Workers	None	Marksdwarves	2
Fish	16	Farmers	4	Elite Mrksdwrs	None
Plant	38	Engineers	1	Wrestlers	9
		Trained Animals	3	Elite Wrestlers	None
		Other Animals	101	Recruits	None

The topmost level of the fort, showing the bridge (and guard foal), the upper fortifications, above-ground farms, and what will become the statue garden. The two statues placed at the entrance were put there after winter started, so they will be in the next update.



The entrance level, with the entrance, food stockpiles, farms, main fortifications, and the tops of the waterfalls.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

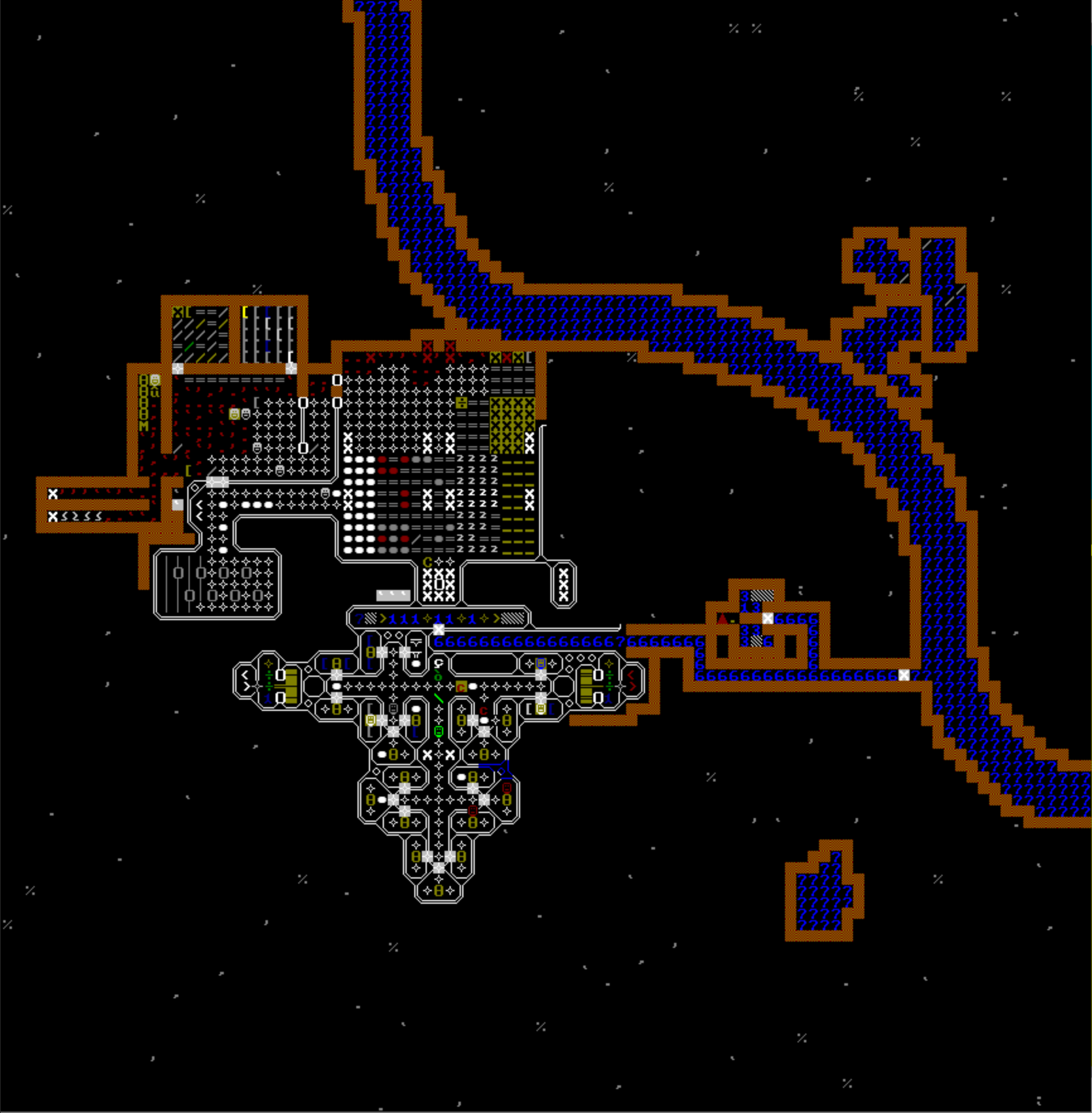


The dining level, with workshops towards the river and food preparation to the right. To the left are the fortifications (and steel pillars) overlooking the part of Tosid's project that I've finished. The room with the levers is the control room, with two drawbridges and two sets of floodgates

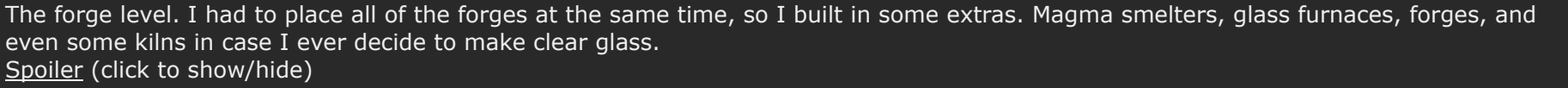
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

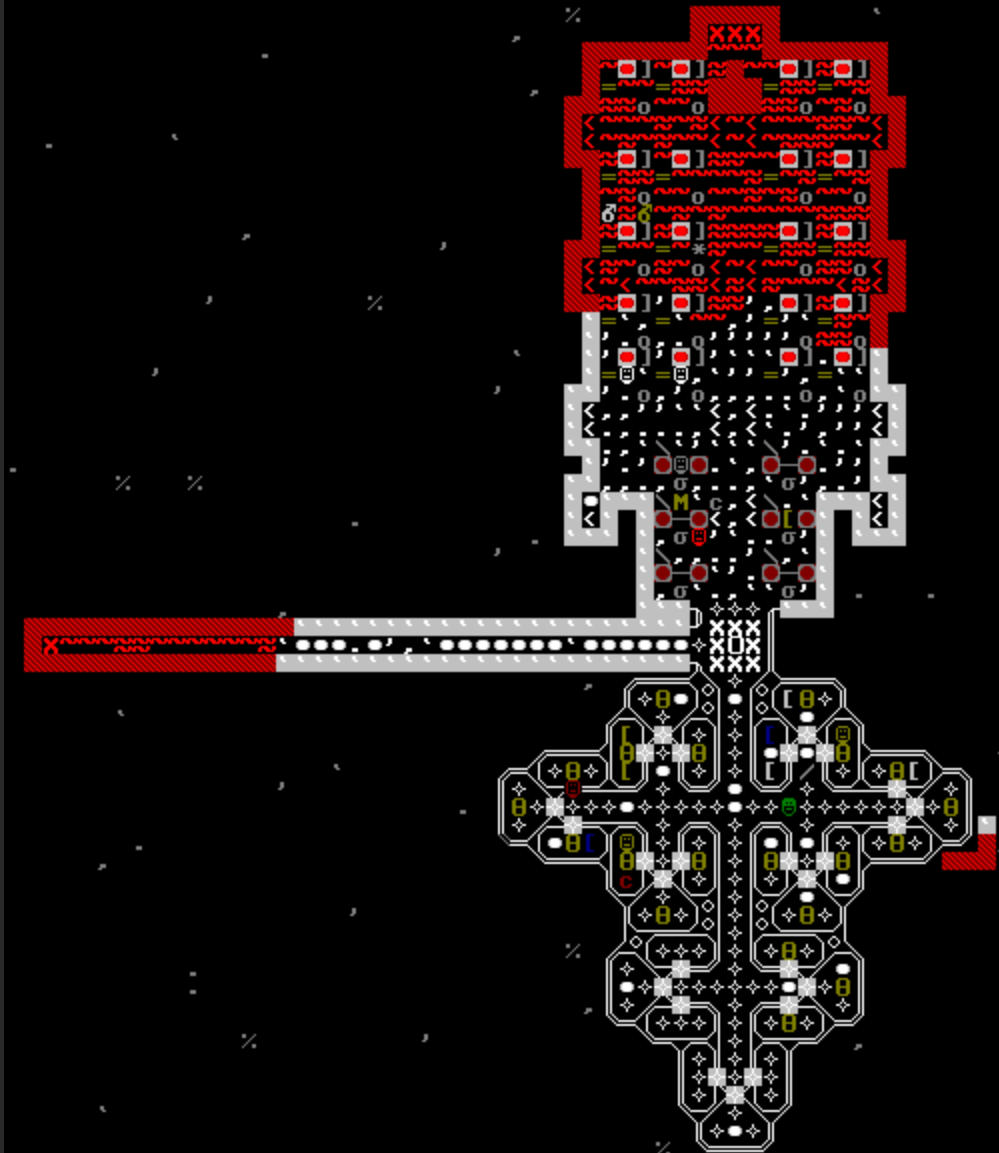


The first level of stockpiles, and the first level of bedrooms. Barracks are in the upper left, with weapon and armor stockpiles.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

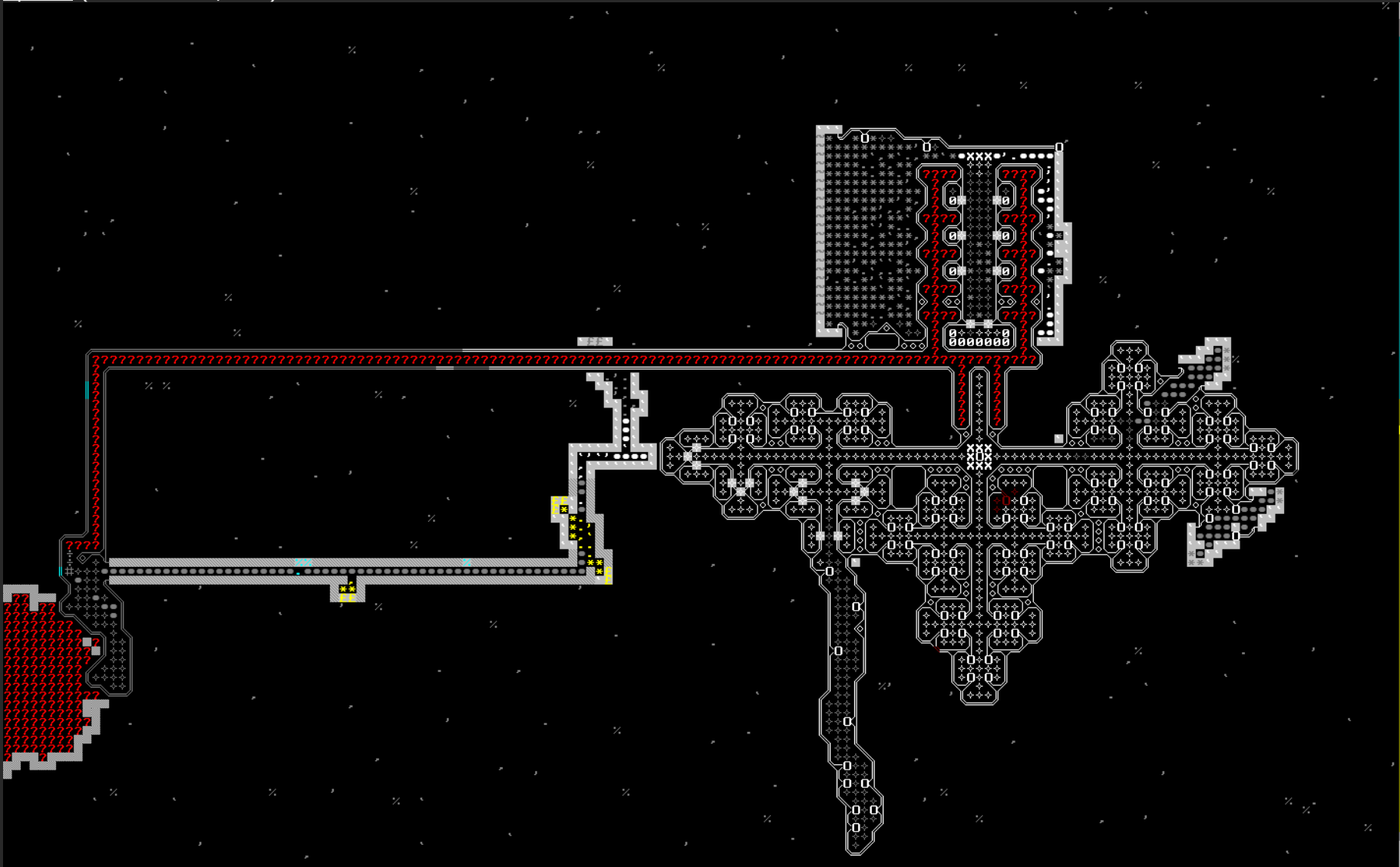


Second level of bedrooms, and the reservoir for the waterfalls. It should be self-regulating, too. The recently-dug area is for the common coffins. The central area is the forge stockpiles, mostly dominated by steel bars. We've got flux and fuel in abundance, why not? [Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





The magma pipes, warrior's graveyard, and the first "full" bedroom complex (the first one where it would fit without running into soil). At the left is the magma pipe. This level will also have the minor noble housing, once we start needing that.
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The Duke: Kills: two goblin thieves, skills: Legendary miner, talented brewer. Mighty, perfectly agile, and extremely tough.
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

[illegible]

Shoruke: No kills (Kib stole both of the orcs). Skills: Legendary Miner, Master mason, dabbling armor/shield user, Novice wrestler.

Extremely strong, very agile, and superdwarvenly tough

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100

'Shoruke' Bidoaksibrek has been ecstatic lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She talked with a friend lately. She admired a fine Table lately. She made a friend recently. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She gave somebody food lately. She was caught in the rain recently. She admired own fine Bed lately. She was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She has been satisfied at work lately.

She is a worshiper of power of Goddess.
She is a Citizen of The Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards.
She likes to consume delicious ooze. Bismuth. Pipe oval. Marrok pearls. Piv tail Fabric, war, hatch covers and large wems. When possible, she prefers to consume Dwarven Syrup.

She can handle stress. She is somewhat reserved. She is unassertive. She likes to try new things. She admires tradition. She is candid and sincere in her words. She does not have a compulsion about the color green. She often says things that comes to mind. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles mildly at inclement weather.

Flint: 13 kills (four goblins, nine orcs) + four beak dogs. Skills: Adept Carpenter, Wrestler, Competent axedwarf, expert marksdwarf, dabbling armor/shield user. strong, extremely agile, extremely tough

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99 "Elint' Dakaskáhubuk Tatekkulin Lúrit. "Elint' Coloredlances the Acid Rain of Spines". Carpenter
 "Elint' Dakaskáhubuk Tatekkulin Lúrit has been ecstatic lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a fine drink lately. He admired a fine Sprayed Demon lately. He liked a legendary dining room recently. He was caught in the rain recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He admired own fine Bed lately.
 He is a dubious worshiper of kindred. He is an enemy of the Mysterious Dread. He is an enemy of The Spraved Demon. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. Dakaskáhubuk Tatekkulin Lúrit likes Rich sphalerite. Tempered crystal glass. Green diamond. Candelnut. amber. spears and floodvates. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven wine.
 He has a calm demeanor. He is concerned about rejection and ridicule. He doesn't handle stress well. He prefers familiar routines. He is open-minded to new ideas. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. He is setting used to tragedy.

Hat: Competent engraver, high master mason, proficient stone crafter. Mighty and extremely tough

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100 'Hat' Ottansazir, "'Hat' Mindbridges", Mason

'Hat' Ottansazir has been ecstatic lately. He slept unasily due to noise lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He admired a completely sublime trap lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He had a lovely watermelon lately. He was airborn in a Bedrian recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was romantically involved with Skala Salvasecret. He is a faithful worshipper of Rodem the Rav of Lobsters.

'Hat' Ottansazir likes Bituminous coal, Tempered crystal glass, Citrine, coral, maces, horses for their powerful kick and foxes for their cunning. When he is concerned about rejection and ridicule. He doesn't need thrills or risks in life. He is often cheerful. He is open-minded to new ideas. He is outdoors and gambles only at night at innumerable others rewarding. He is immodest. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working

Skjald: Proficient Armorsmith, Proficient Leatherworker, dabbling Metalsmith, weaponsmith. Strong, agile, and extremely tough. She hasn't been doing much since the armorsmithing was taken over by Olin before we got magma forges, but with the sudden need for spikes she's coming along nicely.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

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PS: 99                                     "Skjald' Sibreknekut, "'Skjald' Salvesseret", Armorer
'Skjald' Sibreknekut has been ecstatic lately. She admired a fine Seat lately. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She had a fine drink
lately. She talked with a friend lately. She had a wonderful drink lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She had a truly decadent drink lately. She has
been surprised at work lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She was caught in the rain recently. She admired own fine Bed lately. She has been
She is romantically involved with Wat' Mindbridges. She is a worshipper of Istrath.
'Skjald' Sibreknekut likes Gneiss, Platinum, Peridot, coral, clouds, leather armor, beds and large gems. When possible, she prefers to consume Dwarven
She rarely feels discouraged. She occasionally overindulges. She enjoys being in crowds. She isn't given to flights of fancy. She does not display her
overemotions nor awareness of them. She constantly strives for perfection. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working
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The Tooninator: 6 kills (a goblin, an orc, two kobolds, two batmen) + 1 beak dog. Legendary wrestler, proficient armor user, professional shield user, Great swordsdwarf. Very strong, unbelievably agile, superdwarvenly tough.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100 The Innominator. Matuliden Avan Zaled. "The Innominator' Dancepaddles the Lyrics of Noiselessness". Channion

The Innominator' Matuliden Avan Zaled has been ecstatic lately. He took joy in slaughtering lately. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a splendid paddler lately. He had a lovely evening in a relaxing session recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He also had a very good drink lately. He was comforted by a pet lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He was caught in the rain recently. He admired own fine Bed lately. He was comforted by a pet lately. He is a worshiper of Rodem the Ray of Lobsters. He is an enemy of the Mysterious Dread. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. The Innominator' Matuliden Avan Zaled likes Chronite, Black bronze, Indigo tourmaline, pearl, the color aquamarine, ureaves, cabinets and cats for their constant whistling. He is a devotee of the color black. He is a devotee of the color black. He is a devotee of the color black. He is unassertive. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He is modest. He is not affected by the suffering of others. He is confident. He does not let his emotions get the best of him. He does not really care about anything anymore. He does not really care about anything anymore. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. He doesn't really care about anything anymore.

Tosid's plan at this point involves no less than 410 menacing steel spikes, ~150 mechanisms, three screw pumps, 16 steel blocks, 48 stone grates, and other miscellaneous building materials. That's phase one. Phase two is going to need a lot more digging, and probably 3dwarf to really see what's going on.

Re: Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)

Post by: **Shoruke** on **January 15, 2009, 12:56:13 am**

This sounds EPIC. If you need me to help with some other job for it (metalworking, mechanics) then feel free. I could use the spare experience for extra attribute gains ;D

Re: Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)

Post by: **ToonyMan** on **January 15, 2009, 07:37:37 am**

Looks like we have all the resources we need to take down those orcs! Just need more dwarfs.

Funny looking tileset too. ???

Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)

st by: **Rysith** on **January 15, 2009, 12:37:04 pm**

Quote from: ToonyMan on January 15, 2009, 07:37:37 am

Looks like we have all the resources we need to take down those orcs! Just need more dwarfs.

Funny looking tileset too. ???

I agree, though they didn't siege this winter. Next summer, hopefully our entranceway will run red with blood! Over the winter, wrestlers started turning into swords/axedwarves, so most of the soldiers are Competent or better with weapon/shield/armor. With luck, I'll figure out DF movies before then, and post one.

The tileset is a standard ASCII 9x9, with smoothed walls. I posted it over here (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=28773.msg387529#msg387529>)

Re: Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)

Post by: **Rysith** on **January 15, 2009, 04:13:21 pm**

From the journal of Tosid Vodsazir, winter 110

Silly Kib. He spent all winter cooped up inside, waiting for the orcs to arrive. Can't he tell that they wouldn't be showing up this season? He doesn't even need them to be here, he'll hide inside anyway! I need to finish the project quickly, or his mismanagement may interfere with the future. He seems happy enough doing minor things and keeping the military sparring in the barracks. The Orcs are like an obsession for him. Soon, though, the Orcs will be of no concern. The spikes don't care how tall they are, they aren't tall enough.

I've also received another message from the Ancients! They sent it through one of the immigrant engravers this time. I can tell that he is not part of the plan: they were careful to leave no memory of the experience in his mind. He made a dolomite puzzlebox, with an image of the founding of Lanternwebs, the first Queen of the Braided Lenses, and a Chimera on it, in steel. This one seems like a warning. All the more important to get the project completed quickly. The engraver must not know of the plan: if he were to know, surely the Ancients would have granted him their skill when he crafted it.

Kib has also been interfering with the plan, though I'm not sure if it's deliberate or not. He ordered The Duke and Shoruke to stop excavating the passage to Phase II to dig out some statue garden that he wanted. I can turn it to my advantage: We can dig out the entrance while everyone is up looking at the statues, and we won't have to dig out the ground beneath anyone's feet.

Shoruke also said that she has found a suitable replacement, and begun training them in masonry and mining. That should free Shoruke up for her part in the plan.

The pump arrangement is proving difficult. Perhaps some bridges would make it easier? They should be synchronized, though. And how would it start?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 15, 2009, 04:32:48 pm**

Status report, Winter 110, prepared by Kib Amkolrigoth, Champion of the Theater of Beards

The winter passed without a single sign of orcs. I felt certain that they would descend on us the moment that the leaves fell from the trees. Our vigilance was not wasted, though. Several of the recruits feel confident enough with their weapons to abandon the title of "Wrestler", and the others are handling their weapons much more competently now. When the orcs return, they shall taste dwarven steel!

One of our engravers woke up in the middle of moonstone babbling about Vesh Zasit, and after gathering some dolomite, a lump of obsidian, two bars of steel, and two of the rough banded agates we had mined, he set to work and created The Dust of Knives, a dolomite puzzlebox. The strange thing is that he has no recollection of the construction at all. I found him in the workshop looking at the thing with an expression of extreme confusion. Perhaps Tosid is behind this, but I don't think he's capable of wielding magic to control dwarves.

On the first of Opal, a kobold thief who had made it past our watch-foal set foot in our entranceway. Unfortunately for him, he more or less bumped into me and The Tooninator, both of us relaxing after a sparring session. I'm not sure it even had time to realize its mistake. My axe was quicker than his sword, but my blow merely left a gash along its skull, whereas The Tooninator clove it cleanly in half across the midsection, causing it to tumble backwards down the ramp and explode in gore. Hopefully, its disappearance will discourage future thieves.

I've also taken note of the two exceptionally skilled masons at the fortress, and I commissioned two statues made of Dolomite, one of Tosid and one of the Queen, to be placed overlooking the entrance to our fort. Both were exceptionally crafted by Hat, and the workdwarfship was so impressive that I've ordered The Duke and Shoruke to stop whatever deep excavation Tosid had ordered to dig out a statue garden. Imagine, when we can relax surrounded by fine works of art rather than the sandy entranceway!

Tosid has stopped being quite so creepy recently. He seemed almost happy by the puzzlebox, and he's stopped demanding that steel be made endlessly. He came up out of the depths to admire his statue, too, and didn't even object strongly when I ordered whatever he's digging down there paused for the statue garden. I wish he would come to his senses, though. I'm getting tired of making all of the decisions.

The Orcs appear to not have made an appearance this season, but I'm sure that they will be back in the future. We must be ever-vigilant. Now that spring is here, I must go attend to what may be an even greater challenge: dealing with the elves that are sure to come with the newly sprouting leaves.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 23, 2009, 01:57:55 pm**

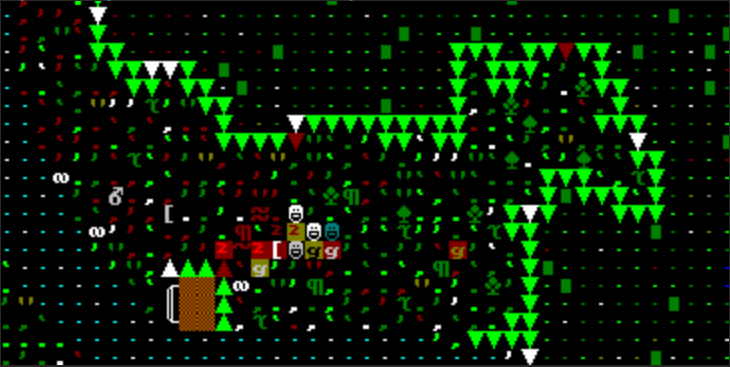
Status report, Spring 111, prepared by Kib Amkolrigòth the Fields of Scalding, Champion of the Theater of Beards

As spring came and the trees began to grow green, the elves once again showed themselves at the door to our fortress. Since we knew that the elves would not show up if an Orcish army was approaching, I rescinded my order that all dwarves were to stay within crossbow-shot of the bridge while outside. Our clothes were beginning to wear thin, and so I ordered some of the lesser-quality steel armor that we had lying around brought up to the depot, in preparation for trade.

The laborers were eager to finish hauling the equipment left by the goblins last autumn, as was I: It was miraculous that it had lain untouched by thieves for this long. However, I ordered the militia to change their training weapons for steel ones, and ordered the swordsdwarves, lead by The Tooninator to guard the front entrance while the axedwarves, lead by me, patrolled the route that the laborers were taking.

As I suspected, the hauling had scarcely begun when the goblins sprang from ambush. No doubt they had taken the winter to make preparations. Four wrestlers, two speargoblins, and a human guard leapt from behind the shrubbery as soon as the first dwarf crossed the bridge outside. Fortunately, the first dwarf across the bridge was The Tooninator, closely followed by the rest of his squad. The fight went predictably:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Scarcely had the body parts settled to the ground when a second ambush was sprung. We had set out along our patrol route and the other axedwarves had fallen behind, since they still weren't as proficient with their armor as I was. One of them, Stukos Medtobkoman, was able to outpace the rest of them, but not catch up to me. The goblins, thinking that they could pick at least one of our number off with 5-to-1 odds, attacked: two wrestlers, two macegoblins, and a human bowman. Though I began rushing back to aid her, I need not have worried: she defeated the entire ambush single-handedly before we could come to her aid.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



((Yes, that's two airborne goblins at the same time))

The goblins were clearly getting desperate for something positive to report to their commanders, and shortly after those two failed ambushes, a squad of two macegoblins, two wrestlers, and a human crossbowman successfully ambushed the zombie deer that had been roaming around the northern forest. Though they destroyed the deer fairly quickly, they also ran afoul of Aboasten the Skeletal Giant Eagle, who had been patrolling the northern peaks for several months now. Aboasten killed a wrestler and a macegoblin before the rest were able to flee, and we took the opportunity to destroy Aboasten while it was close to the ground. As my squad stood guard over the remains, the last of the skeletal batmen from the chasm decided to attack, and was quickly destroyed. This marks the first time that the skies over Lanternwebs have been free of the undead.

Tosid proved to be too busy with whatever mad scheme he was planning to arrive at the depot, but I knew that our trade goods would be more than enough to purchase whatever the elves had to offer, so I ordered one of the haulers to do the trading. We got a quantity of wood and several bins of cloth, which we've begun cutting into clothes while we wait for the cotton and pig tails that we have planted to grow. Though I'm sure that the elves got a better deal than they would have otherwise, we only traded away the lower-quality armor, so I saw no great loss in it.

Slate brought a fresh wave of migrants, who seem to have arrived safely despite the dangerous journey. We received two fishery workers, a dyer, three peasants, a stoneworker, a bone carver, a blacksmith, a mechanic, a ranger, a lye maker, a potash maker, a woodcrafter, a brewer, a jeweler, and a planter. With their help, the last of the hauling went quickly, for which I am thankful: I would not want to allow the equipment to sit out during the summer as well. Needless to say, the majority of them will be inducted into the military as soon as Olin can smith suits of armor for them. We will need all of the dwarves we can muster to face the orcs when next they darken our borders.

The migrants also raised our population enough for elections to be held. To my surprise, Tosid was elected as mayor, despite his crazy mumblings and refusal to participate in ordinary fortress life. I can only attribute this to meddling on the part of the other six who started this fortress, but I suppose the fact that Tosid accepted means that he does plan to eventually go back to administering the fortress. He hasn't indicated any desire for me to stop running day-to-day things, though. He did use his new authority to dub Stukos, the axedwarf who defeated the ambush, "Stukos Blockadespread the Distracting Gold of Tributes". The move has made him more popular with the military, but I still think that it is evidence that there are a few loose gears spinning in there.

The last event of note was the strange behavior of Ushat Zaskol, one of our bonecarvers. For no reason that I could determine, he stopped work on the bone bolts that I had ordered him to carve, grabbed some batman, giant eagle, and goblin bones, and carved them into an intricate earring. The body itself is made of batman bone, expertly carved to show the fine lattice inside, with giant eagle bone hanging off it and circles of batman and goblin bone. Though the carving is of the highest quality, Ushat can't remember making it at all, much less why. Perhaps the rumors of an ancient evil trapped beneath these mountains is true.

As spring turns to summer, we prepare to face the orcish menace. Nearly half of our fortress is in the military, all in full plate mail and training for the battle that we know is to come. We shall stand as a bastion of resistance and hold firm against the barbarians that would seek to destroy all civilization!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **January 23, 2009, 02:44:12 pm**

Resist Resist!!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 23, 2009, 02:53:46 pm**

From the journal of Tosid Vodsazir, spring 111.

Phase II has hit a snag. There's a vein of tetrahedrite crossing the excavation path, and I know I won't be able to have that dug out without the peasants coming down here to gather it. I've halted work for now, but it seems as if the time when parts of the plan must be revealed to the general fortress draws ever closer.

The spikes are half-done now, though their production has slowed with the order for armor that Kib put in. Hat and Shoruke have also both contributed to the statues that will serve as the distraction while we dig out the entranceway. Kib thinks he can get away with a simple Dolomite statue, but Hat and Shoruke have done many times better: sculpting lumps of pure gold and platinum that we have imported, they have created exceptional statues of dwarven heros, worthy of the greatness that this fortress is destined for. Kib doesn't know yet, though, and won't until he sees them installed next to the dolomite one.

I've nearly gotten the mechanics worked out, and I think that it can even be made to correctly start. As soon as the entrance is clear, we can start the installation.

I've also been elected mayor. It's good to see that the people still believe in my leadership, rather than Kib's. I've commissioned a set of Zinc goblets to celebrate my new position, and ordered some more spacious rooms dug out and engraved for my use. I find its soft gray much preferable to the harsh shine of our steel, and unlike gold or the other precious metals it is not too gaudy for personal use. My election as mayor has also allowed me to appoint Shoruke as the fortress bookkeeper. She has said that she wishes to train as much as possible before she faces the orcs a second time, and that training must be mental as well as physical. Though I left our records in good condition, they are always changing, and there is always updating to be done.

The forces moving Ushat seem to be different from those that inspired the puzzlebox, and seem only concerned with the dead. Eyes will be kept on Ushat, to ensure that he is not working against our cause.

Phase I will not be completed before summer, so I will be unable to test it against live targets. A pity.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 23, 2009, 03:26:06 pm**

Something that neither Tosid nor Kib mentioned was that there is also now an opening for Captain of the Guard. In the absence of someone wanting to take that role, I'll probably leave it empty, but I have no objections to filling it if someone wants to (Tosid should only mandate zinc, which we can import without a problem).

Right now, everyone is working on Tosid's secret project, but if anyone has any other requests I'd be more than happy to try to fulfill them.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 26, 2009, 04:20:25 pm**

Journal of Olin Oltaros, Mayor and Armorsmith, Summer 111

Lanternwebs has certainly come a long way since I arrived here in the spring of 109. With luck, and a bit of hard work, I hope that it will go even farther under my rule.

I was elected to the position of Mayor of Laternwebs on the 16th of Hematite, the common dwarves feeling that Tosid's leadership was lacking and Kib not wanting to take over the direction of the fortress as a full-time position. I cannot blame him, he is already a legendary champion in our military, and asking him to cover running both the military and civilian sides of the fortress would be a great burden.

Coincident with our elections was the arrival of the human caravan. Fearing another attack by Orcs, Kib ordered the military out to escort them in, but the orcs once again did not show their heads. While I was talking with their diplomat, I learned the reason: Utes Devilfray, slain in the most recent siege, had been the ruler of the civilization since the beginning of the world, and the tribes were now in disorder as they fought over the succession. They also warned that it looked like a new leader was emerging, a master lasher of great skill and cruelty, who's first action once he gathered the tribes together again would be to seek revenge for Utes's death. Our soldiers stand ready for them this time, though, and they will find Lanternwebs more than ready to fight.

Reflecting the respite that the orcs had given them, the humans asked for the fine crafts of the dwarves in trade: Metallic rings, cut gems, metallic crowns, idols, and earrings. They also requested armor, though I told them that it was unlikely that we would be able to forge armor of any quality that would fit their larger frames. We bought metal bars, wood, leather, and cheese from them, paid for with spoils from the defeated goblins.

In Malachite, there was a goblin and a kobold that needed to be chased away from our gates, but the real news was the miraculous inspiration of Kogan Dedukshigos, a bone carver. Within a few days of feverish work, Kogan had produced the most impressive chain I have ever seen: Testmortal, a chain with finely-crafted links of cave lobster shell, studded with steel and, at the centerpoint, an image of Queen Lektadlør in banded agate. Tosid has taken quite an interest in it, though I've insisted that it should be displayed somewhere publicity, for the entire fortress to admire. I just have to find the right place...

Malachite also saw the opening of the statue garden planned by Kib. While it was originally to have two statues of Dolomite, Tosid announced that he had collaborated with Shoruke and Hat to provide some additions to it. The three statues that he brought in, two of solid gold and one of pure platinum, were the most masterfully crafted renditions of the legendary heros of the Braided Lenses I had ever seen. As they were put in place surrounding the Dolomite statues of The Tooninator and himself that Kib had ordered, I felt that I was surrounded by the dwarven heros, both those of ancient legend and those still in the making. The Duke then announced that, as a reward for the hard work that we had all put into Lanternwebs up to this point, we should take a well-deserved break and hold a party in our new garden. Not even Tosid could object to that suggestion.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Community fort fighting Orcs!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 27, 2009, 01:05:06 pm**

Fragments from the journal of Tosid Vodsazir, 111

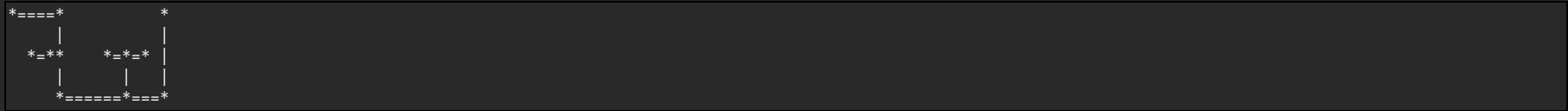
... The meaning of Testmortal is now clear with the arrival of The Depth of Fragmenting. Bound, between the Dolomite and the Obsidian. The Queen is involved, somehow. The child creator has a part to play: they retained knowledge. I am happy that two more can be added to the ranks of the trusted. Phase II has begun, though the final linkages for Phase I are still needed ...

... The pit is complete, though non-functional. The effect on the dwarven caravan of being able to look through the floor of the entranceway to the spikes below was most pleasing. The mechanical issues have cleared, and wait only to be implemented. More waterwheels will have to be constructed for ...

... Tetrahedrite was breached, though excavation of the pillar has not yet begun. Shoruke's apprentice is coming along nicely, so she is almost ready to enter the military full-time. Trusted military will be important in the coming ...

... Dwarven webs, stretching between the peaks, catching goblin and orc alike for the spiders ...

(A fragment of sketch, drawn in lignite but with surprising precision)
Code: [Select]



Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 27, 2009, 01:46:56 pm**

Journal of Olin Oltaros, Mayor and Armorsmith, Autumn 111

Autumn was a time of celebration and growth. No forces from outside threaten us, and the dwarven caravan brings news and goods from the mountainhome. The news is good: The mountains still shelter them, and they seem prosperous. It is a time when food and drink flow freely, amplified all the more by the magnificent statue garden and the waterfalls that flow constantly through our dining room. We bought precious metals and gems, rare meats and hides, and luxurious dwarven cheese from the caravan: Our fortress grows strong and wealthy, and it is only fitting that we should allow ourselves luxuries as a reward. We also shared some of our food and drink with the merchants, who were quite appreciative of the freshly-cooked stews and well-aged rum.

The liaison brought news that the Queen had announced her intent to make Lanternwebs a barony soon, and while no choice of baron had been made, the competition between the nobles was fierce. The armor that we sent last year served as a magnificent statement of the wealth that we have created for ourselves here, despite the danger of the location. I added only copper to the list of our requests: I do so like rose gold, and while I've seen some veins of copper near the forest the miners haven't found any convenient sources of it yet.

Sandstone saw the withdrawal from society of a child, Unib Keskalerib. Although I initially took that as simple childish rebellion, he demanded that our bonecarver leave the workshop where he was fashioning bone bolts and quickly gathered two chunks of obsidian and a chunk of dolomite, emerging from the workshop several days later with an outstanding dolomite bracelet, with many fine hanging rings of obsidian and dolomite and a ring of spikes of obsidian on the outside. Like Testmortal, Tosid has taken quite an interest in it. Though Unib cannot yet work full-time, when he can he will no doubt do so with the greatest skill.

Timber brought migrants: a glassmaker, a weaver, a stonecrafter, a farmer, an animal caretaker, a milker, and two peasants. Kib ordered most of them into plate mail as soon as they stepped into the fortress. Our population now lies at 70, with 32 part of our military. Not counting Kib and the Tooninator, our two champions, we count among our forces four axe lords and two swordsmasters, along with numerous swordsdwarves and axedwarves: as skilled a force as we could dream of to hold invaders at bay.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 28, 2009, 01:45:46 am**

Status report prepared by Olin Oltaros, Mayor and Armorsmith, Winter 111

Though winter brought cooler temperatures, this winter did nothing to cool the fires in our hearts, or in our forges. Fearing nothing from a possible attack by orcs, we went about our business as normal. Once again, they did not show up. Rumors from the human lands, though, have confirmed that Xuspgas Gozrungul has taken control of the Mysterious Dread. No doubt they shall send their warriors to assault us again soon.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Asngebzo. "The Mysterious Dread", Orcish	
Xuspgas Gozrungul	Local Leader/Orc Master Lasher
Atu Amxuosme	Orc Recruit
Mato Smamxu	Orc Recruit
Amxu Ngerxungespo	High Priest/Orc Drunk
Zom Olngösuru	Orc
Äzstrog Aspuzuku	Orc Recruit
Utes Rugoutes	Orc Recruit
Kutsmob Strodnonolsto	Orc Recruit
Ngokang Usnungga	Orc Recruit
Kutsmob Zomngütödo	Orc
Bäx Smoslustrodno	Orc Recruit

The 16th of Moonstone marked the birthday of Unib Keskalerib, the creator of Testmortal. He is now old enough to be considered a dwarven adult, with all of the rights and privileges that that entails. I am sure that soon our fortress will benefit from his exceptional crafting skills, and I've already mandated the construction of toy axes to give him something to start with.

In late Moonstone, we were struck again by goblin ambushes. The first squad, a human guard with two goblin wrestlers and a lasher, ambushed our guard horse, and though they slew it their victory was short-lived: Kib reported the the most challenging part of the fight was racing Flint and The Tooninator to the battle. At nearly the same time, a second squad of goblins, lead by a human bowman, ambushed a skeletal fox in the Forest of Funerals. Though the race was a bit longer this time, Kib arrived first, closely followed by Flint. The Tooninator claimed that he would have made it there first if he hadn't stopped to kill two goblin thieves along the way. Though the goblins had a range advantage, our warriors were able to easily close the distance. Once they had engaged, dwarven steel quickly proved superior to goblin-forged iron, and within moments all that remained was a lengthy chain of civilians bringing the goblin's equipment to the safety of the fortress.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The rest of winter passed productively, if uneventfully. Obsidian, though, brought two causes for celebration: The first was the recognition of Nish Imkeskal of the sword as a Champion of the Theater of Beards, closely followed by Ducim Dodòkòd and Olon Bisekmörul of the axe, bringing to five the number of champions we have residing in our fortress. The second was the birth of Medto Alåthlerteth to Momuz Ebalustuth, our furnace operator, and Bim Ensebeshtëân, one of our Swordmasters. This marks the first birth in Lanternwebs. These two events have caused such a party that it's merged with the celebration of the fourth anniversary of Lanternwebs. Booze and food flow freely, and the entire fortress celebrates! I must return to them, as they are demanding a speech to bring in the new year, but before I leave, I can share two things of interest from our fortress:

Our stocks:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99ge Udilorsnar. "Lanternwebs"				
Animals	Kitchen	Stone	Stocks	Justice
Created Wealth: 6249748#				
Weapons: 140788#				
Armor and Garb: 2184581#				
Furniture: 116080#				
Other Objects: 1148061#				
Architecture: 459735#				
Displayed: 423540#				
Held/Worn: 1776963#				
Imported Wealth: 260313#				
Exported Wealth: 70880#				
Food Stores: 30??				
Meat: None				
Fish: 13				
Plant: None				
Seeds: 1278				
Drink: 831				
Other: 955				
Population: 71				
Miners: 3				
Woodworkers: 26				
Stoneworkers: None				
Rangers: 1				
Metalsmiths: 6				
Jewelers: 18				
Craftsdwarves: 2				
Nobles/Admins: 2				
Peasants: 1				
Children: 5				
Fishery Workers: None				
Farmers: 6				
Engineers: 1				
Trained Animals: 11				
Other Animals: 180				
Champions: 5				
Axe Lord: 5				
Swordsdwarves: 5				
Swordmasters: 5				
Macedwarves: None				
Mace Lord: None				
Hammerdwarves: None				
Hammer Lord: None				
Speardwarves: None				
Spearmasters: None				
Marksdwarves: 3				
Elite Mrksdwrvs: None				
Wrestlers: 3				
Elite Wrestlers: None				
Recruits: None				

And, some engravings, since I ordered our engravers to fill my bedroom with scenes from our history.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100 Baros BEmbul. "The Funeral of Mechanisms"	
Engraved is an exceptional Likot Edtölducim rendition of an exceptionally designed image of a ritual labyrinth. The image is the symbol of The Theater of Beards, a local dwarven government.	
PS: 99 Kabaturosh. "The Unlucky Scar"	
Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of the orc and 'Flint' Coloredlances the Acrid Palm of Spines the dwarf by Likot Edtölducim. Is making a plaintive gesture. 'Flint' Coloredlances the Acrid Palm of Spines is laughing. The artwork relates to the mortal wounding of the orc by the dwarf 'Flint' Coloredlances the Acrid Palm of Spines in Lanternwebs in the midwinter of 108 during Ukutu, 'The Angry Onslaught'.	
PS: 99 Kivetrokel. "The Untoward Scenario"	
Engraved on the wall is an exceptionally designed image of Utes Sweatdread the goblin and 'The Tooninator' Dancepaddles the Lyrics of Noiselessness the dwarf by Likot Edtölducim. Utes Sweatdread is making a plaintive gesture. 'The Tooninator' Dancepaddles the Lyrics of Noiselessness is striking a menacing pose. The artwork relates to the mortal wounding of the goblin Utes Sweatdread by the dwarf 'The Tooninator' Dancepaddles the Lyrics of Noiselessness in Lanternwebs in the late autumn of 110 during The Fourth Attempted Abduction at Lanternwebs.	

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **January 28, 2009, 10:30:58 am**

Kill Kill Kill!

Ahhh, the plot DOES thicken!

WHEN WILL THE ORCS ATTACK!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 28, 2009, 04:56:46 pm**

Olin Oltaros moved to the front of the statue garden amid cheers from the other dwarves. The celebration bringing in the new year had been in full swing for more than two days now, all of the dwarves excused from their labors for the duration. He stood next to the exceptional solid platinum statue that Hat had crafted of Malfol, the first Queen of the Braided Lenses and slayer of many goblins and orcs in combat, and surveyed the fortress population before him. He was glad to see everyone, even Tosid, had managed to attend. He raised his mug of dwarven ale for silence, and an expectant hush fell over the party-goers.

"Friends! Today marks more than just the first day of 112! Today marks four years to the day since Tosid, Flint, Skjald, Shoruke, The Duke, Hat, and Stinthäd first struck the earth at Lanternwebs!"

Thunderous applause greeted him, and a scattering of mugs were raised in toasts. Olin motioned for quiet.

"And what have we done in those for year? We have struck the earth, and struck it hard! We have taken this land of gray mountains, dark forests, and murderous beasts and turned it into a sanctuary. We have food, drink, and steel without limit. We have the finest

craftsdwarves in all of dwarfdom, and the goods to show for it. We have an army capable of standing against any foe. And we have the fine companionship to share it with, for what good is a mug of ale without a hall full of friends to enjoy it with?"

More applause and cheers broke out at this last statement, but it quickly died down.

"Of course, there are some who would try to take this from us. Kobolds come with their sneaky ways, trying to steal trinkets that we have left unguarded. And how many have been successful?"

"None!" came the deafening reply from the rest of the dwarves.

"Goblins too, seeking to steal our children and kill our brethren. But how many of those have been successful?"

"None!" again shook the dolomite walls.

"And the Orcs, most fearsome of enemies, have now three times attempted to breach our walls and commit vile acts upon us all. But together, we drove them back and killed the best among them. Now for a year and a half they have dared not show their heads! Lanternwebs still stands!"

"Lanternwebs still stands!" echoed the assembled dwarves.

"And stand it shall, for all time. No force can break our walls, no sword can pierce our armor, and no plate can stand against the force of our warriors. I'd like to take this opportunity to recognize one of the warriors now. Kol Entrancedmirrored, one of our axe lords, displayed exceptional courage and skill in combat against the goblins this winter, and so I dub her Kol Entrancedmirrored the Lost Bane".

Again, cheers went up from the crowd, and Olin saw Kol beaming with pride as her squad heaped congratulations on her.

"The Orcs will continue to assault us, of this I am sure. The goblins, too, will grow tired of their ambush party's failures and march on us in force. But we will not bend! We will not break! We will meet them on the field of battle and emerge victorious!"
"And within, we will continue to grow. New shafts will be dug, new metals and gems smelted and cut. Our hallways will be paved and smoothed with the finest dolomite blocks, for Lanternwebs is destined to become a Mountainhome. Already, barons at the court are competing over who will have the honor of administering us when the time comes, and under their leadership we shall rise to even greater heights!"

The cheers this time were even louder than before: For a baron to leave the safety of the mountainhome for Lanternwebs had been a dubious prospect in and of itself, and the idea that there were many of the court barons competing for the position was more than they had hoped to dream of, especially within so short a time of the founding.

"And so, friends, I propose a toast to the people who have made it possible for us to come so far in so little time. To the Founders!"

"To the Founders!" echoed the rest of the dwarves, raising their mugs high as they remembered the tales that the seven who had founded Lanternwebs had told them: Of the long and dangerous journey through desert, swamp, and plains from the Mountainhomes; Of the founding of the fort, batmen and giant eagles without flesh on their bones menacing them as they struggled to move their valuable supplies into what was little more than a hole in the ground; Of the first orcish siege, and watching the orcs watch them huddle inside for safety.

"And to Kib and The Tooninator, champions of the Theater of Beards, for leading our armies against all that has threatened us!"

"To the champions!" came the response, as each dwarf raised their mug and remembered the many battles that had been fought on the doorway to Lanternwebs, all of them brought to victory by the leadership of The Tooninator and Kib.

"Now, we must look to the future. To Lanternwebs, all that it shall become, and all that live here!"

A last cheer from the dwarves of Lanternwebs rose to the Unnamable Point as Olin stepped away from the statue and the party resumed, drink flowing freely as the dwarves celebrated a new year in Udilorshar.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 28, 2009, 05:31:48 pm**

Quote from: ToonyMan on January 28, 2009, 10:30:58 am
Kill Kill Kill!
Ahhh, the plot DOES thicken!
WHEN WILL THE ORCS ATTACK!

Hopefully this summer, since that will be four active seasons since they last came. When they do come, it will likely be a battle of massive proportions (especially if they bring beak dogs!). We'll only be outnumbered ~4 to one with the beak dogs, and most of the soldiers are professional or better with weapon/shield use/armor use, but then I've never actually faced these orcs in combat (and they should be fairly competent). When they do come, I'll be sure to record a movie of it.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **January 30, 2009, 03:46:31 pm**

"ey, there's one" whispered the goblin. "Walking along, not a care the the world."
"You sure it's a dwarf this time, not a skeletal fox?" whispered the human.
"Yep. 's got a beard and everything"
"Not a horse, either?"
"'s walking on two legs. Can horses do that?"
"I dunno... 'es not chained up or anything?"
"Not that I can see. Curses! 'e walked right by us."
"And you were sure it wasn't one of those military types? No weapons, no armor?"
"None that I could see. Look! Look! here 'e comes back! Hey, isn't that Nuklat's glove he's carrying?"
"You're right! Goblins, with me! Charge! Death to Nuklat's murderer!"

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **January 30, 2009, 11:54:58 pm**

Damn, im loving this. Dust of Knives? :o That...is...AWESOME. Puts me in mind of some sort of sand in a bag, that when tossed completely shreds through anything. But since its a puzzlebox, it makes me think of a tesseract being tossed through the air, sending whatever goes through it into the 4th dimension, imploding the creature.

Also, can i request a guy?

Gender: Male
Name: Silvereye
Profession: Marksdwarf

Thanks, keep up the epicness!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **January 31, 2009, 09:54:47 am**

GOBLINS! GOBLINS! GOBLINS!

Must know what happens!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **February 01, 2009, 04:09:39 pm**

Can you name a guy on my behalf, please?

Name - Gaul
Gender - Male
Profession - Any

Thanks ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 01, 2009, 04:47:54 pm**

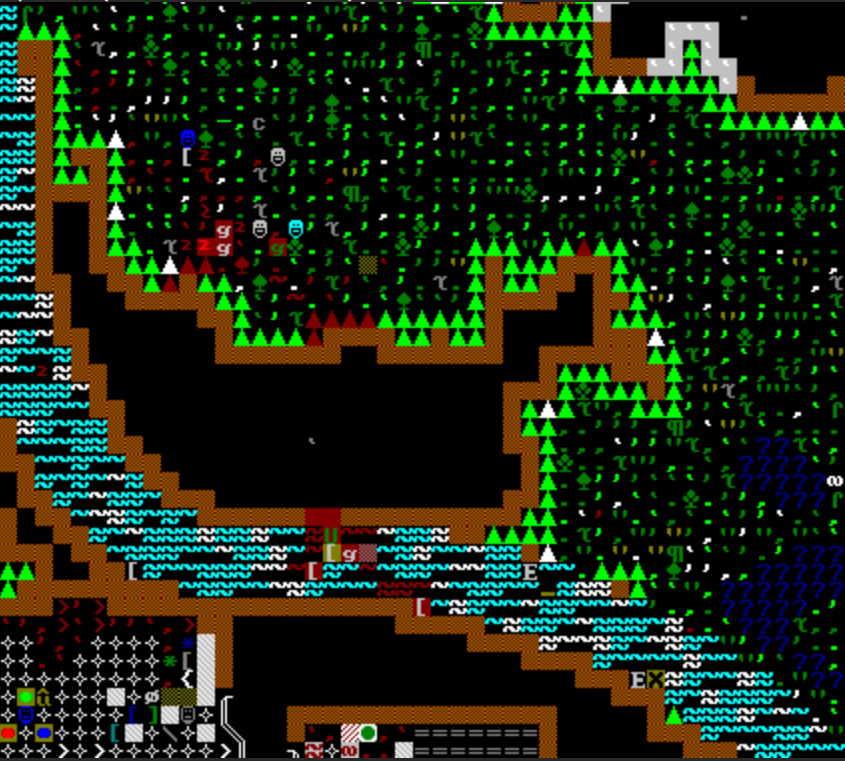
Combat report, early spring 112, prepared by Kib Amkolrigòth the Fields of Scalding, Champion of the Theater of Beards

It started, I suppose, with the babysnatcher in the brook. One of the engravers, sent out to help construct a wall for the latest of Tosid's schemes, reported that on his way back from placing a block, he had discovered a snatcher and quickly overpowered him. As per standard procedure, I ordered some of our civilians out to collect the remains. While another babysnatcher was discovered during the retrieval operation, it to was quickly taken down. Both of these were discovered close enough to our main gates that I did not think it necessary to dispatch a guard, preferring instead that everyone continue sparring.

However, on the 15th of Granite, the call went out that goblins had ambushed one of our haulers directly in front of our gates. I immediately gave the order for the marksdwarves to position themselves behind our fortifications as the military rushed to the aid of èrith Medtobmångoz, our jeweler. The human crossbowman leading the goblins quickly forced her into the moat, and while none of the goblins were armed with particularly deadly weapons, èrith was still cruelly struck down just as our marksdwarves arrived and filled the ambushers with a hail of bolts.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



We have learned, though, that there is rarely a single squad of goblins lurking, and so the champions, swordmasters, and axe lords were ordered on-duty to guard the civilians as they cleared the battlefield. It was lucky that we did: it was not long after that a goblin sniper loosed a bolt at Monom, one of my cats, from the field in front of our drawbridge. After easily blocking the bolt on my shield, we charged the goblins and made short work of them.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Though we continued to stand guard over the battlefield until everything had been gathered, we encountered no further goblins. We lost only the jeweler, and count 12 goblin kills. Because of this incident, I have requested that an alternate entrance, closer to the main bridge, be dug out to allow us to respond faster in the future. I've also mandated that no civilian dwarf be allowed outside without an escort. We have begun training war dogs to serve as guards to the woodcutters and fisherdwarves, who must spend time outside constantly, since we cannot spare a soldier to watch over them at all times.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 01, 2009, 05:08:43 pm**

From the journal of Zon Kidetrith, Dungeon Master, Autumn 111

Why did I decide to become a Dungeon Master? Its times like these that make me wonder if I should have been a fisherdwarf instead. Back at the mountainhomes, of course, it meant studying books, relaxing by the fire, and a few courses in practical smithy work. A good path for an upper-class dwarf like myself who really wanted to just hang out and read, rather than getting all tied up in the paperwork of the dwarven aristocracy. Something that your parents could talk proudly about at parties, but not something where you had to show up and make life-or-death decisions. Sure, they said "If we ever find a giant cave spider, it'll be up to you and your classmates to deal with it", but we all knew that the spiders had been cleared out of our mountainhome decades ago, so I never expected to have to do anything more with them than read about them.

But now, now that there is a new settlement, they've sent word: They have a chasm, populated with strange and exotic creatures. So of course the Mountainhomes need to send off a Dungeon Master to help them deal with whatever is down there. And of course they say "Lets send Zon, she's the top of her class and could use some field work". And while I am at the top of my class, the last thing that I want

to do is go off to some little outpost and maybe come face-to-face with a giant spider, scorpion, dragon, or hydra! I can't exactly refuse, though. Maybe I can tell them enough scary stories that they will just stay away from it, and I can keep reading in peace...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100

Zon Kidetrith, "Zon Talonbells", Dungeon Master

Zon Kidetrith has been ecstatic lately. She slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. She admired own fine Table lately. She dined in a good dining room recently. She admired a fine poor lately. She was caught in the rain recently. She admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately. She made a satisfying acquisition lately. She has been satisfied at work lately.

She is a worshipper of Inod.

She is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards.

Zon Kidetrith likes Obsidian, Copper, Silver, Electrum, Gold, Platinum, Emerald, Ruby, Sapphire, dragon bone, two-handed swords, plate mail, cloaks, crowns, large gems, coins and ettins for their grimy hides.

She has a calm demeanor. She is comfortable in social situations. She can handle stress. She is entirely averse to risk and excitement. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She is inmodest. She strives for excellence. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Spring 112

Perhaps... Perhaps I was overreacting. I've arrived at Udilorshar, and the first I saw of the dwarves were three soldiers, all clad in shining plate mail, who said that they had come as an honor guard to escort me in. I was quickly shown to my rooms, which were quite spacious, and my requests for furniture were quickly met. I talked with Olin, our mayor, and he said that he had no plans to venture into the chasm, and when I asked after books and forges, he was more than happy to provide me with both.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 01, 2009, 05:25:05 pm**

Status report prepared by Olin Oltaros, Mayor and Armorsmith, Spring 112

Though this spring was marred by our first civilian death (covered the the attached combat report), overall things have bee quite good. We maintain good trade relations with the elves, and the interior of the fortress continues along. Tosid would probably say "ticking", but I'm not as obsessed with mechanics as he is.

Early slate marked the arrival of a mountainhomes-trained dungeon master along with some migrants, bringing our total population to 91. I talked with the dungeon master, Zon, and she has no interest in probing the depths of the chasm for exotic creatures, and I see no reason to push the issue. She has settled into the rooms that we had prepared, and seems more than happy to simply read, talk with our other citizens, and use the forges. Hopefully, all of the aristocracy sent by the mountainhomes will be this easy to please.

The migrants, as usual, were a mixed bunch. In addition to Zon, there were five peasants, a farmer, a woodworker, a metalsmith, a gem setter, a few fisherdwarves, a mechanic, and a scattering of other skills. Kib, as usual, has recommended that they all be drafted into the army, and I largely agree with him: we certainly don't need more peasants or bone carvers, and they can hold a blade as well as any other. This addition to our forces also means more time that I can spend shaping steel in the forges, which I've missed with all of the mayoral duties that I've taken on.

Tosid also proved himself useful again, telling me that as part of his excavations he had struck a vein of tetrahedrite. At the same time, he presented me with a finely-crafted rose gold goblet, saying that he knew of my appreciation for it and, with the tetrahedite and the veins of gold that we had previously discovered, producing more rose gold should pose no difficulty. He's got some kind of system that he's building beyond the millstones, but he seems like he's an actually okay sort of dwarf, once you get used to his quirks.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 01, 2009, 05:32:22 pm**

Eagle: You've now got a dwarf (he's a wrestler right now since I train all of the military in basic wrestling first, but he's got a crossbow and he's practicing), but I haven't quite figured out how to introduce him yet. Any requests there? Otherwise, he's probably going to end up distinguishing himself in the first combat I can get him into.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99

'Silvereye' Ashokkiivish, "'Silvereye' TimeLancer", Wrestler

'Silvereye' Ashokkiivish has been ecstatic lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He ate a legendary meal lately. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a splendid Floodgate lately. He made a friend recently. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He admired own fine Bed lately. He was caught in the rain recently.

He is a worshipper of Inoth Umbraverplexed.

He is an enemy of The Mysterious Dread. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards.

'Silvereye' Ashokkiivish likes Serpentine, Black bronze, Lace asate and amber. When possible, he prefers to consume cow chesse.

He is always tense and jittery. He is comfortable in social situations. He occasionally overindulges. He prefers that others handle the leadership roles. He is not a risk-taker. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He is oven-minded to new ideas. He is trusting. He is modest. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Gumball135: "Any profession" is a bit vague, can you be a bit more specific? Even a military/non-military choice or a general feel for what you want your character to be doing would be fine. There are plenty of dwarves right now, so finding you a match shouldn't be a problem.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **February 01, 2009, 06:14:54 pm**

Haha, im tense and jittery, and im rarely happy. Wow, ive got a dangerous dwarf, especially with a crossbow. I dont particularly care how you introduce me, just please try to keep me alive :)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 01, 2009, 08:38:19 pm**

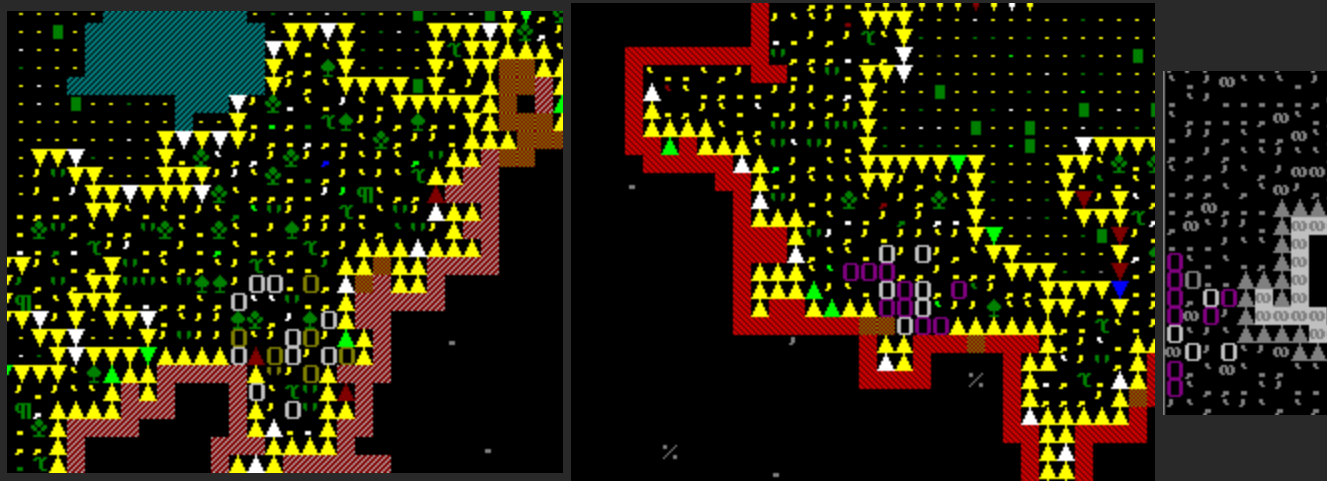
Tense and jittery?
Carries a crossbow?
Let me guess... trigger-happy maniac?!

And what's up with Tosid's super-epic project of uberness? I want to know about it!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 02, 2009, 04:37:26 pm**

For the first time in two years, Orcish war drums shattered the peace of Lanternwebs. Xuspgas Gozrungal, leader of the Mysterious Dread, smiled toothily in the heavy rain. Like last time, they had followed a human caravan to the site, and as before they arrived just as it was entering the safety of the fortress. They had approached the fortress undetected from the south, and with a squad of crushers stationed to the west there would be nowhere for the caravan to run: the orcs could easily outpace the slow wagons and pack animals along the riverbed. The humans could not stay inside forever, and he looked forward to slaughtering human and dwarf alike as they tried in vain to flee.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



With a deep bellow, he urged his beak dog forward, and the thirty-odd other orcs with him bellowed in response. This time, there would be no escape for the humans, and Utes Devilfray's death would be avenged. He drew his whip, made of beak dog leather and cruelly barbed at the tip with iron, and ordered his stabbers forward to cut off the caravan and take the dwarven drawbridge. With his forces in control of the drawbridge, the the fortress would quickly to become a prison. If things went anything like last time, the cowardly dwarves would seal themselves in, and their impregnable fortress would become an inescapable prison. The humans would grow more and more claustrophobic until finally the dwarves opened their gates to let the humans out and the orcs in, or the humans would go insane within the fortress, causing havoc inside their defenses. Either way, the dwarves were trapped, and their fortress would fall.

The stabbers charged ahead, cheering that the dwarves had yet to raise their bridge, their beak dogs harshly screeching in excitement. They would be the first to taste the glory of battle, the first to feel flesh part before their spears. As they rose from the riverbed onto the plain before the drawbridge, they stopped short.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Much had changed in the two years since the orcs had last lay siege to lanternwebs. Where before there had been a rabble of poorly-trained recruits, barely able to swing an axe, there now stood the dwarven army of Lanternwebs. Thirty dwarves, each clad in shining steel plate mail, stood beyond the bridge. Rain flowed off axes and swords, all held loosely but confidently, unsheathed and ready for battle. They stood their ground calmly, none of them moving in the slightest as the orcs came into view, as if daring the approaching orcs to charge them. With a howl, the leader of the stabbers spurred his beak dog forward, and the rest thundered behind him. Lightning split the sky, seeming to freeze the savage faces of the orcs and the impassive helmets of the dwarves in an image for the engravers of the future.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



As if the lightning was a signal from the dwarven gods, crossbow bolts flew from the fortifications beyond the bridge, and the dwarves charged across the bridge to meet the orcs on the field. Leading the charge was The Tooninator, backed by the swordsmasters of the Lancers of Disembowelment. They crashed into the advancing line of stabbers, easily deflecting spear thrusts with their shields and scattering beak dogs with their swords. They stayed as a tight group, blocking thrusts for each other as their swords clove arms from torsos, legs from hips, and heads from shoulders. As the rest of the dwarves arrived, the orcs broke and scattered amid a hail of crossbow bolts, fleeing for the safety of the hills behind them. The dwarves held their ground, picking off stragglers but making sure that none of them was separated and surrounded. Not a dwarf lay injured on the field.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Xuspgas grinned. These dwarves were much better than the weaklings he had heard of before. They would be excellent to prove his strength against, and surely the riches within the fortress would be far greater than before. He urged his beak dog to greater speeds, cracking his whip in the air as his squad of crushers howled their war cries around him.

((Pictures, a movie, and part II to follow!))
Movie available here (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1085-lanternwebsorcstabbersquad>)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 02, 2009, 05:26:42 pm**

Hahahaha!! All should fear The Tooninator!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 03, 2009, 12:55:57 am**

As the limbs of the fallen settled to the ground, the dwarves retreated across their bridge, resuming their positions as they waited calmly for Xuspgas to charge. The sky cleared, leaving the ground damp with the rain and the blood of the dead, too thick to be washed away.

It was onto this field that Xuspgas lead his crushers, certain of victory where the stabbers had failed. As before, the marksdwarves opened fire and the champions of Lanternwebs charged to meet them on the field, beak dogs and orcs scattering before their shields and axes.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



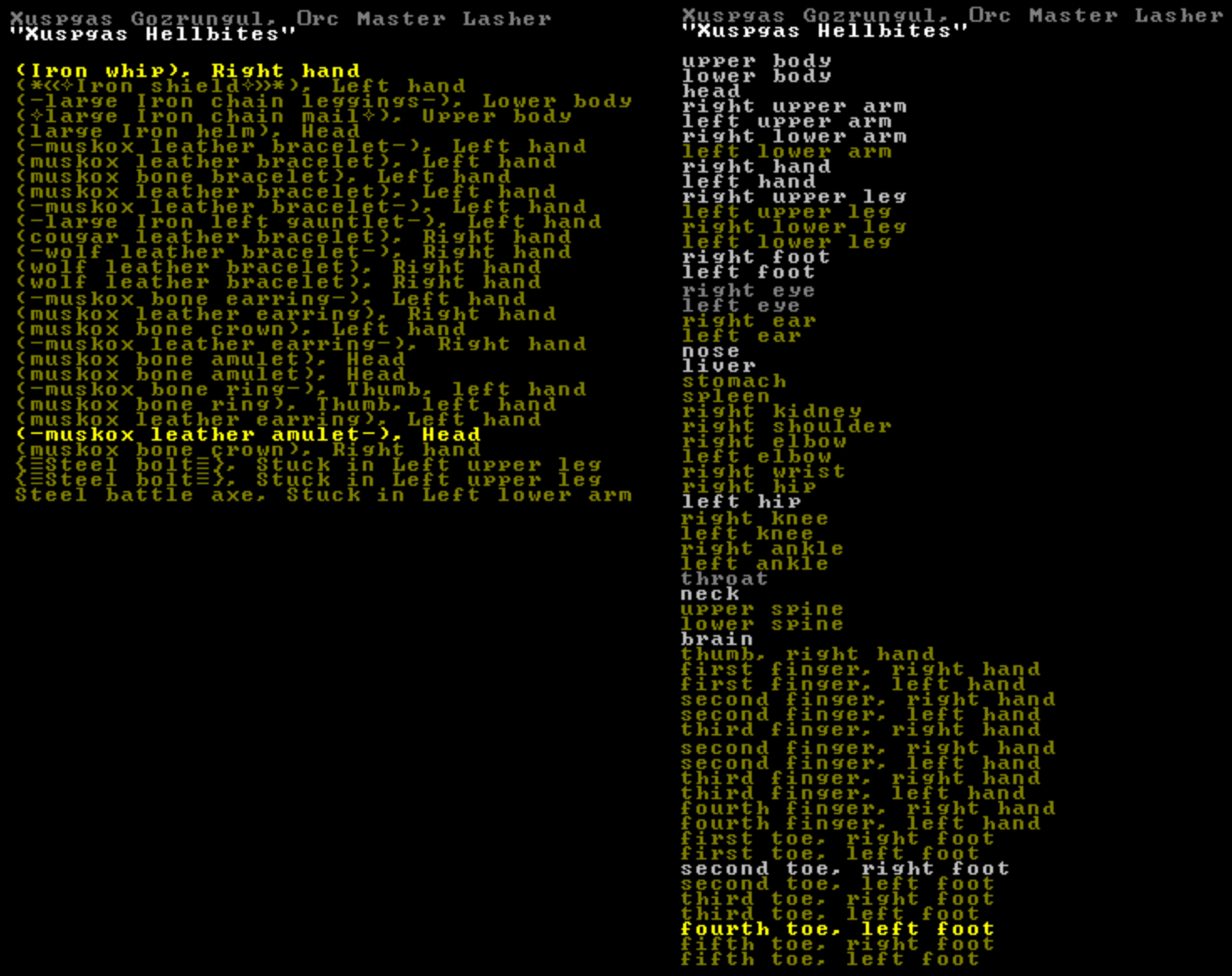
But Xuspgas was not cowed by this display of dwarven fighting prowess. Like an enormous, predatory cat, he leapt into the midst of the dwarven soldiers. His lash flicked out, striking a swordsdwarf and slipping between the neck plates to find her throat. As the swordsdwarf fell to the ground, he twisted the whip and cracked it at another dwarf who had charged him. The dwarf blocked with his shield and lunged forward, cutting the beak dog out from under Xuspgas, forcing him to roll to the ground. He easily blocked an axe swing and struck back, the tip of the whip skittering off the finely-crafted plates of the dwarf's armor. An axe-stroke caught him in the left leg, deflecting off his chain mail as he turned to seem himself surrounded, and the rest of his squad slain or in retreat.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



While some of the dwarves chased the remainder of the orcs as they fled, the majority focused on Xuspgas. Try as they might, their weapons could not strike telling blows through his thick skin and layers of armor. His weapon, though, was similarly ineffective, the barbed tip glancing off helm, shield, and chestplate as he sought to cast it into a joint where it could do some damage. Though he blocked many of their blows, axes and swords assaulted him from all directions, and though none of them were serious their cumulative effect was. A slash from a sword cut his eyes, and though he felt no pain his vision was obscured by his own blood. An axe thudded into his arm, and with a yell he brought the whip around to wrap the arm that held the axe, jerking it suddenly and grinning as he heard flesh and bone rend and the arm tear free, though the axe remained lodged in his left arm, the blade stuck deep in the bone and held fast by his shield.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



((The inventory is truncated, since I didn't want to include the pages of leather and bone stuff he is wearing))

Gradually, Xuspgas felt his strength waning. There were too many dwarves, too many attacks to block. His arms felt like lead, and he could barely lift his whip to swing at them. The dwarves were still energetic, expending a fraction of the energy that he did as he blocked and counter-struck each blow. Though he could feel no pain, he could feel a burning deep within his muscles, and as he struggled to keep fighting he felt his control slipping from him as he crashed to the ground, overexerted to the point of unconsciousness. The dwarves quickly piled onto him, hacking at his now-helpless form until at last it ceased to draw breath.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



In the mountains to the west, the last squad of crushers rose from the plateau they had been sitting, watching the battle below. High Priest Amxu would surely be interested in this new development, and the defeat of Xuspgas, as Amxu had foreseen, would lend weight to whoever he put forward as the new leader of the Mysterious Dread. The crushers left at a comfortable pace to the south, confident that the dwarves would not pursue them far from the fortress, to report news of the battle to their priest. The war to break Lanternwebs had only just begun.

I'll have reports from the rest of the dwarves up sometime later, but as a quick summary, Flint is now an axe lord, The Tooninator spent most of his time shredding beak dogs, and Silvereye had to go get a drink during the second battle, so he unfortunately didn't get any killing blows. The Tooninator's squad really is "The Lancers of Disembowelment", Silvereye is "The Geared Meteors", and Flint is "The Elder Banners".

Xuspgas was also an extremely scary orc: He was fighting 9 to 1 against elite and champion swordsdwarves/axedwarves with a whip, killed two, and didn't actually die until quite a bit after he passed out from over-exertion, despite the missing eyes and throat that he got about halfway into the fight.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **February 03, 2009, 05:46:28 am**

name and an axe lord not bad 8)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **February 03, 2009, 06:18:20 am**

Can you name one of the marksdwarves after me, then? Thanks again :)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 03, 2009, 12:30:19 pm**

Disembowelment?

;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **February 03, 2009, 04:46:16 pm**

Aww, no kills. :(Oh well, at least i have a dwarf, and an awesome squad name. "The Geared Meteors" puts me in mind of a bunch of huge clockwork masses that are hurtling down through the atmosphere, ticking crazily. ;D

Damn, that was one tough orc... :o

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 03, 2009, 06:47:58 pm**

Quote from: Eagle on February 03, 2009, 04:46:16 pm

Damn, that was one tough orc... :o

I have something to add to your statement.

GOD MOFO **DAMN** BUT THAT WAS A TOUGH ORC :o

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **juice** on **February 03, 2009, 10:42:41 pm**

I think that battle would've went a different direction had Xuspgas chosen a different weapon speciality.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 04, 2009, 02:26:52 pm**

Master Lasher does sound very catchy though.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **TheMirth** on **February 04, 2009, 02:37:43 pm**

Quote from: ToonyMan on February 04, 2009, 02:26:52 pm

Master Lasher does sound very catchy though.

A shame for him that his mama orc's warning that he'd lash his eye out some day came true.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 05, 2009, 12:33:11 am**

Sorry for the delay everyone, I've just had a bit of writer's block trying to think about how I want to handle the aftermath of the siege, and I don't want to just do something poorly-written with it, since it was quite epic. There will probably be at least one speech honoring the dead and some rantings from Tosid. That doesn't quite seem like enough to me, though.

Gumball: Interestingly enough, marksdwarves are the one request that I have difficulty filling, at least right now. I've got four, and three of them are notable (one named elite, Silvereye, and the one that killed Utes). The fourth is female. If you were willing to be trained up from newly-drafted, I could get you a male one, or you could have the female one. Either way is fine with me.

Juice: I'm actually not sure it would have. None of the other dwarves were wounded afterwards, so I suspect the two kills of being instakills of one sort or another. The lack of injury makes it seem like all of the non-instant-death hits were blocked/deflected (not that surprising, since all of the champions are approaching legendary shield/armor user, and have at least exceptional-quality equipment). Clearly the way to test this is in adventure mode, where we can see what a battle between a skilled dwarf and a legendary orc actually looks like. I will say that I'm rather happy that normal orcs seem beatable, but orcish leaders are at least as difficult as your average megabeast.

To the readers in general: I've been experimenting with narrative style over journal style, and I was wondering which you preferred. I'd probably keep standard goings-on in journal regardless (Today we struck our fifth magnetite cluster, and a snatcher was beaten to death by a peasant), but if people like the narratives I can definitely throw more of those in.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **TheMirth** on **February 05, 2009, 12:40:33 am**

Quote from: Rysith on February 05, 2009, 12:33:11 am

To the readers in general: I've been experimenting with narrative style over journal style, and I was wondering which you preferred. I'd probably keep standard goings-on in journal regardless (Today we struck our fifth magnetite cluster, and a snatcher was beaten to death by a peasant), but if people like the narratives I can definitely throw more of those in.

I like the mix. Dwarf Journals do a better job of creating the continuity and reasoning behind events but the narration does the better job of involving the reader in the action.

Good read BTW.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **February 05, 2009, 12:57:11 am**

Yep, i'd say stick to the journal for the day to day happenings, and narrative to describe battles (which you have a talent for).

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **February 06, 2009, 10:59:52 am**

OK, I'll just go with a newbie axe dwarf then. And can you call him/her "Grimes" instead? Sorry to be such a bother :-\

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 06, 2009, 04:54:17 pm**

A somber mood hung over the dining hall as the champions returned, victorious yet still missing two of their number. Everyone in the fortress has seen the dead heroes carried down to the Warrior's Tomb, still clad in their steel armor but marred with gore where they had been cruelly struck down by Xuspgas. Although the orcs had suffered heavy losses, the loss of even a single dwarf felt like losing a family member to many, and the knowledge that these two would likely not be the last casualties was present in the minds of many.

It was into this atmosphere that Unib Keskalerib, the newly elected mayor of Lanternwebs, was forced to make his first speech. The final votes had been being tallied as the orcs appeared on the horizon, and the defense of the fortress had taken priority over everything else. There had been times in the last days when he had wondered if running for Mayor had been a enormous mistake, but with Olin working the forges to create more armor and Kib outside in pitched combat with the orcs, there hadn't been anyone else to replace him, or even to turn to for advice.

Nobody, that is, except for Tosid, the first leader of the fortress. He didn't speak very much to anyone these days, and spent all of his time scuttling for place to place mumbling about spikes, grates, spiders, webs, the ancients, and gears. Some of the other founders of the fortress seemed to be in on whatever he was planning, but they never talked about it.

Nevertheless, Unib had worked up the courage to talk to Tosid one day during the siege while he was working on a set of mechanisms, no doubt to further his project, and had asked him for advice on running the fortress. "Running the fortress?" Tosid had responded incredulously. "You need help running the fortress? I designed the fortress better than that, lad. It runs itself, more or less. Everyone knows their jobs, everything's available when you need it, it all ticks over like a masterfully carved set of mechanisms." "Except," he continued darkly, "When something gets in the way. Something unexpected comes up. Not the goblins, no, we expect those and the military will sort it out. Something comes up like a cave-in, or there's a dead dwarf and everyone needs a bit of a pick-me-up speech. That's the only time you need to step in and do anything. Besides that, best to leave everything alone."

Unib wished now that he had asked about how to give a pick-me-up speech as he stood in front of the waterfall in the dining room, feeling the cool mist on his back. As he cleared his throat for attention, he felt the mist calming him down a bit and disguising the nervous sweat that had begun to develop.

"My fellow dwarves." he began haltingly. "I know that I was elected to be your mayor, but today I feel no different than the rest of you. I know that the tragic deaths of our two brave warriors weight heavily on all of our hearts. I know that nothing that I do can bring them back to life, free from the terrible injuries inflicted upon them. And I know that nothing that I say can replace the empty space inside each of us where their companionship once was."

Here, his voice grew stronger as he addressed the silent crowd.

"But they did not die for nothing. Today, Xuspgas lies dead, his forces slain or fleeing. Today, each of you is able to draw breath in safety, because of their sacrifice. Today, our human guests will be able to trade in peace, to leave and spread tales of their bravery and heroism though all of the lands to the south, that they will live until the mountains themselves crumble to dust in song and story."

"And they did not die unwillingly. They were taken before their time, it is true. But they were not taken in cowardice, in ambush, or in accident. They stood shoulder to shoulder with their brothers and sisters and charged, fearless to the last, and died in glorious battle with a worthy opponent. They did not hesitate, they did not waver, they did not falter. They died without regrets, upholding their sworn duty: to protect Lanternwebs and each of you."

His voice, now loud and confident, filled the room.

"And so I say: Do not mourn them. Do not shed tears for their death. Honor them. Respect their bodies, encased in the bones of the mountains and warmed by the blood of the earth as they rest. Enjoy each day of life that you have onward, knowing that that enjoyment was the thing that both of them felt was worth sacrificing themselves for."

"To Kogan Risenbomerk, Swordmaster of Lanternwebs!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99

Kogan Risenbomerk. "Kogan Coalwhipped". Swordmaster

Kogan Risenbomerk has been ecstatic lately. She has been attacked lately. She took joy in slaughter lately. She has been attacked by the dead lately. She had a satisfying sparring session recently. She talked with a friend lately. She made a friend recently. She had a fine drink lately. She has complained of thirst lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She admired a fine Door lately. She had a wonderful drink lately. She admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately. She was comforted by a wonderful creature in a cage recently. She was caught in the rain recently. She is an ardent worshipper of Doren. She is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards. Kogan Risenbomerk likes Dense tetrahedrite, Bismuth, Green tourmaline, giant bat bone, backpacks, tables, giant axe blades and horses for their silky manes. When possible, she prefers to consume Dwarven beer. She absolutely detests large roaches. She is confident under pressure. She is assertive. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She is getting used to tragedy.

"To Kogan!" replied the dwarves.

"To Mörul Zursulrovod, Axe Lord of Lanternwebs!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99

Möraul Zursulrovod. "Möraul Chevacharch". Axe Lord

Möraul Zursulrovod has been ecstatic lately. She has been attacked lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She admired a fine Bed lately. She admired own fine Bed lately. She had a satisfying sparring session recently. She talked with a friend lately. She had a truly decadent drink lately. She made a friend recently. She admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She was caught in the rain recently. She took joy in slaughter lately. She is romantically involved with The Duke, Roughnessscraps. She is a faithful worshipper of Idith. She is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards. Möraul Zursulrovod likes Selenite, Aluminum, Pinfire opal, pearl, mountain goat bone, the color bronze, beds, crowns, coins, mules for their patience and values for their cunning. When possible, she prefers to consume Fisher berry wine. She doesn't need thrills or risks in life. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She is trusting. She finds immodesty distasteful. She is confident. She is completely disorganized. She is occasionally given to procrastination. She takes time when making decisions. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She doesn't really care about anything anymore.

"To Möru!" shouted the dwarves.

"And no less important are the heroes who continue to live, and defend this fortress to the last. Kib Amkolrigòth the Fields of Scalding. The Tooninator, Lyrics of Noiselessness. Flint Dakaskûbuk the Acrid Palm of Spines. Stukos Medtobkoman the Distracting Gold of Tributes. And two more to join their ranks during this battle: Ducim Dodokod the Warm Mortal of Umbras and Melbil Robusttorch the Jade Blizzard of Blades. Standing beside them will be other dwarves, no less skilled with their weapons, and together they shall defend Lanternwebs from any force that threatens it!"

As Unib stepped away from the front of the room, he almost didn't notice the chill of his soaked cotton shirt. He had completed his first act as mayor, and it felt wonderful.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 06, 2009, 08:01:20 pm**

From the journal of Unib Keskalerib, Mayor of Lanternwebs, Summer 112

Well, I can't say that much has happened other than the siege, and even that was over before even the first of Malachite. Tosid was right, this place does basically run itself. We bought a great pile of stuff from the humans, and gave them as much of the goblin clothing as we could find lying around. They saw it as a great deal, but truthfully? I don't really care. They can have it for whatever they want, it would just pile up around here otherwise. The caravan master said something about re-weaving the garments, but I know that no dwarf would ever want to wear something that was once worn by a goblin. Of course, it makes the humans more than happy to come out here, even with the threat of orcs, so it works both ways.

In early Galena, one of our new recruits stopped his sparring and ran off to the pile of beak dog corpses we had lying by the butcher's shop. After collecting a dozen or so bones, he set to work crafting a giant beak dog bone axe blade. He called it "Ethramazin", and even though you wouldn't expect it from bone the edge is sharper than the edges of most of the steel weapons we've got around here. It's also got an image of a library on it, the books picked out in beak dog teeth. Kind of creepy, but oddly mesmerizing to look at. As much as I'd like to have it displayed somewhere for people to admire, I'm too afraid of accidents happening around it, so I've ordered it put into storage for the time being.

Other than that, life continues, I guess. Tosid keeps making mechanisms and attaching them to the grates in the entranceway, though I don't know what he's planning with them. He seemed friendly enough when I talked to him, though, so I'm sure that he has our best

interests at heart. Kib keeps training the soldiers, and it looks like he's making good progress even with the batch of new recruits. Even our dungeon master (dungeon mistress? I'm not sure.) seems to have settled in well, and she's down in the forge learning weaponsmithing from Shoruke and Skjald. She hasn't even mandated anything beyond asking for her rooms and furniture.

I came in here thinking that this job would be really difficult, but lately it seems like I haven't been doing anything mayoral at all. Shoruke's taken over the record keeping, so I don't need to bother with that, and with the human diplomat gone there isn't really much to do. I might even consider running for a second term, at this rate...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **February 06, 2009, 08:10:38 pm**

Legendary bonecarver? Sweet, we wont run out of bolts. And your speech was truly epic.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 06, 2009, 09:07:39 pm**

Gumball: Sorry for not being able to get you a marskdwarf.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

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PS: 99
Grimes' Tultonsterus has been ecstatic lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He admired a fine Trade Depot lately. He had a legendary drink lately. He had a fine drink lately. He ate a legendary meal lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He admired a wonderful tastefully arranged Statue lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He was disgusted by a miasma lately.
He is a faithful worshipper of Istrath.
He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards.
Grimes' Tultonsterus likes Native gold, tempered crystal glass, Rock crystal and statues. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven beer, Dwarven spruce and quarry bush leaves. He absolutely detests Alies.
He is very friendly. He isn't given to flights of fancy. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He is slow to trust others. He is guarded in relationships with others. He is immodest. He lacks confidence. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.
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Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **February 07, 2009, 08:30:56 am**

That's great. Thanks, Rysith :D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 08, 2009, 11:52:58 pm**

Journal of Unib Keskalerib, Mayor of Lanternwebs, Autumn 112

Well, here's something mayoral for me to do. I suppose the lack of real happenings is the only reason that they elected me, rather than someone with more age and experience, to this post. But, I still get to write the reports. Where were we... Ah, yes.

The dwarven caravan arrived, as it always does this time of year, bringing goods but no migrants. We traded generously with them, as always, and came away with a good collection of valuable gems and metals that we do not have access to here. The lack of migrants, though, is somewhat irritating. It takes the peasants forever to haul things around with Kib insisting that so many of them be brought into the military.

We were also ambushed not once, but twice by goblins this winter. In a sense, though, I'm almost not sure I should bother reporting them: both were taken down with ease by our soldiers. The first was in late Limestone, when a bull that was mourning the passing of his master in the orcish siege was set upon by four bowgoblins, a human swordsman, and a wrestler. Those six were quickly killed by Flint and a marksdwarf named "Silvereye", though from the looks of things most of the actual killing was done by Flint. We lost the bull and our guard horse, but neither of those strike me as particularly bad losses.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The second ambush was of a skeletal mountain goat up in the mountains. I didn't feel like it was worth it to dispatch anyone to kill them, but Kib insisted that we needed to kill them to send a strong message to The Allied Cruelty, so we sent a few soldiers up, who wiped them out without difficulty.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



During the cleanup, we ran into three goblin babysnatchers, all three of which were quickly chased down and killed. I can remember when I was a target for them, not long ago, and want to see every last one of their kind exterminated.

And finally, in early Timber Oddom èrithkatthir, one of our blacksmiths, was struck with inspiration from Rodem the Rag of Lobsters herself. She seized three bars of copper, a bolt of giant cave spider silk cloth, and a giant Olm hide and quickly went to work, eventually producing Urgedwatched the Humble Lances, a copper grate. On it is a picture of Kib menacing one of the orcs from the siege of 110 and a picture of the great trek to found Lanternwebs, both in copper, as well as an image of Despairfresh in giant cave spider silk and Malfol Helpedlenses, first queen of the Braided Lenses, in giant olm leather. A magnificent piece, and I've tried to get Tosid to install it in place of one of the grates in our entranceway. He steadfastly refuses, though, saying it is far too important for that. I suppose I don't really understand him after all.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 09, 2009, 03:42:02 pm**

"Lay siege to Udilorshar? You must be crazy!" shouted the goblin to his lieutenant. "That place is invincible! Even if we could get goblins inside the walls, the army would tear us apart! They've killed two of the Dread's leaders. TWO! Each of which could have single-handedly killed us all!"

"Ah, but that's where the genius of the plan comes in." Replied the lieutenant. "Any defense is only as strong as its weakest point. And the weakest point of Udilorshar is... Kib Amkolrigòth. Or rather, her cats."

"Her cats?"

"Remember, a few ambush squads ago, the scout that reported that she stepped in to block a bolt aimed at one of the cats that follows her around all the time? A dwarf willing to take a crossbow bolt to protect her cats... She must care deeply about them. And if some of them were to die, she might become so distraught that she would go berserk, killing all the dwarves around her! Imagine, one of their finest warriors, turned against them in a berserk fury! Imagine the carnage!" The lieutenant was almost shrieking with excitement now.

"I see." replied the goblin commander. "And their deaths might further depress the rest of the dwarves, until Udilorshar tore itself apart from the inside... I like it! Gather a squad of bowgoblins! You depart at once!"

"I... I depart at once?" stammered the lieutenant.

"Yes! You understand the plan best, and so are best suited to put it into action."

The lieutenant staggered off, already weak-kneed at the idea of actually leading the assault on Udilorshar himself

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 09, 2009, 05:14:04 pm**

From the journal of Tosid Vodsazir, Winter 112

Everything is in readiness for phase one's test. We have only to rebuild the walls and control the water's flow for it to be ready, and the masons are working on that even now. That I have constructed a device is no secret now, and none of them could devise its function as they wall it up.

The initial step of phase two has been completed, and even now I have sketches of the phase two webs, though their construction will require significant logistical effort. I may have to let Unib in on it, as his years of socializing while a child have put him far ahead of any of the working members of the fort, politically. Neither can I dispose of him, as his mind contains information intricate to phase three.

Phase three may be started earlier than anticipated: Fath Coggim has progressed quickly in his apprenticeship to Shoruke, and Skjald has become an outstanding weaponsmith. With higher-quality weapons, I feel that we will be ready for phase three as soon as Shoruke is trained to competence in battle. Several of the new members of the militia show promise as well: With Flint as an axe lord, Silvereye will provide ranged support, and Grimes has shown himself to be both worthy of trust and capable with an axe. Those five should be enough, I think, for phase three to be completed successfully.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 09, 2009, 07:09:33 pm**

From the journal of Zon Kidetrith, Dungeon Master, Winter 112

That's it, Unib is now unquestionably crazy. Sure, sure, he was some kind of child prodigy and everyone loves him. But now? Now he's asked if we could do him one tiny favor. One, little, tiny, itsy, bitsy favor.

"You see," he said to our miners, "Now that I'm mayor, I've got a small request for you. I've seen the most wonderful cave spider silk webs down in the chasm over there, and I was wondering if you couldn't breach the chasm and get some for me? Three bolts worth or so ought to be enough. Shouldn't take long at all to dig over there."

Shouldn't take long, indeed. Of course, that neglects the fact that wherever there are the little "harmless", hand-sized cave spiders that will just leave you debilitated for life if they bite you, there might also be the big, non-harmless, wagon-sized spiders that will leave you debilitated for the rest of your very short life if they come anywhere NEAR you. Oh, of course he said that he couldn't see any, so they must not be there. And of course, anything that he can't see must not exist. It couldn't be, I don't know, HIDING, the way that a PREDATOR would. Of course not.

His cave spider silk is so important that he's mandated that we make him three items out of it, which means breaching the chasm on at least two levels. The Duke and Shoruke have both said that they'd rather face a spider than let the mandate go unfulfilled, since it would mean trouble for the legendary weaver once the mountainhomes get around to sending us a baron. I know that Tosid doesn't like traps, but I'm going to see if I can't get him to put up a few cage traps before they go in, just in case. I should also probably tell them to put up a door, so the cats don't get in and kill all the spiders for the next time Unib gets it into his head that he needs more silk, and make sure to tell all the children bedtime stories so that they never think of asking for spider silk, giant desert scorpion chitin, or hydra bone if they ever get elected mayor.

Well, I suppose that now that I've gotten that off my chest, I should head down and make sure that the cages are strong enough to hold whatever we catch in them. Steel would be best, I think, for all of us.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 09, 2009, 11:19:53 pm**

Quoth Rysith from a few posts ago:
"Learning weaponsmithing from Shoruke"

I do weaponsmithing? Man, I'm like... the jack-of-all-trades in your fort. Fighting, masonry, metalworking, record keeping, you name it, Shork's got it. About the only thing I don't seem to do (yet) is food.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **February 09, 2009, 11:58:56 pm**

And then, you go melancholy and start mixing up your tasks. Forging biscuits, trying to grow copper, carving stone into bolts, turning fish into mechanisms....man, that would be awesome.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 10, 2009, 10:23:37 am**

Quote from: shoruke on February 09, 2009, 11:19:53 pm

Quoth Rysith from a few posts ago:
"Learning weaponsmithing from Shoruke"

I do weaponsmithing? Man, I'm like... the jack-of-all-trades in your fort. Fighting, masonry, metalworking, record keeping, you name it, Shork's got it. About the only thing I don't seem to do (yet) is food.

You actually haven't done any record keeping, though I'm not sure why. Your current skill set is Legendary miner/grand master mason/skilled weaponsmith/novice grower/dabbling animal trainer/dabbling mechanic/skilled wrestler/novice shield user/dabbling armor user/competent social skills. You'll also probably be getting training in some weapons other than wrestling once you enter the military, since unarmed is bad at training armor use.

Combat report, winter 112, prepared by Kib Amkolrigòth the Fields of Scalding, Champion of the Theater of Beards

As I write this, I can still scarcely believe what has happened. Monom is dead, cruelly struck down by the goblin menace. I shall not rest until each and every one of them lies dead. I've talked to Tosid about extending the entranceway to prevent them from fleeing the way that the cowards did this time, and he's agreed to draw up plans.

On the 14th of moonstone, we received a report of a contingent of bowgoblins entering our territory through the Forest of Funerals. Unlike the goblins that we have seen before, these loudly declared that Lanternwebs had been annexed by The Allied Cruelty, and that we were to surrender at once or be killed. That they would conquer us with only sixteen goblins was laughable, but I wanted to draw them to the fortress anyway, to make hauling away their filthy clothing that much easier. Though initially surprised at my offer of negotiation, they eventually advanced on our fortress.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Once they were within bowshot range, they quickly showed that they had no more intention of parlay than we did, loosing shots at our marksdwarves stationed behind the bridge. Prepared as we were for open combat, we returned fire and charged, quickly scattering them like leaves before an autumn storm.

But their objective was not us. As I charged, one of the goblins shot and killed Monom, my very dearest cat, who has followed me everywhere since we first met. A single arrow ended the cat's too-brief life, and plunged me into the most violent rage I have ever felt. Alas, I could only chase down one of them, plus a kobold thief that was trying to take advantage of the battle, before they fled like the cowards that they are.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Monom Dastotkab, Cat <Tame> has been shot and killed.

Melbil Sûbillitast The Jade Blizzard of Blades, one of our marksdwarves, was able to shoot another in the back, an act for which I have promoted him to the rank of Champion of Lanternwebs. At the end of the so-called siege, less than half of the invaders were slain, a price unworthy of a cat so faithful as Monom.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



I've talked to Unib, and he has done the best that he can to console me for my loss, even suggesting that I could get a different cat or kitten to replace him. I know that he tries hard, but he just doesn't understand the bond between a cat and its dwarf. I suppose that I have no choice but to go drown my sorrows in dwarven rum, and hope that that will cheer me up a bit.

Journal of Unib Keskalerib, Mayor of Lanternwebs, Winter 112

Well, winter went by remarkably uneventfully. Apart from a goblin siege (which was quickly dispatched by our warriors), nothing has attacked us this season. Kib was exceptionally upset about the loss of one of her cats, but I talked to her and it seems like she'll get over it with time.

Aside from the goblin's laughable attempt at a siege, there was also an incident when three skeletal mountain goats wandered down the mountain and began harassing the haulers. Grimes Tulonsterus, one of our axedwarves, took all three of them down without issue.

However, the lack of serious threats does not mean that we have been without loss. A training accident in Opal lead to the tragic death of Medtob Emuthkivish, who had his throat torn out and suffocated in bed. Despite not dying in combat, I have arranged for him to be buried in the warrior's tomb. It would seem cruel to deny him that, given the circumstances of his death.

The death of Medtob, though, was overshadowed by the births that we have had this season. We are proud to welcome three new children into our fort. The first was Monom Gemhammer, son of ònul Etasiden, Mechanic and Sodel Emudvucar, Swordsdwarf. The second was Degël Bustrelieved, son of Atîs Oltara, Engraver, and Reg Amalcatten, Clothier. Last was Likot Passagewhips, son of Kubuk Sàkrithdeduk, Swordsdwarf and Sakzul Degëlkôn, Fishery worker. All three of them will grow up to be valuable members of the community, I am sure.

Mid-Obsidian saw another of our dwarves struck by divine inspiration: Lòr Lokumkûbuk, our jeweler. She was able to quickly gather what Rodem demanded and created a Lace Agate ring. The band is done in beautiful cave lobster shell with a raised image of the Founding Seven laboring in Lanternwebs around the outside, while the flat face of the gem bears an image of Despairfresh, our platinum puzzlebox. Surrounding the main lace agate is a collection of smaller Sardonyx gems, as well as a veil of giant cave spider silk and tiny spikes of horse leather and highwood. Truly a work of art.

And finally, at the turn of the seasons, Astesh Litastnoram reached her twelfth birthday and was allowed to become an adult member of the Theater of Beards.

I seem to have misplaced the summary of our stocks that I had prepared, I'll be sure to append it as soon as I find it. Next month, I shall speak to the elves for the first time. I can hardly wait!

Ah, here it is. Our stocks at the beginning of 113:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Far below them, in the bowels of the fortress, Tosid Vodsazir cursed.

"Why? Why did it have to be now? The perfect force to test on, and they show up a gear assembly and two axles too soon. They had to come early. The pumps can't even be manually powered, there's no way to safely drain it." He paused. "Maybe they know! The orcs last summer must have reported it! They must know what doom it will spell for them when it is completed! Hahaha, tremble in fear, orcs! You cannot stop it now! This will be your last attack on Lanternwebs!"

Most of the fortress, though, paid him no mind. He had been mumbling to himself about strange constructions, things not being finished, and general insane mutterings for years now.

Well, now I get to go against a full siege. Three guards, I suspect 80 orcs (definitely 5 squads). Unfortunately, it showed up just as I was getting ready to sleep last night, but hopefully I'll be able to get movies (and combat logs!) of it later today.

It's also somewhat odd, since orcs are supposed to be active summer/winter, not in spring, but I'm thinking that it might be that they were delayed by the goblins or something: I'm not clear on the interactions of two sieges trying to happen at the same time, but this one did happen as soon as the goblin one would have lifted if they weren't all dead already.

There is a squad of orcish archers, but I'm more or less going to have to meet them in melee. Since I'm in general opposed to savescumming, and I'm going to be sending the entire military (Shoruke, Flint, Grimes, Silvereye, and The Tooninator) in, I'll just apologize in advance if any of you gets killed off. The ones I'm really worried about are the three guards, since they all have stat boosts and in general are going to be acting like megabeasts with weapons and armor.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Plot Thickens!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 11, 2009, 03:09:30 pm**

That looks *awesome*!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 11, 2009, 07:10:35 pm**

I be a lad wanting part of this slaughter of Greenskins.

Put me up with your other lads, and your pointy things.

I'll be a great Swordsdwaf indeed. Or cannonfodder. Either way, we Dwarves die standing to, in the thickest fight. Whether the lowly lineman, or the steel covered champion. To arms!

WorkerDrone
Swordsdwaf
Military, active.
Request: A sword, an enemy, and a glorious death. The latter being sooner...or maybe even later.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 12, 2009, 01:11:06 am**

Quote from: WorkerDrone on February 11, 2009, 07:10:35 pm

I be a lad wanting part of this slaughter of Greenskins.

Put me up with your other lads, and your pointy things.

I'll be a great Swordsdwaf indeed. Or cannonfodder. Either way, we Dwarves die standing to, in the thickest fight. Whether the lowly lineman, or the steel covered champion. To arms!

WorkerDrone
Swordsdwaf
Military, active.
Request: A sword, an enemy, and a glorious death. The latter being sooner...or maybe even later.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99

'WorkerDrone' Sebirstukos, "'WorkerDrone' Hiderazors", Swordsdwaf

'WorkerDrone' Sebirstukos has been ecstatic lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He admired, a fine Door lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He made a friend recently. He slept in a bedroom like a personal Palace recently. He admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He is a worshipper of Limul. He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. WorkerDrone Sebirstukos likes Alabaster, Trifle, pewter, Gold oval, pearl, parties, war hammers, low boots, weapon racks and large gems. He absolutely detests rats. He enjoys the company of others. He prefers that others handle the leadership roles. He admires tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He is willing to compromise with others. He is disorganized. He strives for excellence. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Extremely Strong, Very Agile, Very Tough, competent wrestler, skilled armor user, accomplished shield user, professional swordsdwaf. Everyone in Lanternwebs is covered in steel, even the cannon fodder. We have steel coming out of our beards. I added you in before I started dealing with the siege, so you'll get death, glory, or some combination of the two.

Edit: It appears that dwarf companion's "combat logs in fortress mode" doesn't work quite as well as I would like. Here is a sample of what I was getting, spoiler'ed for length:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

hacks at in the left hand with his Steel battle axe!

It is cut!

The Orc Slasher's left wrist has been sprained!

The Orc Slasher's first finger, left hand has been cut!

The Orc Slasher's second finger, left hand has been cut!

The Orc Slasher's third finger, left hand has been badly cut!

The Orc Slasher's fourth finger, left hand has been cut!
charges at !
looks surprised by the ferocity of onslaught!
hacks at in the upper body with her +Steel short sword+!
It is mangled!
The Beak Dog's heart has been pierced!
The Beak Dog's upper spine has been broken!
is propelled away by the force of the blow!
hacks at in the left hand with his Steel short sword!
bashes in the left lower leg with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the right hand with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left hand with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the right lower leg with his -Steel short sword-!
The right lower leg flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the right claw with her +Steel short sword+!
The right claw flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the right foot with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
bashes in the right lower leg with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the left lower leg with his -Steel short sword-!
The left lower leg flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the left claw with her +Steel short sword+!
The left claw flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the right lower arm with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
misses !
bashes in the right foot with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his -Steel short sword-!
The right upper leg flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the left upper leg with her +Steel short sword+!
The left upper leg flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his -Steel short sword-!
The left lower arm flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the head with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the lower body with his Steel short sword!
bashes in the left hand with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the left upper arm with her +Steel short sword+!
The left upper arm flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the head with his Steel battle axe!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher has been stunned!
The Orc Slasher's left ear has been badly cut!
hacks at in the left foot with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the lower body with his -Steel short sword-!
The lower body flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his Steel short sword!
bashes in the lower body with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left lower leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
The left lower leg flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the upper body with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel short sword!
misses !
x2
counterstrikes!
hacks at in the right lower arm with her +Steel short sword+!
The right lower arm flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his Steel short sword!
bashes in the right upper arm with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left lower leg with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the right upper arm from behind with her +Steel short sword+!
The right upper arm flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the right upper leg from behind with his -Steel battle axe-!
The right upper leg flies off in a bloody arc!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the lower body with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the left lower leg with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
bashes in the upper body with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the upper body from behind with her +Steel short sword+!
It is cloven asunder!
is propelled away by the force of the blow!
hacks at in the lower body with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the left foot with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's second toe, left foot has been badly cut!
The Orc Slasher's third toe, left foot has been badly cut!
The Orc Slasher's fourth toe, left foot has been badly cut!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's right shoulder has been sprained!
bashes in the left lower leg with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the upper body with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the right lower leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel battle axe!
x2
charges at !
looks surprised by the ferocity of onslaught!
hacks at in the left upper arm with her +Steel short sword+!
collides with !
is knocked over
bashes in the right upper arm with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the right lower leg with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right hand with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's right wrist has been sprained!
The Orc Slasher's thumb, right hand has been cut!
The Orc Slasher's first finger, right hand has been cut!

The Orc Slasher's second finger, right hand has been badly cut!
The Orc Slasher's fourth finger, right hand has been cut!
hacks at in the left hand with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his Steel short sword!
bashes in the head with her ðSteel shieldð!
It is bruised!
The Orc Slasher's right ear has been badly bruised!
The Orc Slasher's nose has been badly bruised!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the lower body with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the lower body with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel battle axe!
bashes in the left upper leg with her ðSteel shieldð!
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
It is cut!
hacks at in the right hand with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the left upper leg with her +Steel short sword+!
It is cut!
The +Steel short sword+ has lodged firmly in the wound!
hacks at in the right lower leg with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the left hand with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
hacks at in the left upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's left hip has been sprained!
bashes in the right hand with her ðSteel shieldð!
It is bruised!
The Orc Slasher's thumb, right hand has been badly bruised!
The Orc Slasher's first finger, right hand has been badly bruised!
The Orc Slasher's fourth finger, right hand has been badly bruised!
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
hacks at in the right lower leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
charges at !
bashes in the upper body with her ðSteel shieldð!
collides with !
is knocked over
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the head with his Steel short sword!
It is badly gashed!
hacks at in the right lower leg with his Steel battle axe!
charges at !
looks surprised by the ferocity of onslaught!
hacks at in the upper body with his -Steel short sword-!
collides with !
is knocked over
hacks at in the right hand with his Steel battle axe!
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
hacks at in the head with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left lower leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
x2
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's left knee has been badly sprained!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left foot with his Steel battle axe!
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
hacks at in the right lower arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right hand with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
bashes in the right lower arm with her ðSteel shieldð!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's left shoulder has been badly sprained!
hacks at in the left lower leg with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the head with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left upper leg with his -Steel short sword-!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's left hip has been badly sprained!
hacks at in the lower body with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's right hip has been sprained!
hacks at in the lower body with his -Steel battle axe-!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right lower leg with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the right lower arm with his Steel battle axe!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's right elbow has been sprained!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
counterstrikes!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the right lower arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the left lower arm with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left upper leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the right hand with her -Steel battle axe-!

hacks at in the right hand with his Steel battle axe!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the upper body with his -Steel short sword-!
hacks at in the lower body with her +Steel short sword+!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher looks sick!
The Orc Slasher's spleen has been badly cut!
hacks at in the left hand with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
misses !
hacks at in the right hand with his Steel short sword!
bashes in the right foot with her ðSteel shieldð!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the right hand with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right lower arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the upper body with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the left upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
It is cut!
hacks at in the left upper leg with her -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the head with his -Steel battle axe-!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left lower arm with her +Steel short sword+!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his Steel battle axe!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the right upper arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's right shoulder has been badly sprained!
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
hacks at in the right lower arm with his -Steel short sword-!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his Steel short sword!
hacks at in the right hand with his Steel battle axe!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's first finger, right hand has been badly cut!
The Orc Slasher's second finger, right hand has been badly cut!
The Orc Slasher's third finger, right hand has been badly cut!
The Orc Slasher's fourth finger, right hand has been badly cut!
hacks at in the left upper arm with her +Steel short sword+!
It is cut!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel battle axe!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the right upper leg with her -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the right upper leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the lower body with her +Steel short sword+!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the right lower leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the upper body with his Steel battle axe!
bashes in the head with her ðSteel shieldð!
misses !
counterstrikes!
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
hacks at in the left upper leg with his Steel battle axe!
It is badly gashed!
hacks at in the left upper leg with her +Steel short sword+!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the upper body with her -Steel battle axe-!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's liver has been badly cut!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the right hand with his Steel short sword!
It is cut!
The Orc Slasher's thumb, right hand has been badly cut!
hacks at in the left lower arm with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the right lower leg with his -Steel battle axe-!
hacks at in the right hand with his -Steel short sword-!
hacks at in the right upper leg with her +Steel short sword+!
twists the embedded +Steel short sword+ around in left upper leg!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left hand with his Steel battle axe!
hacks at in the left upper arm with his -Steel battle axe-!
strikes at but the shot is blocked!
I think that that can be summarized about as well as the pictures do it, really: Blood, carnage, confusion, and severed limbs everywhere.
I suspect that the number of combatants involved just overwhelms things.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 12, 2009, 02:37:11 pm**

Boy oh boy. This fight promises to be good. I want a movie! (please)

"hacks at "
In soviet Russia, " " hacks at you!!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 12, 2009, 04:28:57 pm**

Silvereeye stood tensely at attention at his post. It was a great honor, he knew, to take the Western Post. Any orcs coming from the forest would have to charge directly at him, allowing him first shot at them and their beak dogs. But it also meant that he was responsible for securing that access to the bridge, weakening them before their clash with the champions, a thin layer of clay directly above him. He checked and rechecked his bolts, both those in his quiver and those in the bin at his feet. All finely-crafted steel, and easily able to penetrate the crudely-forged armor of the orcs. He sighted down the length of his oak crossbow, remembering the lessons that Melbil Robusttorch the Jade Blizzard of Blades had told him at the archery range: a hit that didn't destroy at least two vital organs wouldn't do anything but make the orcs angry.

He checked the bolts again: all carefully organized, all ready for him to grab at a moment's notice. Kib had said that the first attack would come from the east, but he'd have warning of that: the other marksdwarves would sound the alarm, and he would be able to turn easily - he swung the crossbow down and to the right, now looking down it over the brook that wound its way past their entrance - to fire at them. It would be a bit harder to hit them, true, but every bolt helped. For now, his task was to watch to the north.

He grabbed a bolt from his quiver, pretending to slot it down as if loading, simultaneously pressing the stock to his shoulderguard to bring the string back, ready to fire. How many times would he have to do that in the heat of battle? Better to practice now, just to make sure. In front of him, he saw Fath Coggim cross the plateau, the last of the dwarves outside. With him inside the fortress, all that there was to do was wait for the orcs to make their move.

Where were they? The question spun around in his mind. Maybe they had sent in ambush parties, like the goblins, and the battle would be inside the fortress, soldiers rushing back to save the undefended civilians inside, then rushing forward to hold the gate against the main force. Maybe they had left... But no, the war drums still beat in the background. Would the attack come from the east after all? A thick spring mist descended in front of him, cloaking the battlefield-to-be in soft grey like a thick blanket.

Silvereye unloaded his bolt, then quickly loaded it again. The motion was familiar, he had done it hundreds of times at the practice range. But this felt different. The bolt wasn't just a sliver of bone, light and fragile-looking. This was a dwarven crossbow bolt, six inches of sharpened steel designed to penetrate armor, flesh, bone, more flesh, and armor again as it tore its way through an unfortunate target. Steel bolts were never used at the practice ranges, only to kill. That fact alone seemed to make the bolt feel more weighty in his hand. He sighted along the crossbow again, and began to lower it to practice loading again.

Suddenly, an enormous shape bounded out of the mist: a snarling orc, holding a spear high above her head, bounding forward on a snarling dog with an eagle's beak in place of a mouth and an evil look in its eyes. Startled, he pulled the trigger and jerked as the heavy bolt left the bow, striking the beak dog in the leg and sending it tumbling to the ground. The orc dismounted easily and smoothly, continuing to charge towards the bridge.

"ORCS!" he shouted as he fumbled for a second bolt, the movements that had seemed so familiar to him a minute earlier now complex and difficult. He heard the twang of a crossbow next to him, and saw Melbil firing bolts quickly and smoothly as more orcs emerged from the thick fog. Some struck true, others flew wide. He grasped the bolt firmly, lifting it into the firing groove as he cocked the crossbow and sighted down it at another orc. The bolt hummed past his cheek and struck true, tearing a deep hole in the orc's chest.

Now the thunder of armored footfalls drowned out all other noise as the soldiers of Lanternwebs charged across the bridge over him, shields out and weapons swinging. They easily deflected the thrusts of the orcs, inexpert but forceful thrusts turned aside by the dull gray of shields slick with moisture. Axes smacked wetly into corded muscle and fragile bone, severing limbs and torsos as the dwarves pushed the invaders back from the bridge and spread out on the plain. He had another bolt in his crossbow that he didn't remember loading, and he fired into the melee, hoping that he struck an orc rather than a dwarf.

Within seconds, the battle was over, the dwarves standing victorious on the blood-soaked field as the Lancers of Disembowelment, eight of the finest swordsdwarves in all of the Braided Lenses, chased the fleeing remnants. Flush with the excitement of battle, Silvereye reloaded his crossbow and brought it up again, alert for the next orcs to emerge from the fog.

I have movies (several short ones, actually: It's really hard to film while fighting the orcs, since I need to do so much micromanagement of the troops and the 1M limit for DFMA means that my large screen size gets in the way), as well as pictures. They'll be added later tonight.

Status right now is two squads down, one dwarven casualty (and one wounded, I think, but it's not serious). These battles are proving really fun to write (and play =), but time consuming.

Edit: Dammit grammar errors, stop happening!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **February 12, 2009, 04:59:13 pm**

Awesome, Silvereye is the subject of an entire post! ;D Did he actually kill anything though? That seems like what he's destined for: always at the battle, but only wounding things, never finishing them off. Once again, your battle descriptions amaze. Keep it up!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 12, 2009, 05:01:37 pm**

epic.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 12, 2009, 06:41:14 pm**

Seriously? I have to say, I couldn't imagine anything as cool as battle like the one Rysith described. And the cool part is, will almost certainly be getting more if the Orcs he made are as ruthless and bloodthirsty as he says they are.

Again, my only request...more ass kicking. Don't care if its my characters ass.

The blood will do nicely...mmmyes. Armok is pleased.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 12, 2009, 07:01:13 pm**

Quote from: WorkerDrone on February 12, 2009, 06:41:14 pm
Seriously? I have to say, I couldn't imagine anything as cool as battle like the one Rysith described. And the cool part is, will almost certainly be getting more if the Orcs he made are as ruthless and bloodthirsty as he says they are.

Again, my only request...more ass kicking. Don't care if its my characters ass.

The blood will do nicely...mmmyes. Armok is pleased.

Oh, there will be more ass-kicking. I've played through the first two squads thus far (stabbers and maulers), but the post above was just the battle with the stabbers, so there's another battle description coming up already. There are still three squads on the map still to be dealt with, so at least one more there too.

And, with goblins sieging as well now, I'm expecting around three sieges a year from here on, even if the goblin ones are less exciting than the orcs.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **February 13, 2009, 04:58:45 am**

ahh good descriptions so far and there is still plenty more to go

Keep up the good work.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 13, 2009, 05:19:00 pm**

WorkerDrone watched his breath condense in front of him and join the fog as he panted from exertion. He was used to moving in armor, but he had been unable to match the speed of the champions as they charged into the orcs. He let his sword swing towards the ground, relaxing his stance as he watched The Tooninator and his squad chase down mounted orcs on foot, and tried to catch his breath.

There was no question about it, the battle had been a complete victory. His only regret was that he had not gotten there in time to participate: The champions had already driven the orcs away by the time he and the rest of squad had crossed the bridge.

Flint had told his squad to stay towards the edges and help the champions if he could, conjuring visions in his head of heroically saving one of their lives. He imagined coming across a champion, maybe Flint himself, pinned to the ground by an orc about to land a mortal blow. In his mind, he would yell and swing his sword, watching the finely-honed steel part the orc's tough flesh effortlessly and seeing the head fly away in a bloody arc. Then, he would reach down with an armored hand to help the champion to their feet, and the two of them would fight, back to back and surrounded by orcs, until they could make it safely back to the fortress.

But reality had been starkly different. When The Tooninator had given the order to charge, he had sprinted forward as quickly as his legs could carry him, only to see the champions race far ahead of him. Where he carried his armor well but heavily, they moved as if they didn't notice the weight of steel at all, using the weight to carry them forward and put extra power into their swings. He had arrived as the orcs made their retreat, and only The Tooninator's squad had been sent to chase stragglers. Though he would never admit it, he was glad for the break. As much practice as he had had sparring in the barracks, running in full plate was still tiring, and there were still many orcs left to kill. Plenty of opportunities for heroism on the battlefield. This time, he threw himself over the champion, deflecting the blow with his shield as he turned to stab upwards through the orc's gut, piercing its heart. In the same motion, he rolled off the champion and turned, reaching out to grab the champion's outstretched hand...

A second cry of "ORCS!" and the twang of a crossbow quickly brought him back to reality. He brought his sword up and looked around wildly, seeing a storm of crossbow bolts flying out of the fortifications towards the riverbed to the east. Without waiting for the order this time, he charged ahead towards the slope down to the river, his shield close to his body and his sword up and ready to strike, a war cry at his lips.

Before he had made it half way across the field, he saw the orcs riding up to meet him. Each carried a mace, the heads studded with irregular black iron spikes as long as his fingers. Several had crossbow bolts sticking out of their shields, arms, and even heads, but they seemed not to notice. Behind him, WorkerDrone heard the rest of the dwarves begin to charge, and his courage was bolstered, shouting defiance at the charging barbarians as he rushed to meet them.

"It will be just like sparring with Vabok or Sodel." he told himself as he closed. "He'll swing at me, I'll bring the shield up and let the blow slide off, then I'll half-turn and strike at his exposed elbow. Just like sparring." He chose a target, already unmounted, and shifted slightly to give himself better footing when they met. As he expected, the orc raised his mace to swing, and WorkerDrone brought the shield up, just as he had been trained to do.

The sheer force of the blow sent tremors up his arm as he caught the mace squarely in the center of his shield. Slightly off-balance, he twisted and brought the sword down, but struck the thick iron of the mace handle rather than the arm, and the sword bounced off with a loud clang. Remembering his training, he slid the blade down, cutting deep into the orc's thumb. As he drew back for another strike, the orc's other arm caught him in the back, sending him sprawling to the ground. He quickly rolled over, bringing his shield up to block a strike from the orc's mace that would have surely crushed his breastplate, but the force of the blow brought his shield arm wide. He desperately brought his sword up to try to parry the next, inevitable blow.

As the orc brought his mace back for the killing blow, WorkerDrone saw a dwarf step behind him and swing high with his axe, taking the orc's left leg off at the hip. Suddenly unbalanced, the orc crashed to the ground, where a second axe-stroke quickly ended his life. The dwarf quickly stepped over the body and offered a hand to WorkerDrone, who gladly accepted it and pulled himself onto his feet. Looking around, he saw that the orcs were once again fleeing the battlefield, though this time The Tooninator was behind them, cutting off their escape route. The dwarves had again carried the day.

"You did well." Said the dwarf who had saved him, flipping his faceguard back to reveal the familiar features of Flint. "Courage and skill both, and you drew your first orc blood. Not many could be asked to do better in their first real battle."

WorkerDrone nodded, silently. Things had not quite gone as he had expected, true, but his first taste of combat had left him wanting more. The next time he wouldn't make those mistakes, he wouldn't need rescuing. The next time, he would kill the orc. The next time, he would save Flint. The next time...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Battle aftermath pictures, since they didn't fit well into the story. ~~Movie of the second battle should be up tonight.~~
Movie available here (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1102-113-secondskirmish>)

The one dwarven casualty was Likot Passagewhips, son of Kubuk Sàkrithdeduk and Sakzul Degëlkôn, who had been carried into battle by his mother. I haven't had time to deal with the three remaining squads, but again I should be able to tonight.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **February 14, 2009, 03:49:54 am**

Brilliant writing ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 14, 2009, 04:32:33 pm**

I agree, it's awesome.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 17, 2009, 05:39:47 pm**

Shoruke stood casually on the field of battle, feeling like a seasoned veteran amidst the rest of the soldiers of Lanternwebs. Around her, soldiers rested and patted each other on the backas she stood, watching carefully for the next orc squad. Though she hadn't spent as much time sparring in the barracks, this was her third time facing the orcs in open combat. That claim could only be made by three others, Flint, Kib and The Tooninator, the three leaders of the militia and unquestioned heroes of Lanternwebs.

The steel pick in her hands, forged for her by Skjald after her second battle to replace her copper one with something more suited to battle, had many nicks in the point from the mining that she had done. It was well-balanced and had served her well below the earth, though this was its first test on the field of battle. Already the point had claimed a beak dog, the tip easily penetrating skin to pierce the brain and snap the spine, but Shoruke wanted orc blood.

She felt the weight of her armor, carried easily enough after years of excavation but still awkward to move in, as she moved her arm to lift the visor of her helm. The thick fog around her made it difficult enough to see, and she had no need of the faceguard now. Around her, soldiers were settling down as the thrill of battle subsided, replaced with a distant tension as they waited.

Shoruke heard the beak dog's footfalls only seconds before Kadol Vucararoth, the eastern marksdwarf, gave a cry of "Orcs!" and fired into the streambed. She quickly flipped her visor down, covering her face with finely-crafted steel, and shifted her grip on the pick to allow her to swing it well on her charge.

The order came, and Shoruke leapt forward, moving quickly despite her armor. She was slightly behind the champions when they crashed with the orcish maulers, their black iron maces crashing against the steel shields of the Elder Banners. Shoruke rushed into the melee without hesitation, rushing the first orc that she saw and swinging her pick in a broad arc.

The pick slammed into the orc's shield, the point piercing the crudely-forged iron to wedge in the bones of the orc's arm. Shoruke lowered her shoulder and jumped, clearing the orc's mount and crashing into his chest. He tumbled to the ground, dislodging the pick, and rolled backwards as Shoruke landed and grabbed her pick again.

Shoruke lowered the pick, her hands spread wide as she prepared to rush the orc again. As he began to stand, she charged, thrusting the pick out to catch the hole in his shield and twisting, tearing the shield from his arm with a snap of broken leather. Though his left arm now hung useless at his side, the orc remained standing and snarled, drawing an iron scourge from his belt and snapping it menacingly.

Undeterred, Shoruke swung in again, hearing the iron barbs of the scourge clatter off her backplate as she buried the pick in the orc's stomach. She stepped back and the orc toppled forward, vomit and blood at his lips. With a final downward stroke, she pinned the head to the ground, tearing up a bit of clay as she pulled the pick free and let the orc fall lifelessly to the ground. The first kill of many, she was

sure.

Battle is over, I have a movie of the final battle but it's too large for DFMA. I've contacted the administrator of the site, so hopefully it should be up in some form soon. I'm sorry that the story is lagging behind the "present" in the game, I'll try to get caught up this week (and hopefully the orcs won't siege in the summer, otherwise I'll end up hopelessly behind). I've got four more pieces planned before I'll be done covering this siege, probably at one a day.

Final statistics: 83 kills, about half of those beak dogs (based on counting corpses in the stocks screen). Two dwarves lost, the baby and an Elite Wrestler (who was theoretically an axedwarf) in the final battle.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 17, 2009, 05:50:47 pm**

Woah. My character did all right considering. But when those Greenskin bastards come back, maybe in the Winter, oh yes. There will be blood.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 17, 2009, 06:13:52 pm**

Beakdogs beakdogs beakdogs

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 17, 2009, 06:33:00 pm**

I'm almost tempted to sing the badger song after Toonyman posted. But that would be thread derailment. And I can't afford a third strike.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 18, 2009, 04:47:23 pm**

The Tooninator crouched on dead grass with the other champions of Lanternwebs. Behind him the valley floor was covered in thick fog, but here at the entrance to the Forest of funerals the air was dry. In front of them were two squads of mounted orcs, thirty-two in total. Though they had proven reluctant to directly attack the fortress, their presence would still deter migrants and traders.

He thought over the plan: the Lancers of Disembowelment would charge the snipers while The Elder Banners charged the crushers. The Dented Boots would chase any fleeing orcs, and once he had reached the snipers they would be helpless in melee. Simple and direct, the kind of plan that he liked. Though they had closed almost to within bowshot, the orcs still hadn't made a move, instead waiting for them in the forest. No surprise there, thought The Tooninator. They had bows, and orc snipers liked nothing better than to shoot at people trying to close: The orcs could retreat to keep range, and the iron arrows could penetrate most armor, inflicting fatal wounds.

That danger was exactly why Flint had chosen The Tooninator and the Lancers of Disembowelment for this. Each of them was well-practiced with a shield, able to hold it steady against arrows during a charge. Each of them was familiar with armor, able to outrun an orc even in full plate. And each was capable of amazing feats with a sword, able to quickly dispatch any foe once they had closed.

The Tooninator held his sword loosely as the last of the twenty four dwarves that had been chosen for the assault finished their ascent. Flint had chosen an outcrop of the Unnameable Point as their staging area, protected from bowfire by a wall of andesite but close enough that their soldiers would not spread out over their charge and engage the orcs one at a time.

Flint raised his fist, and The Tooninator ran forward, climbing the wall and leading his squad with a howling war cry. To his right, he could see Flint charging the crushers, his axedwarves close behind. The first arrow hit his shield and shattered, spraying fragments of iron though his peripheral vision. The fine steel held, though, and The Tooninator continued to run forward even as he caught more arrows on the broad surface of the shield.

Within seconds, he had closed the distance with the orcs, swinging his sword under the lower edge of his shield to down a beak dog and slipping past it, turning slightly to stab the orc in the spine as she fell from her mount. A wrestler grabbed his sword arm, trying to hold him in place for others to attack, but he quickly dipped the blade and severed the hand, pulling away as the fingers lost their grip on his armor.

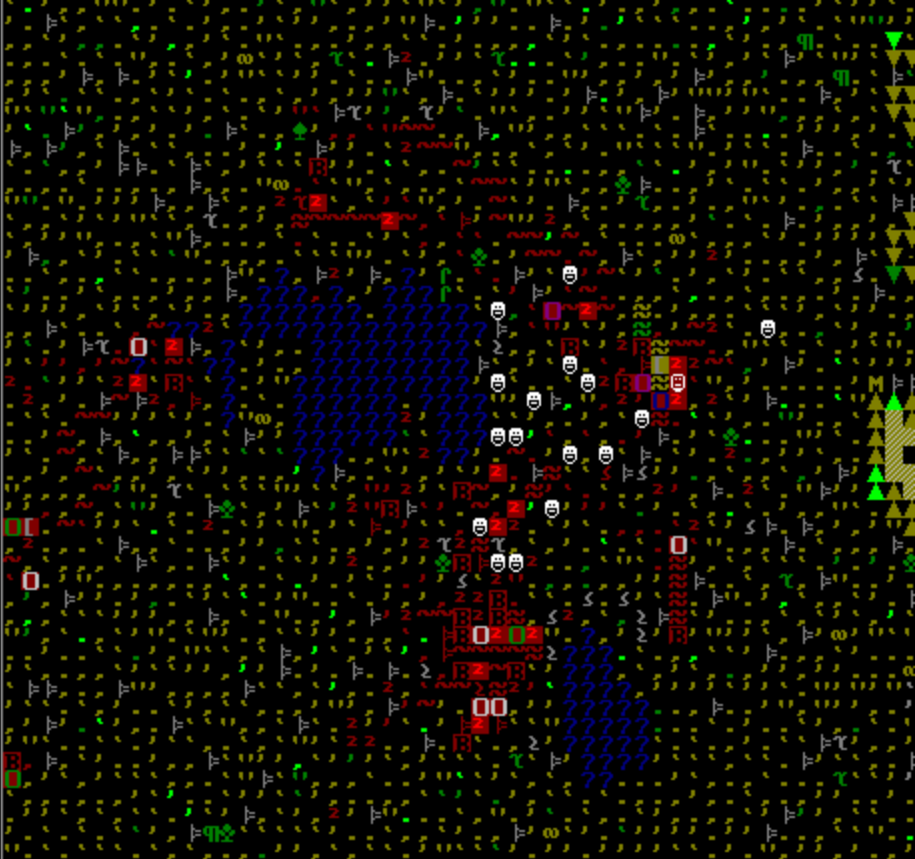
He could feel the rhythm of the battle around him now, the steady beat of feet as the orcs and their mounts shifted for position, and as the rest of his squad entered the battle. He could feel the pauses between each arrow-strike and each wrestler's feint. He let the flow guide him, raising his shield to block each arrow in turn as his sword moved unhindered, striking at orcs as they moved around him, always turning to deny the wrestlers purchase. It was, for him, a moment of perfect clarity as he saw the movements of the orcs laid out before him, and was able to plan his movements with the same precision.

The shield high to catch a wrestler in the chin, then allow the momentum to carry it over and down to block an arrow while the sword rose with the same motion, catching a sniper in the chest and slicing through his rib cage. A step to the left and a sweep downward to sever the leg of a wrestler charging from behind while the shield stayed up to block three arrows. A step forward and a thrust, swinging the shield wide to open his view as his sword sought the throat of the sniper struggling to nock another arrow, lifting the shield slightly to deflect another arrow coming in from the left. The sword moved to the side, tearing its way out of the throat and splintering an arrow and a turn left to block the other arrow with the shield, and a quick rush forward to cut the legs off the now-fleeing orc. The rhythm subsided, the battle was over.

Pictures of the third battle:
Before:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



After:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Movie! (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1114-113springsiege-thirdbattle>)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 19, 2009, 04:40:45 pm**

"So there I was, in the thick of the battle, surrounded by orcs." Grimes said, lowering his mug of dwarven beer and leaning across the dolomite table, motioning the listening dwarves to come closer. "All around me, they were. Twice as tall as you or I, and riding the most fearsome beasts you can imagine. As we fought, the air was filled with their howls and the screeching of their dogs - well, I say dogs, but they were really more like giant eagles with four legs and no wings - and they swung weapons it would take two dwarves just to lift like they were toothpicks!"

"Anyway, there I was, surrounded by orcs, with nothing but my shield and armor to protect me, when suddenly this orc comes out of nowhere and takes a stab at me with his spear. Not one of the dwarven spears, no. This was black iron, seven feet from butt to point, must have weighed eighty. I barely got my shield up in time, and it left this mark on my shield. That's an Oltaros-forged dwarven steel shield, remember."

He swung his shield up onto the table and pointed to a deep dent in the exceptionally-crafted metal, traces of iron still visible at the bottom.

"But was I scared?" Grimes continued. "Of course not! The bigger they are, the harder they fall, that's my motto. While that orc was standing there looking confused that I wasn't skewered, I took my trusty axe and gave a swing at him. Landed a good hit on the upper arm too, blood started gushing everywhere - apologies to the lady-dwarves - and that got him madder than a fey dwarf with no shells."

"He hauled back for another stab at me, but I was ready this time. He came in and I dodged the point, swung my axe, and took his arm off at the elbow. Now, you'd think that that'd make him stop, but you'd be wrong: He just grabbed my helmet with the other arm and started shaking me!"

"There I was, being shaken like a kobold, trying to get my axe up for a good swing, when I see that the orcs have started running away. Seems like I got the one brave one among them. I knew then that if I was going to get any more fighting, I'd need to take care of this one right now. So I summoned up the last reserves of my strength and swung, cleaving the orc in two! Even that monster couldn't live through that, and it dropped me to the ground. By the time I had stood up and gotten my bearings, they had all run off and I couldn't get to any of them before they had outraced us across the plains. We gave them a beating they won't forget, that's for sure."

Grimes lifted the mug and took a long drink, thirsty from his lengthy speech.

"That's just one of my war stories, I've got a hundred more if you'd like me to tell them, and the scars to prove that they're all true, if any of you doubt my tales."

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 19, 2009, 07:37:09 pm**

Nice.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 19, 2009, 08:58:58 pm**

Yes.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 20, 2009, 01:04:15 pm**

(sorry for being like 9 posts behind here)

My character got a feature! Woot! I'm dying to know how many kills I got...

And your storytelling style is just epic. Whoa.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 20, 2009, 04:49:02 pm**

The champions of Lanternwebs stood on the battlefield, chatting idly as they watched the haulers climb The Unnamable Point. The siege was broken, the orcs were fleeing, and they probably didn't actually have to stand guard: There would be no goblin ambushers this season, not with an orc war party on the march. Still, Flint preferred to stay out to make sure that none of the local wildlife bothered the haulers as they moved the debris from the battle back to the fortress.

None of the wildlife would present a challenge to the champions, though, and with the newer recruits back in the fortress practicing with the swordmasters and axe lords, the champions were at ease. Though they were surrounded by twisted trees and dead grass splattered with freshly-spilled blood, their weapons were sheathed and they stood around talking and celebrating their victory.

A sudden trumpet blast cut their conversations short as a line of dwarves came into view near the chasm. Flint wondered briefly why migrants always insisted on coming around the long way, but those thoughts were banished when he saw the fine purple silks of the lead dwarves.

Glad that the Orcs had fled before the nobels, Flint quickly ordered his squad out to meet them and to provide an honor guard on their way in. "Hail! I am Flint Dakaskûbuk the Acrid Palm of Spines, leader of the militia of Lanternwebs!"

"Hail! I am the Baroness ïton Gimgoden, accompanied by my consort Mebzuth Igêrkadol, the Tax Collector Endok Dedukrotod, Hammerer Likot ònulginet, and my entourage. We are glad to have arrived, the trek was long, and dangerous."

The group, 27 dwarves in all, began their trek down the mountains to the entrance. Already, Flint could see the haulers sprinting ahead to bring the news to those still inside the fortress. He knew that the engravers would be being sent to decorate the rooms they had excavated for the Baroness, as beds were hauled into position. Oddom, their legendary metalsmith, would be heading to the forge to construct the furniture that they desired from the finest steel.

The word on everyone's lips, though, was "Barony". No longer was Lanternwebs an outpost of dwarven civilization. Now, they had been recognized as an extension of the Mountainhome, and would continue to rise from there. The orcs had sent their best, and fled with barely half their force still alive. Deep within the fortress, the best metalsmiths in the Braided Lenses shaped steel, for both function and art. Traders, both Humans and Elves, came and went freely and happily, coming away amazed at the crafts of the dwarves. Lanternwebs still stood, and would stand for all time.

Pictures of our new nobles in a bit. I'm rather happy with them, only a few potentially-impossible likes (one crystal glass, one horn), plus it looks like they will be fun to write for. So, probably no noblecide here. There were a few expensive likes (platinum and aluminum), but I'm not worried about that with the legendary metalsmith: It would be worth it to make them anyway, really. The migrants brought us up to 119 population, so it's likely that we'll get a promotion to County in the next season or two.

One more entry before I'm done with the siege (Flint has a speech to give), and then things can move on. Final kill counts:

Flint: Two orcs
Tooninator: five orcs
Silvereye: one beak dog
Grimes: one orc
Workerdrone: none
Shoruke: Gabexubkib (leader of the maulers, lasher)

I wasn't able to track beak dog kills (except for Silvereye, it was his first kill), since it just reports the total number killed.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Thuellai** on **February 21, 2009, 01:53:28 am**

I love your Orcs and I love your writing. If you've got any dwarves in the military that like silver, especially hammer-wielding ones, I'd like one named Argentum.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 21, 2009, 01:53:43 am**

So perhaps I might have killed a beak dog or two? Ah, I could hope.

Maybe I'll get some glory next siege. Which will certainly be soon, if Rysith made 'em the way they he intended them. Killing machines that keep on coming. And by what I've seen here, Its pretty likely.

Kill those Greenskins!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 21, 2009, 12:44:58 pm**

FOR HONOR!!!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 21, 2009, 02:34:16 pm**

AND GLORY ALSO!!!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 22, 2009, 11:30:21 am**

FOR LANTERNWEBS! RAWR!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **February 22, 2009, 01:25:41 pm**

Great job Rysith. Keep it up!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 23, 2009, 01:13:42 am**

Flint Dakaskûbuk strode quickly through the doors to the barracks, followed by the champions returning from their vigil over the battlefield. Below them, the forges already glowed red as the orcish equipment was fed in, white-hot metal flowing to be smelted from black orcish iron to gleaming dwarven steel. Steel that would cover the bodies and fill the hands of the recruits from the new arrivals.

The less experienced soldiers looked up from their sparring as the champions entered. Flint quickly strode to the back of the room, rapping his gauntlet on the dolomite wall for attention.

"Soldiers of Lanternwebs! Each and every one of you have fought well, and bravely, this month! All of you contributed to the defense of Lanternwebs, and because of those contributions the Orcish menace has been repelled once again."

"As in any battle, there are some who distinguished themselves more, who's contribution, heroism, and bravery surpasses all others, and deserve special recognition. The first of our warriors that I will honor today is Kulet Idendesis, an axedwarf who gave his life in exchange for the life of Zolak Bembosu, who lead the orc crushers against us. It was because of Kulet's sacrifice that Zolak was unable to flee the battlefield, and will never again threaten us. Zolak's corpse will rot in the sun, and his bones will train our marksdwarves, while Kulet's body will rest forever in glory within the Warrior's Tomb. All Hail Kulet Idendesis, Axedwarf of Lanternwebs!"

"Hail!" echoed the soldiers.

"There were four other dwarves who distinguished themselves in battle through skill at arms on the field of battle. Those four may now take the position of Hero of Lanternwebs, and call themselves by the titles that they have earned. Step forward now. Nish Imkeskal, Tekkud Okuniden, Tirist Stettadamost, and Kadol Vucararoth."

Kadol stepped forward nervously, the tiled dolomite floor of the barracks seeming to stretch away from her as she took her first step. The heavy steel of her armor restricted her as she took her next step, the weight threatening to unbalance her as she tried to cross the leagues that stretched between her and Flint. She could see Nish and Tekkud striding away confidently in front of her, their armor carried easily by long practice.

A heavy, but comforting, hand fell on her shoulder. "Don't be nervous. Everyone was a recruit once." said Tirist in her ear, the champion speaking in barely a whisper, so that only Kadol could hear. "It's a great thing that you've proven yourself this early. Everyone is proud of you this day". Tirist's hand continued to guide Kadol forward, gently but firmly, until she had reached Nish and Tekkud and bent to kneel before Flint.

"This battle, each of these warrior's actions have proven their courage, skill at arms, and heroism beyond a doubt." Said Flint, his calm and authoritative voice filling the room. "As you rise, remember your titles, and honor the deeds for which you have earned them. Rise, Nish Imkeskal, the Carnal Gift of Braiding. Rise, Tekkud Okuniden, the Fright of Lulling. Rise, Tirist Stettadamost, the Imperial Amazements. Rise, Kadol Vucararoth, the Infallible Nature of Savagery."

As he spoke their names, Flint touched each of them on the helm with the flat of his axe blade. The soft sound as the gleaming weapon touched each armored head seeming to hang in the still air as he spoke each title.

"All hail the heroes of Lanternwebs, and welcome to those who now join their ranks!" Boomed Flint, as the four dwarves stood before him with pride.

"All Hail!" shouted the assembled dwarves.

Lots of new dwarves to introduce this time!

First: Thuellai. He's the only military dwarf who likes silver. I don't have any hammerdwarves (since broken bones do approximately nothing to orcs). He's a legendary shield user, legendary swordsdwarf, expert armor user, skilled wrestler. He's also currently resting in bed with a yellow arm wound, but he's superdwarvenly tough so he should be fine soon enough.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99
'Arsentum' Nekoldeduk, "'Arsentum' Skullsmannor", Champion
'Arsentum' Nekoldeduk has been happy lately. He received food recently. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He sustained minor injuries recently. He has complained of hunger lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He received water recently. He was able to rest and recuperate lately. He is a worshipper of Limul.
He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards.
Arsentum Nekoldeduk likes Pure limonite, Silver, Red spinel, Cedar, crystal glass, giant leopard leather, horn, the color goldenrod, picks, bucklers, windows, idols and pixies for their inquisibly small size. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven beer. He absolutely detests sucking maggots.
He is a risk-taker and a thrill-seeker. He admires tradition. He is slow to trust others. He would rather intimidate others than compromise with them. He is compassionate. He has a sense of duty. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day and is starting to work slowly due to its scarcity. He is a hardened individual.

Second, the nobles.
The Baroness Countess (Yeah, the upgrade happened before I took the screenshots)

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100
iton Gingoden, "iton Twistore", Countess
iton Gingoden has been happy lately. She dined in a good dining room recently. She was very pleased to receive a higher rank of nobility recently. She was worried by the scarcity of royal guards lately. She was disgusted by a miasma lately. She admired a fine table lately. She admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately.
She is married to Mebzuth Riverhatchet. She is a worshipper of Limul.
She is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards.
iton Gingoden likes Marble, Gold, Gray chalcadony, horn, the color cream and spears. She absolutely detests toads.
She rarely feels discouraged. She occasionally overindulges. She is unassertive. She is not a risk-taker. She is open-minded to new ideas. She does not trust others. She is very willing to compare herself favorably with others. She lacks confidence. She is organized. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A somewhat hesitant leader, but she's able to press onwards and get things done when it really counts. She also seeks the council of others frequently.

The Count Consort
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99
Mebzuth Isërkadol, "Mebzuth Riverhatchet", Count Consort
Mebzuth Isërkadol has been ecstatic lately. He dined in a very good dining room recently. He admired a completely sublime Container lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was very pleased to receive a higher rank of nobility recently. He was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He admired own fine Bed lately.
He is married to Iton Twistore. He is a faithful worshipper of Limul.
He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards.
Mebzuth Isërkadol likes Galena, Aluminum, Fortification asate, cat leather, the color azure, shields and horses for their daunting personalities. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven ale.
He is slow to anger. He doesn't handle stress well. He is not a risk-taker. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He admires tradition. He is trusting. He is very straightforward with others. He strives for excellence. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

I'm not really sure what to make of him. He seems like the kind of dwarf that would always be there to try to help and back up his wife, but it's not as solid as the others

The Hammerer
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100
Likot Onulginet, "Likot Hëvovovov", Hammerer
Likot Onulginet has been ecstatic lately. She ate a legendary meal lately. She admired a wonderful Floor Grate lately. She was disgusted by a miasma lately. She was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately. She was disappointed by a wonderful creature in a cave recently. She admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately.
She is a casual worshipper of Idith.
She is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards.
Likot Onulginet likes Silt, loam, Gold, Clear diamond, crystal glass, the color pink, animals, crossbows, coffins and cows for their motherly appearance. When possible, she prefers to consume dwarven wheat flour. She absolutely detests lizards.
She is often sad and dejected. She is self-conscious. She is confident under pressure. She is very friendly. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She admires tradition. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She is compassionate. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She doesn't really care about anything anymore.

The Hammerer is another one like the Dungeon Master: You have to wonder "How did that dwarf become a hammerer?". I'm thinking that she is going to have entered hammering to keep up the family profession, or something, but dislike actually hammering anyone and would much rather just have a nice chat.

The Tax Collector
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

PS: 99

Endok Dedukrutod. "Endok Manordashes". Tax Collector

Endok Dedukrutod has been ecstatic lately. She ate a legendary meal lately. She admired own completely sublime Container lately. She admired a very fine Floor Grate lately. She was disgusted by a miasma lately. She was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately. She is a worshipper of Inod. She is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards. Endok Dedukrutod likes Native mithril, Platinum, Tube agate, mule leather, the color bronze, short swords, anvils and donkeys for their stubbornness. When possible, she prefers to consume Plumb helmets. She absolutely detests fire snakes. She occasionally overindulges. She isn't given to flights of fancy. She likes to try new things. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She is put off by authority and tradition. She is guarded in relationships with others. She finds helping others rewarding. She finds immodesty distasteful. She is incredibly confident. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A bean-counting accountant, through and through. She'll probably become record keeper, once Shoruke finishes training it up.

Edit: grammar, phrasing, and some gender confusion.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 23, 2009, 09:17:24 am**

Oh no.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 23, 2009, 03:37:45 pm**

Great job with Flint's speech. Just one tiny thing...

Quote from: Rysith on February 23, 2009, 01:13:42 am

the tiled dolomite floor of the barracks seeming to stretch away from him as she took her first step

And... nobles?!? Gah.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The Orcs are Back!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 23, 2009, 04:27:29 pm**

Personal letter from the Countess ðton Gimgoden to Queen Lektadlòr, Spring 113

My Queen,
First, let me assure you that the traders were not exaggerating the wealth and splendor of Lanternwebs. On my arrival, I found half a dozen dwarves in masterwork steel armor waiting to greet me and my entourage, and the sights that i saw upon reaching the fortress were no less splendid. Their entrance is flanked by two exceptionally carved dolomite statues, one displaying Tosid and one displaying you. Tosid is shown peering into the distance, his hand to his brow, a mechanic's hammer in his other hand. You are shown standing regally with your scepter and crown, your gaze piercing the soul of any that walk through the gates. The masons responsible seem to have caught every strand of hair, every wrinkle of fabric and frozen it in the white stone, my words alone cannot do them justice.

My chambers, too, are furnished with the same quality of goods. I requested some basic furnishings for my rooms, and they brought me chests, cabinets, weapon racks, and armor stands, all masterfully crafted from steel! Can you imagine? They are wealthy enough here they they can outfit all of their soldiers in steel plate and still have enough left over to make furniture out of it!

Everywhere here is the same wealth of craftsdwarfship. Even the lowliest of peasants has soft cotton clothing, matching what nobles in the mountainhomes would wear. I asked their weaver, Iteb, how they could afford so much cotton, and he said "If we didn't make clothes out of it, it would just rot in the fields." They wear expertly tailored, finely-colored clothing because they don't have anything else!

Just this month, I saw one of their woodcrafters start gathering materials for two days. Two days! He produced the most exquisite chestnut ring I have ever seen, the gem a black obsidian with a detailed image of your crowning carved into it, and with a piece of cave spider silk behind it so that when you hold it up to the light you can see mountains in the distance. The gem is bracketed with two purring maggots carved out of birch with such detail that you can see the individual facets of their eyes. The band is made of bands of leather, steel, and oak, all masterfully braided together around the chestnut base. Can you imagine a thing like that being made in the mountainhomes? It would be the prize of the entire court. The dwarves here admired it for a bit, when they heard his triumphant cry, and took it off to a vault. This kind of thing happens frequently enough that they have a whole vault for things like this!

Lanternwebs is not without its flaws, though, if I seem to have drunk a bit too much sunshine before writing this. For one, there is no system for justice in place, no jail, and no guards. Their mayor tried to reassure me that there was no need for such things here, and that the military did a more than adequate job of protecting everyone, but I'm not convinced. There was also a terrible smell wafting up from the lower levels, which they claimed was only because they had been so busy cleaning outside they they couldn't clean inside, but I can't believe that any cleaning outside would be large enough to occupy them all for any length of time.

Likot seems pleased with her posting here, as you predicted. The lack of an organized justice system has put her quite at ease, and she's become quite the fixture in the communal dining room, telling the children stories of our history and legends and sharing drinks with the older dwarves. She'll be happy here, I'm sure, and it was only at her urging that I didn't push harder for a guard here. She insists that the best way to dispense justice is to smile and make everyone happy, that way there are no criminals, and no need for the guard. Here, I suppose, we will be able to put her theory to the test.

Endok, though, seems on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Who can blame her? How do you lay a tax on a place so free with its riches as Lanternwebs? There are fine meals sitting in the storerooms, fine clothing sitting in the clothier's shop, gem encrusted furniture sitting in the workshops, all free for the taking. The rooms are like palaces, their walls covered in fine engravings. If the tax was levied, where could it stop? Where could it start? The mayor has been remarkably understanding, though, offering Endok a fine room and anything that she might need, even though her services are not required here.

Spring is coming to a close, and I and my husband have settled in nicely here. There is an air of tension that I can feel creeping through the fortress as the days grow hotter, but I haven't been able to ask anyone about it. I'm sure that it has little to do with our arrival, though. Everyone has been nothing but kind and polite to us, and the rooms that we have been given would seem more than adequate even for someone of your stature. Now, this letter must draw to a close as well. I hope it finds you in good health and high spirits.

Your faithful subject,
Countess ðton Gimgoden

Edit: Grammar and phrasing

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 23, 2009, 08:20:12 pm**

Personal Log, Spring, 113, 'WorkerDrone':

Zerstörung der Grünhäute.

Blade zu Herz-, Hals-Haft zu.

Feuer, sagt die Scharfschützen.

Orc, immer getötet.

Tosid and Unib Keskalerib stood on the packed red sand floor, looking out over the pit. Rising out of it were eight tall polished steel pillars, masterfully carved grates held tightly to their sides by intricate clockwork. The pit was easily wide enough to swallow a wagon, and stretched the full length of the main entranceway. Below the surface, sheer dolomite walls fell thirty feet to a smooth dolomite floor, the carefully-fitted white tiles blending invisibly together into a smooth white plain.

"All I'm saying is that it was a slight miscalculation." Tosid was saying, "The pumps don't drain fast enough, so the water backs up and they stay open. I already know how to fix it, just a matter of a few more mechanisms."

"That's all well and good," said Unib, the mayor of Lanternwebs, "But when can we use the entrance again? How safe can we feel, knowing that the floor might drop away at any moment?"

On one of the eight steel pillars, a cat hissed into the gap, its back arched as it glared down at the floor that had suddenly abandoned it. On the floor below, four hundred and twenty tiles, indistinguishable from any of their neighbors, snapped back with blinding speed as a forest of polished steel spikes rose quickly from the floor, impaling an imaginary horde of trapped invaders. The cat leapt back from the edge of its pillar, barely avoiding a long fall off the opposite side.

"Oh, don't worry about that." Replied Tosid, "As long as the main floodgates are closed, so should the grates. I've sent someone to pull the lever and close them, and the water should be drained any moment now. They're perfectly solid, you've been walking on them for years now."

With a snap, obsidian grates swung upwards from their positions along the pillars and outside walls, covering the pit in a checkerboard of black stone and empty space. Far below, the spikes withdrew into the floor as quickly as they had emerged. A few whistles of appreciation rose from the tunnel to the barracks, where training had been paused at the noise.

"I may have been walking on them for years, but I didn't know they were liable to disappear at any moment!" Unib said angrily. "What if one of your mechanisms should fail, what then? A dwarf dead because you needed to convert the main entrance into a, a, a deathtrap!?"

The cat pawed the stone grate cautiously, as if expecting it to change its mind and suddenly disappear again. Eying it suspiciously, it placed its front paws on the surface of the grate just as white dolomite grates snapped upwards to fill the empty spaces in the grid. Again, the cat lept backwards at the sudden movement. The grates seemed to provide a solid floor, though, and the cat quickly scampered across them to the safety of the red sand.

"Nonsense! I'd never make a mechanism that could fail." Tosid responded indignantly. "Besides, they've been hooked up to the mechanisms for a good six months already, I just needed to seal up the plumbing and find a good time to test it. No accidents so far. Just tell everyone to stay out of the spike pit and away from the entrance if we ever need to use it during an attack. I'll have them opening and closing like they should in no time at all, don't you worry."

Somehow, thought Unib, having them open and close the way that they should wasn't any more comforting than having them open and close at all.

Phase one complete, aside from the minor tuning to get it to alternate correctly! Once I get that in, I'll put up a movie of it. ~~A technical diagram:~~ Technical diagram replaced with screenshot.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The entrance corridor (a 5x10 area) is now fully rigged with grates that, with the pull of a lever, will open and close in such a way that there will always be a path into the fortress, but never a "safe" path: all of the Obsdian grates are linked to one trigger, and all of the Dolomite grates are linked to another, so that only one set is closed at a time, and they alternate as fast as grates trigger (10 step delay). So, an enemy attempting to cross the entrance will be forced onto the currently-solid grates, which will toggle at some point during the crossing and drop them into the spikes, which completely cover the bottom of the pit, and are also hooked up to an alternator so that pulling the lever causes them to cycle up and down until the lever is deactivated. The pit and the beginnings of the spikes can be seen in the images back here (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=28540.msg392794#msg392794>), and once I remember to do it I'll be uploading a current map to the DFMA.

As if that weren't enough, the only exit from the pit leads to the barracks, and there are fortifications in the second level for marksdwarves to shoot into the pit (if, for whatever odd reason, everything in the pit isn't dead from the spikes).

Given that I'm quite happy with the military's performance thus far, it's unlikely that the deathtrap will ever see use in anger. I had originally designed it when I wasn't sure if it would be practical to raise an army that could confidently engage the orcs, as a horribly overcomplicated dwarven deathtrap to deal with the sieges (or at least stun them with the drop to give my military an edge). Somewhere in there Tosid went secretive and I decided to throw in a bit of fluid logic and insanity, just for fun, and keep building it even after the military proved that it could fight the orcs on even footing. I'm quite satisfied with the results.

His lungs burned. His legs ached. His head hurt. Each stride felt as though it would be his last, his limbs collapsing to jelly and sending him crashing into the yellow grass and brown clay that he ran over. He reached to his belt and grasped his waterskin, pulling it to his lips and drinking the warm fluid without slowing his run. Just a sip, or he knew he would have add stomach cramps to his list of ailments. Water splashed down the front of his cotton shirt, soaking it and making it cling to his skin. The wind of his movement cooled his body, a comforting feeling in the summer heat. He kept running, pressing on over the rolling hills of dried grass, heading North. Heading for Lanternwebs.

Behind him, a tower of smoke rose and separated into wisps, three days running behind him. He did not turn his head to look, but knew it was there. He could see, in his mind, the broken wagons, the butchered animals, the caravan guards stripped to bone and rags by the orcs that had attacked. He could see the fires they had lit, hungry flames licking the wagons until they had reached the dry timber they had brought to trade, then blossoming into blazes that stained the clear summer sky with broad strokes of black smoke. He could see the orcs roasting their food, both his men and their animals, in the heat from the burning wagons. Still, the image of his murdered companions being killed, cooked, and eaten had seared itself into his mind. Their bodies had been first pierced by the iron of the orc's arrows, then by the wood of the orc's roasting spits, and finally by the orc's yellowed teeth. A night of barbaric glee, the burning wagons forming the pyres for a savage victory dance and feast as he had hidden, unable to move or sleep for fear of being discovered. He knew that the orcs would have moved onwards now, heading North. Heading to Lanternwebs.

As he crested the next hill, his stride seemed to grow longer, his breathing more steady. In the distance he could see the dazzling white of Lanternweb's tower, shining to him across the miles between him and safety, giving him renewed strength as it guided him to his destination. There, he would warn the stout dwarves of the orcs that threatened him. There, he would refill his waterskin and fill his pack

with food for the trip back to the Unions of Responsibility and his home. Only a few more miles to go, he told himself. Another hour, at most, and then he could rest.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 25, 2009, 05:07:18 pm**

Hm. I sense a siege following that post.

Put me on the front lines! DEATH OR GLORY! Well I guess I'll get both aswell if I die, but I won't know that. I'll be dead.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **peterix** on **February 25, 2009, 05:58:51 pm**

That deathtrap looks just lovely! Give it a chance to 'shine'. If not out of need then for the sheer awesome of seeing the machine doing its job ;)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Shoruke** on **February 25, 2009, 08:28:45 pm**

If we're going to meet the orcs in face-to-face combat, I want to be on the frontlines too. So help me I'm going to wreak some havoc!

But if we're not, I want to see this deathtrap of yours work.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 26, 2009, 04:06:38 pm**

"To arms!" shouted Flint, bursting into the barracks as sparring halted. As the noise quickly settled, he continued in a softer, but no less commanding voice. "Three squads of orcs, no time to waste. The diplomat has started his meeting with the Countess, and he'll want to leave immediately after that. We'll need to escort him out safely."

The soldiers of Lanternwebs clustered around him as Flint quickly sketched a crude map of the river valley in the sandy clay of the barracks floor with the butt of his axe. He pointed to the northern hills.

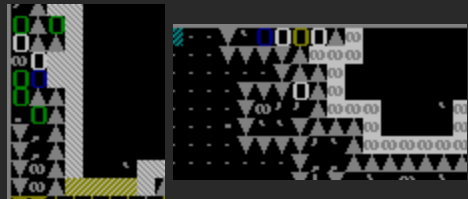
"We've got a squad of snipers coming in from the norther end, no doubt their scouting force. They'll rush to try to cut us off, so they are the first priority."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"The rest of them are up in the mountains, looked like another squad of archers and a squad of lancers. They're lead by the same three that escaped this summer, so the killing the leaders will be second priority. We don't want them coming back every season as long as they can keep resupplying nearby."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



He drew a line from the fortress up the river to the east.

"The diplomat will be heading this way. We'll need champions on the eastern hill to intercept the scouting force, and champions on the slopes to hold off the main force if they make a move."

"Tirist and the Dented Boots will take the eastern hills, The Tooninator and the Lancers of Disembowelment will take the slopes, my squad will provide point cover. Workerdrone, take your squad and hold at the bridge in case they go for the fortress instead. The marksdwarves will provide backup at the gates."

The dwarves moved rapidly, checking sheaths and quivers as they rushed to their assigned stations. They emerged from the fortress just ahead of the human diplomat, his backpack filled with whip vine biscuits and his waterskin refilled with cold water from the well, and split off towards their assigned posts. Within seconds, the clatter of dwarves in platemail at the bridge had been replaced with the unrelenting heat of the summer sun.

Workerdrone looked out over the valley from the foot of the bridge. The air was hot and clear, the inside of his armor sweltering. In the distance, he could see the orcs, all mounted on beak dogs, riding through the hills towards the entrance. Wiping sweat from his eyes with a scrap of cotton, he strained to see which direction they were heading. He hoped that they would choose to rush the fortress, thinking that he and the five dwarves with him were easy prey. That would be a chance at glory, he thought: Outnumbered nearly three to one (five to one if you counted the beak dogs), holding the entrance of the fort until the other squads could come to his aid. His dwarves holding the bridge, slaughtering orcs as they were funneled into the unyielding line his squad would set up. The orcs breaking and fleeing only to realize that the other squads were behind them, cutting off their escape route. A title to say with pride, to treasure as his own and hold up as an achievement as worthy as any craftsdwarf's artifact. His masterpiece, in sliced muscle and flowing blood, menacing with spikes of steel and shattered bone. His title, an epithet to strike fear into the hearts of his enemies and inspire his comrades to greater heights. He wiped his forehead with the cloth again. If only the orcs would come to him, he thought.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Watching the diplomat disappear into the distance, Flint turned to look at the orcs, racing down across the valley towards the Lancers of Disembowelment. Flint smiled craftily behind his beard. By abandoning the hills, their escape route would be cut off. He hefted his axe, knowing that it would soon see heavy use. If things went as planned, not a single orc would survive the coming battle. Their arrows would be of little use, once they were caught between The Tooninator and Tirist, and with himself and Workerdrone farther up the river, they would have nowhere to run.

He raised his axe high, the steel blade flashing in the sunlight, and bellowed out the order to charge as he lead the Elder Banners towards the orcs on the valley floor. He could see the other three squads charging as well, their shields high, their weapons drawn. The battle had begun.

This was kind of odd. Only the diplomat showed up, no merchants, and he only talked to the countess long enough to give greetings, comment on the fortress, and then leave. I'm not sure if it's a bug or what, but it's in the story now.

I'm also not entirely sure that I'm satisfied with the writing this time, so I may well go back and edit it. The events are the same, though.

Movie of the battle is here (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1125-summer113-firstskirmish>), with the full description coming tomorrow.

Edit: I like that better. Workerdrone is fun to write for.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 27, 2009, 04:24:00 pm**

I can't wait for that battle to be described...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **February 27, 2009, 04:56:52 pm**

The Tooninator ordered his squad to halt their ascent. In the valley below, they could see the orcs rushing towards them, their beak dogs shrieking with excitement at the coming battle, their claws kicking up clouds of dust as they trampled the dry grass in their charge. There was no point in leading them farther up into the mountains, he knew. The battle would be a melee charge into archers as always, trusting in their shields and plate mail to protect them until they could reach the orcs and slaughter them. With a shout, he ordered his dwarves forward.

The battle was joined in the brook, splashes of red-tinted water rising to accent each motion. The beakdogs reared and swiped, their claws skittering off dwarven shields like the water that surrounded them. Steel flashed in splashes like leaping fish, the swords moving rapidly in long-practiced arcs to dismount orcs and slay them as they fell to the ground. The shields seemed to move slowly, a great school of steel swaying this way and that as they turned away arrows and the dwarves advanced, leaving the brook stained dark red with the blood of the orcs behind them.

Urvad Fatherlin, sword champion of Lanternwebs, hurried to join the battle from his position in the hills. Already, the orcs had started retreating from the brook, and it would only be a matter of time before they broke and fled. Below him, he saw their leader, an immense orc slasher, wheel his beak dog around and begin to head towards the hills, hoping for escape. With a cry, Urvad leapt at him, severing the mount's head, tackling the orc, and sending him crashing to the ground.

Rolling quickly to his feet, Urvad drew his sword and turned to see the orc had already recovered, and was facing him with sword in hand. "Let me know your name," The orc snarled in broken dwarven, "That I might know who it is that I have slain on this day."

"I am Urvad Fatherlin, Sword-Champion of Lanternwebs." Responded Urvad, his voice carrying clearly over the noise of the battle."I will see you to your grave this day, even if I should fall."

"Know then, little dwarf, that you have been slain by Ber Smumubsngang, swordmaster of the Mysterious Dread." said the orc, and he lunged at Urvad, the sword swinging in an overhead arc.

Urvad stepped nimbly aside and counterstruck, the point of his blade seeking the unprotected flesh of the orc's legs. Ber brought his shield down to block the strike, shoving forwards to send Urvad tumbling to the ground. Despite his heavy plate armor, the dwarf recovered quickly, raising his sword to let the follow-up attack slide down and over him as he stepped in and thrust.

Dwarven steel sliced cleanly through the crudely-forged orcish chainmail, and blood welled up around the blade, stuck deep inside Ber's stomach. Ber shook his body with a cry of rage, breaking Urvad's grip on the blood-slick sword handle. Urvad abandoned the sword and dodged nimbly back, out of reach of the orc's sword. "You are slain!" He cried to Ber.

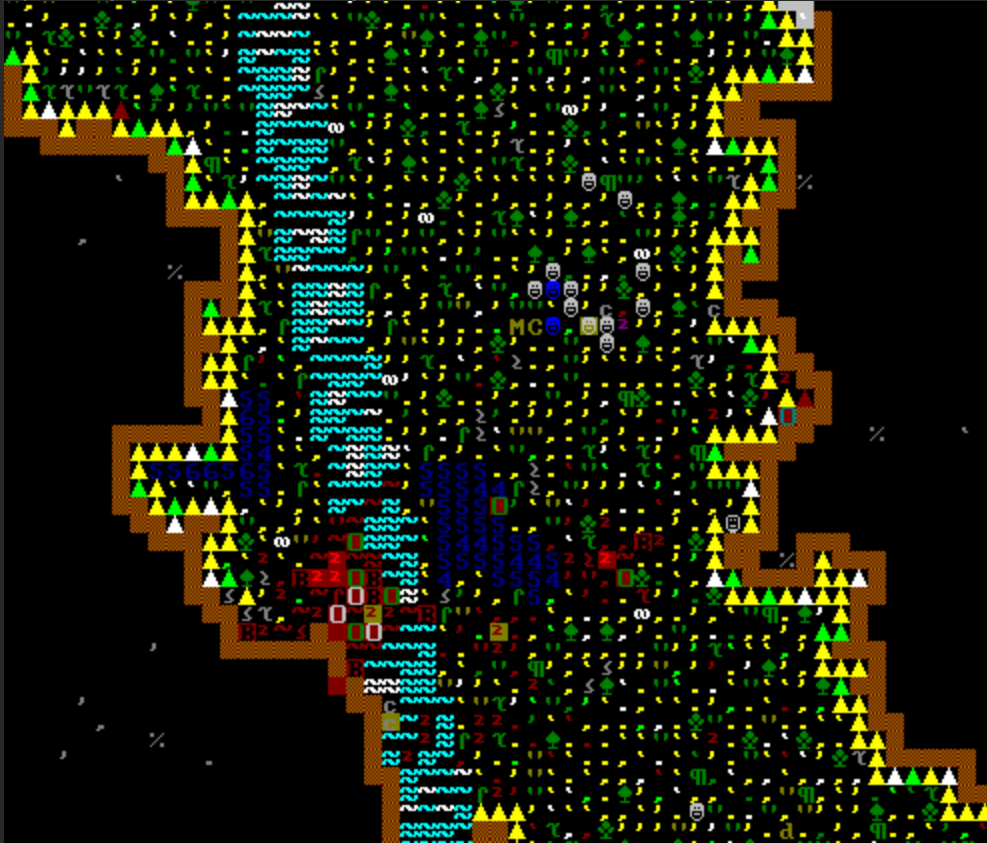
The orc snarled back and hurled his heavy orcish scimitar, the black iron striking Urvad's left arm, the steel plate buckling under the weight and shearing off, taking Urvad's arm and shield with it. Unimaginable pain shot through him as the ragged end spurted, but he kept facing the orc. "You are overconfident, little dwarf. How will you live without an arm?" mocked Ber.

"You are mistaken, foul orc." shouted Urvad defiantly. "It matters not whether I live or die, only that you do not live to see the sun set." Urvad lowered his head and charged, his hand seeking his sword, to tear it out and continue the fight to the end. Ber reached down, his thick fingers grabbing the dwarf-sized handle and bleeding as they grasped the bottom of the blade. With a grunt, he pulled it free and swung at the charging dwarf.

The blow caught Urvad in the left side, the steel of his armor giving way to the dwarf-sharpened edge of his sword and the strength of his foe. Urvad could see blood pouring from Ber's opened wound, tainted with black bile from the ruptured stomach. As the blade continued through, he felt strangely at peace. His momentum had not been slowed, and he pushed off from the ground, forcing the blade through the other side as his upper body soared, his life's blood trailing behind him as his heart gave him a few, final seconds of life to wrap his

remaining arm around the orc's neck and squeeze as hard as he could until consciousness, and life, slipped away from him like the last grains of sand through the neck of an hourglass.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Flint and The Tooninator stood together on the field of battle. Already the flies had begun to descend, lured by the smell of blood in the hot sun. The brook ran a dark red, and the grass was littered with the bodies of the slain. Not a single orc had survived the slaughter, unable to break through Tirist and escape. A place of honor would already be prepared in the Warrior's Tomb for Urvad, their only loss. The first battle had been won, the diplomat was safely on his way, and now their attention could be turned to the two remaining squads of orcs in the mountains.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **February 27, 2009, 05:49:47 pm**

Pure brilliance. Why isn't this in the Hall of Legends already?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **February 27, 2009, 06:11:42 pm**

For Lanternwebs!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **February 27, 2009, 08:05:21 pm**

Good. No. GREAT.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **March 02, 2009, 07:17:35 am**

Great story Rysith. Finally got around to reading it all.

If there is any young and slightly psycopathic axedwarf available and it's not too late, I would like to join in. Name Kheskeim. Feel free to do anything you want with him.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 02, 2009, 07:58:30 pm**

Grimes gripped his axe handle nervously. The adrenaline of the first clash no longer surged through his veins, replaced with cold anticipation of the battle to come. To the west, he could see storm clouds the color of gabbro advancing, their gray fringes already starting to hide the sun. To the east, he knew that two squads of orcs lingered, their savagery barely contained by the cunning of their commanders. Waiting, he knew, to force the dwarves to come to them and fight them far from the gates, without the benefit of their fortifications and bridge.

The sweat under his armor, once welcome in the summer heat, grew clammy as the clouds rolled in. He could see the squad commanders standing in a huddle, their heads bowed together in urgent discussion. The Tooninator would be suggesting a frontal rush, he knew, and Workerdrone would be agreeing wholeheartedly. Flint would be urging caution and tactics, supported by Tirist. He sat down to watch a colony of ants pick over an orc head, the mouth hanging open in an eternal scream of rage as the ants swarmed over the it, the empty eye sockets seeming to glare at the living world with hatred. He poked the head with his axe, rolling it away from him as the ants scattered. He hoped that the commanders would come to a decision soon, anything would be better than waiting.

He had been late to the last battle, stationed under Workerdrone at the gates, and hadn't charged until the battle had already been joined. It was probably for the better, he thought, as he reflected on the sight of the champions charging the orcish archers, their shields turning away dozens of otherwise-lethal arrows. His own shield was still heavy on his arm, and a charge against archers required that the soldier trust absolutely in his strength, speed, and skill. One day he would be there, he knew, but today was not that day. His shield was still heavy on his arm, he still struggled to deflect even all of the strikes against him during sparring practice.

Flint's call to assemble cut through his thoughts like the axe that had severed the head, and Grimes hurried over to the commander's circle with the rest of the army.

"The attack will be in two forks." Flint was saying. "I will lead my and Workerdrone's squads to the north, facing the lancers. The Tooninator will lead his and Tirist's squads to engage the archers in the east. It is crucial that we strike at the same time, so that neither squad has a chance to flee. We must kill both leaders if we want to ensure the safety of the dwarven caravan this autumn."

The squads were quickly in position, as close as they dared to the waiting squads of orcs. The humidity was getting worse, and Grimes knew that rain was coming soon. The inside of his armor was uncomfortably slick with moisture, something that the muggy air did nothing to improve. Flint raised his axe and ordered the squads forward, and Grimes charged behind him, raising his axe high and shouting a war cry as they rushed towards the orcish lancers.

The lancers responded in kind, rushing forward to engage the charging dwarves. Grimes saw an orc steering her beak dog towards him and slowed, raising his shield to protect himself against the mounted charge. As he expected, the spear landed heavily on his shield, the

tip blunting and sliding off the fine dwarven steel of his shield. He shifted it slightly, hearing the beak dog's claws skitter ineffectively off it as he drove forward with the shield, feeling the beak dog unbalance and fall. His axe fell in a swift downward stroke, parting skin and muscle to lay open a grievous wound in the beak dog's side as the beat struggled to get back on its feet. The beast shrieked in pain and fell to the ground as Grimes turned his attention to the orc.

Grimes and the orc circled the dying beak dog, the orc holding her spear in front as she probed for an opening past Grime's shield and Grimes unwilling to open himself to the orc's longer weapon by attacking. Moments dragged on, each step by one matched by the other. The point of the black iron spear waving idly at its reflection in the shield, the blade of the gray steel axe held low and steady, the top of its blade nearly touching the ground.

The beak dog, in a final, reckless act of courage, suddenly lunged at Grimes. His shield dropped quickly to block the body, and the orc lunged, the blunted point striking Grimes in the helmet and deflecting, but leaving him dizzy with a ringing in his ears. He frantically swung with his axe, the low arc nicking the orc's leg as she withdrew, and Grimes stepped back to give himself space while his head cleared. The two resumed their circling as the beak dog coughed its final blood and collapsed on the warm stone of the mountainside.

"She's overeager." thought Grimes. "She'll strike if I give her an opening." He thought about the execution: He'd lower the shield as the orc charged, taking the spear blow on his armor and getting a clean shot into the orc's unarmored head. The steel plate would protect him. He just had to lower the shield. Give up a bit of his defense to end the battle. Trust in his armor, in his axe. "It won't get through, the tip is already blunt." he thought to himself. "I've got the skills to end this now." Still he circled. "The strike won't hurt any worse than the one I just took. It'll give me a good strike." Another step to the left, matched immediately by the orc across from him. "'Chop! Thunk!'. No more orc! Only a minor bruise!". A pause, then a step to the right. The orc matched his movements. "Maybe I'll even swing in early. Hit her before she even gets the strike in." A step forward, a step back. "Anything is better than waiting."

Finally convinced, Grimes lowered his shield, feinting exhaustion. As expected, the orc lunged for his heart, and he quickly brought his axe up to swing. He felt the tip of the spear slam into his breastplate, and felt himself be pushed backwards by the force, but he pivoted to let the spear slide past him, bringing his left arm up to trap the black shaft in the plates of his elbow as his axe came around, striking the orc in the jaw. The steel sliced easily through skin and bone, leaving the orc's jaw dangling from her throat. With a tug on the spear, he unbalanced the orc and sent her sprawling to the ground. A step to the right, another swing with his axe, and the orc lay dead at his feet, her hand still gripping the spear that he had trapped.

Grimes stood, shaking with released tension. He cautiously felt his armor where he had been struck, his fingers finding the thin scars on the metal where the spear had twice been deflected. He was amazed that his plan had worked, that he was not lying on the ground hoping for rescue before the pain seized him. That he had killed an orc, not in the frenzy of combat but with tactics and foresight. Around him, the battle was dispersing, the orcs fleeing from the battlefield as the slain littered the ground, their blood coloring the rocks a dark and sticky crimson.

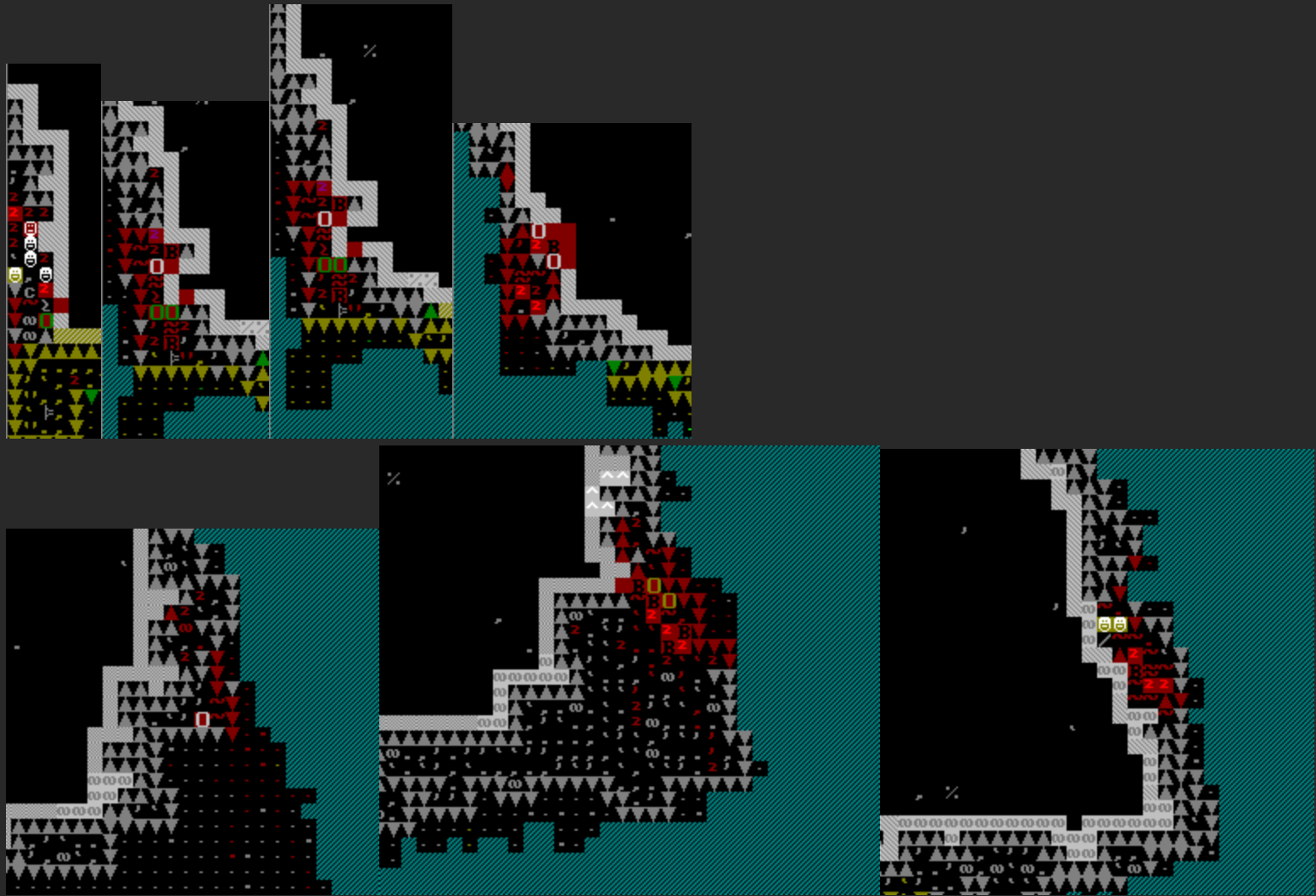
Dwarves were gathering again, slapping each other on the back as they recounted kills and celebrated their victory. Flint was ordering them to guard positions to ensure that no thieving kobolds could make off with orcish equipment before the civilians could gather it inside the fortress. He could see Shoruke standing with some of the champions of the Elder Banners, proudly displaying the blood on her war-pick. He wandered over to the rest of Workerdrone's squad, all busy congratulating on surviving another battle, just as Workerdrone was announcing that when they got off-duty, they'd have to head to the dining room for a round of drinks and a round of tales. He stood mutely among them as the fear and adrenaline drained from his body, leaving his arms and legs feeling like they were made of lead. But in their place, they left a strange new feeling, the feeling of confidence. Not the confidence of the champions, standing tall like a mighty oak on a mountaintop, able to face anything without flinching. A tiny seed, that might grow to such heights given nourishment. The very beginnings of what he could not learn in a lifetime of sparring. He barely jumped at all when the first stroke of lightning split the sky, warm summer rain pouring down to wash the sweat and blood of the battle away.

Xanares: I'm sure we've got someone that will suit you, I'll post it as soon as I can. It's too late for this battle, but there will always be more (or I have to go fix the orcs). It's certainly not too late for Lanternwebs to accept more people.

Gumball: I don't really feel comfortable asking for legendary status for Lanternwebs (legends being decided by the people, not the author), though I noticed that Flint already mentioned it for possible inclusion there.

Final battle statistics (no kill counts, sorry):
39 out of 48 orcs killed, with 34 beak dog kills. Two losses, both champions. 148 assorted non-corpse body parts on the field after the battle.

After-battle images (since they didn't fit into the story at all)
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



No movie of the second part, unfortunately. It was two simultaneous battles across 8 or so z-levels, and the movie that I took resisted all of my attempts to turn it into something watchable.

Once again, Lanternwebs repels yet another Greenskin assault. Its only a matter of time I say, until they all lay dead at our steel clad feet!

Alas, for every Dwarf killed, brings pain to our hearts. Yet we shall not falter! For every one of us killed in any battle, a dozen orcs will fall, and another Dwarf will take up the shield wall to replace him aswell!

To arms again I say! We have some heads to mount on pikes, and some orcish blood to spill!

Blood for the Blood God!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **March 02, 2009, 08:36:06 pm**

Tell me when I return home!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **March 03, 2009, 06:47:08 am**

No worries there Rysith. Everything in its own time.

Fix the orcs? Aren't they supposed to assault all the time? Shame they only bring beak dogs. I take it you haven't seen them bringing anything else? (I haven't). Ok sorry for the off topic here.

For Lanternwebs!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **March 03, 2009, 01:38:52 pm**

Quote
I don't really feel comfortable asking for legendary status for Lanternwebs (legends being decided by the people, not the author), though I noticed that Flint already mentioned it for possible inclusion there.

I know; it was kind of a rhetorical question :P I just said it to show my appreciation for the story :)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 03, 2009, 04:31:14 pm**

A solemn circle of dwarves stood at attention around the dolomite coffin. The only source of light came from a single candle set into the lid of the coffin, its weak flame glimmering off the polished steel platemail that each dwarf wore. Though the chamber was deep underground, the air was warm and dry, proof of the magma which flowed around the chamber, held back only by the masterful engineering of the dwarves. Below their feet magnetite shone dully, the gray stone softening and spreading the light until it did more to conceal than it did to reveal.

Kib Amkolrigòth the Fields of Scalding stepped forward and carefully lifted the candle, her steel-gloved hand pressing into the soft wax and sending a stream of liquid down the side to harden on her armored fingers.

"Today we gather to remember Kol Desorònul." Kib said, her quiet voice echoing through the small chamber. "Slain in battle defending Lanternwebs from those who would destroy it. Before his death, he had sent ten of our foes to their deaths, and earned the title of the Lost Bane. His bravery in combat no doubt saved dozens of dwarven lives. He was to all of us a companion in arms, to most of us a friend, to some of us a squadmate, and to one of us a lover." She choked slightly at the last words, but continued.

"He will be missed by each of us, and remembered with honor by all of us. His deeds will be sung of in every dwarven hall and engraved into the everlasting rock, that they will be known long after each of us has been called back to the earth. It will be forever recorded that he died a glorious death on the field of battle, his axe held strongly, his shield held high. It will be forever recorded that he fought to the end, neither attempting to flee nor surrendering in cowardice. It will be forever recorded that he has earned the servitude of those he has slain in the Eternal Halls, and he will no doubt be well-served there."

"He will continue to affect our halls as well. His spirit lives on in his armor and his axe, and that spirit will guide more dwarves along the path to victory, valor, and glory on the field of battle. Know now, you who have been chosen to wear his armor and wield his axe, the task that lies before you. Honor his deeds by continuing them where he can not."

"With these words, we send Kol Desorònul the Lost Bane from our tomb in Lanternwebs to the Eternal Halls in the heart of the mountains. May he be forever remembered in both."

Kib lifted the candle to her mouth, the flickering flames casting wild shadows around the room as it moved until she extinguished it with a quick puff of air. Darkness and silence fell on the room as the dwarves each knelt briefly before the coffin and filed out.



Xanares:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100
'Kheskeim' Mebzuthoddon, ''Kheskeim' Oarcloister'', Champion
'Kheskeim' Mebzuthoddon has been ecstatic lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He took joy in slaughter lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He admired a fine table lately. He admired own fine bed lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He is a worshipper of Inod. He is an enemy of the Mysterious Dread. He is an enemy of The Firey Demon. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'Kheskeim' Mebzuthoddon likes Clay loam, Platinum, Dendritic asats, ivory and cows for their haunting moos. He absolutely detests running maggots. He occasionally overindulges. He is somewhat reserved. He tends to avoid crowds. He is unassertive. He has a fertile imagination. He likes to try new things. He loves new and fresh ideas. He is slow to trust others. He is willing to compromise with others. He is disorganized. He has a sense of duty. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

Basically a good, hardworking axedwarf, but with a tendency to keep to himself and sometimes let his fantasies go a bit farther than they should. "Mildly psychopathic" is a strangely relative term, I strongly suspect that all of the dwarves in the military (and probably most of the dwarves in DF in general) would be psychopathic by real-life standards, especially given the amount that I'm basing my dwarves off Norse epics.

And yes, the orcs should be assaulting all the time. That's why I have to go fix them if they aren't.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **March 03, 2009, 05:14:10 pm**

What's the latest map at DFMA?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **March 04, 2009, 10:04:38 am**

Excellent! Funnily he sounds a lot like me hehe.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 04, 2009, 05:36:47 pm**

"Gather around, children." Zon Kidetrith said, sitting at the base of the platinum statue in the statue garden. "Gather around, and I shall tell you a tale of legendary heroes and fearsome beasts."

"Once upon a time, long before the Braided Lenses existed, there was a great dwarven king. This king, Rimtar Dalubur, was the wealthiest king in all the world. His fortress overflowed with gold and silver, his army had a thousand champions-at-arms, and his subjects were all as ecstatic as could be. There was only one problem that King Dalubur could see with his kingdom: There were not enough giant cave spider chitin items for his taste."

"King Daluber sent out a mandate throughout his kingdom: Construct me three giant cave spider chitin items! Now, as you know, giant cave spiders are not willing to part with their chitin willingly, and so a contest was set among the thousand champions, to determine who would go forth to slay the three giant cave spiders. For twenty days they sparred, until at last Tarmid Terstumtalin the Conflagration of Scribes, a swordsdwarf of unmatched skill, emerged victorious. 'I shall slay three of these giant spiders!' He said as he left the fortress gates. 'And return with their corpses within the month!'"

"Tarmid traveled for many weeks, seeking the caves that he knew the spiders lived in. He found many, and slew giants, trolls, and even an ettin in his search, but it was not until the third week that he at last found a cave covered in the webbing of the giant cave spider. He entered with caution, his sword drawn, and began the long descent into the darkness of the cave. It was only when he saw the light behind him blocked out and felt the stickiness of the spider's web upon his back that he realized his mistake. His arms were stuck helplessly in the web, and the spider, who had snuck up behind him, was able to quickly pounce on him and devour him."

The gathered children gasped in horror as Zon lunged forward, mimicking the spider's actions as it ended Tarmid's life.

"At the end of the month, King Dalubur grew impatient. He ordered his champions to spar again and send another warrior. Again, they fought for twenty days before selecting Astesh Tobuslibash the Hand of Crushing, a hammerdwarf who's skill was second only to Tarmid's, as their new seeker. Again, he set out boldly from the fortress, and again he promised that he would return with the corpses within the month."

"Astesh traveled far and wide, seeking chasms in the earth just like the one in the mountains here, where he knew giant cave spiders lurked. After three weeks of travel, having slain hundreds of troglodytes, batmen, and giant cave swallows in his search, he at last found a chasm filled with the giant webs he sought. Remembering that giant cave spiders could lurk hidden from view, he carefully caught a groundhog and released it onto the web before venturing in himself. As he suspected, an enormous spider, larger even than the one that had slain Tarmid, scurried out from its hiding place and sunk its massive teeth into the groundhog, killing it instantly."

"Astesh faced the giant spider, now revealed to him. He swung at the beast's body, crushing one of its legs with a powerful hammerstroke, and slammed into it with his shield. The spider clacked its enormous fangs at him, scuttling backwards and lunging in to bite, tearing Astesh's shield away from his arm. Unafraid, Ashtesh swung again with his hammer, putting out one of the foul creature's eyes. But the spider could not feel pain, and bit again, the mighty jaw muscles driving its venom-slick mandibles through Astesh's chestplate, killing him."

"Once again, King Dalubur grew impatient at his champion's failure to return. Not only was there no giant cave spider chitin to be had, the people were beginning to grow unhappy as news of the deaths of Astesh and Tarmid began to filter back. For the third time, he ordered his thousand champions (now missing two of their number) to find the best of them for a third expedition to slay giant spiders. The champions fought for a full month this time, finally selecting Innok Ulingsog the Intimidating Beard. Innok was unequaled with an axe, and the best of the champions that remained."

"Unlike Astesh and Tarmid, Innok began his quest by consulting the dungeon master about the weaknesses of the giant spiders, and where he might find them. After spending a week in deep study, he left the fortress without a word. He headed for the nearest human settlement, where he proclaimed that he was on a noble quest and would give gold and glory to any who followed him. With these words, he gathered a host of companions, each of them armed with iron weapons and armor of all sorts. Innok lead his band to a nearby cave, where he ordered his companions inside. As he had expected, a giant spider soon struck, but Innok was able to strike at it as it fought his men. When he at last severed its head and ended its life, it had slain half a dozen of his followers, but Innok pressed onwards, deeper into the cave."

"Farther into the cave, they again encountered a spider, and were again able to surround it and slay it, though with even heavier losses. Innok himself was gravely injured in the battle, and the humans refused to follow him any deeper. Unhappy that he could not continue to find a third spider, but glad that he had at least partially succeeded, Innok began hauling the two corpses back towards King Dalubur's fortress."

"When he at least arrived at the gate, his wounds and the weight that he had been carrying at last overwhelmed him, and he collapsed even as the peasants were rushing out to greet him. He was immediately taken inside to the infirmary and given water, while the butchers and leatherworkers began to treat the spiders that he had returned to make use of the chitin."

"But it was too late. King Dalubur was furious that his mandate had not been fulfilled, and ordered thirty hammerstrokes for Ethad, the master leatherworker of the fortress, for failing to make him his giant cave spider chitin items. The protests that the material had not been available, and that the punishment would surely kill the leatherworker fell on deaf ears. The hammerer (who was not nearly so kind as Likot is) went to his work quickly, and Innok died in his bed upon hearing of Ethad's death."

"The loss of their third champion, coupled with the King's injustice, was too much for the army of nearly a thousand champions. One by one they tore lose from reality, some seeking to end their own lives as quickly as they could, while others simply went mad, running around and babbling as they threw their armor and clothing around. The most fearsome ones, however, were the ones who went berserk, trying to kill as many other dwarves as they could before being slain by the fortress guard. Each new victim drew more into the madness until the fortress halls, once gleaming with gold and silver, instead ran red with rivers of dwarf blood. The King himself could not endure watching his fortress tear itself apart and hurled himself into the magma pipe, and the magnificent fortress crumbled to its end."

"And so, children, always remember: Never ask for giant cave spider silk, or chitin. To get it, hundreds of brave dwarves may die. And if you ever become mayor, never mandate that those items be constructed, or the fortress you lead will come crashing down around you."

Zon begins her brainwashing campaign! That was just a brief bit of filler, since the fortress is still in late summer (I haven't had much time to play recently).

As promised, a map of Lanternwebs is now available on the DFMA here (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-4892-lanternwebs>). I've labeled the non-obvious points of interest that I've mentioned in the story, let me know if there is anything else you'd like me to point out.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **March 04, 2009, 05:40:03 pm**

Thanks!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **March 05, 2009, 03:15:44 am**

Ironically, this is the kind of brainwashing you WANT.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 05, 2009, 05:03:26 pm**

From the journal of the Countess ïton Gimgoden, Autumn 113

I continue to be astonished at the speed with which the fortress resumed functioning after the battles of this summer. Not a day passed after the debris of the siege had been swept from the field before the skilled crafts dwarves were back at work, producing more of the fine crafts that I had seen on my entrance to Lanternwebs. Those without skill, or who were skilled only in an unneeded profession, were quickly outfitted in shining steel plate mail, plate mail that they must have simply had lying around for the speed with which it was distributed. Offering all dwarves a chance at glory in craft or combat strikes me as a remarkable service.

I can also see now why they believe a fortress guard to be unneeded. With nearly three out of every five dwarves in active military service, no hostile being could hope to get far into the fortress. And with the fine crafts, food, and drink flowing as freely as they do, who can help but be happy? It seems that nobody here is unhappy enough to commit crimes, and even without the threat of hammering mandates are filled almost immediately. They even gave me a golden door to my rooms without me even asking! All I had done was mention to Unib that my favorite metal of all was gold, and the next day it turned up. I can hardly imagine such a thing happening in the mountainhomes, where dwarves must be coerced to give nobles what they deserve with the threat of jail time and hammerings.

The actual events of the fortress, though, are not worth recording. In the forges, the smelters work constantly to re-forge the iron of the orcs into steel weapons and armor for our warriors, as if we needed more. In the barracks, the new recruits are being trained in the ways of combat by the champions of Lanternwebs. In the farms, our dwarves work tirelessly to provide the others with the food and drink that they require. The entire fortress runs along without fault.

Tosid has come to me asking for permission to begin a construction project in the mountains, which I saw no reason to deny. I've seen that the beginnings of a gate have already been constructed there, and no doubt he intends to expand on that. His project, however, has gotten me thinking about other construction projects that Lanternwebs could undertake, with its skill and wealth. I'm sure that, in time, we may even convince the Queen herself to take up residence here.

Finishing up summer now, and beginning Phase Two of Tosid's plan. Phase Three is now scheduled for after the Queen arrives, for story reasons. Nothing much is happening, Lanternwebs pretty much manages itself when there aren't orcs to be fought.

The new recruits bring us up to 67 out of 117 dwarves in the military full-time, mostly because that's how many it feels like I need to engage the orcs. They aren't just shields + spears, but it's almost the Spartan challenge.

Since we've got a Tax Collector now, I'll probably be posting stocks + map every autumn, to coincide with his reports to the mountainhome.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Wizardmon** on **March 05, 2009, 05:22:07 pm**

This is a amazing fortress, I can only try to dream about making a fortress like this one.

If it's not any trouble, I would like to be a novice swords dwarf.

If Wizardmon is too strange of a name for a dwarf, you can name him Shay Legutko.

Thanks for writing all this.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **March 05, 2009, 06:03:29 pm**

I'm sure if he allowed 'The Tooninator', he would allow 'Wizardmon'. Just my thought. ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 09, 2009, 03:28:14 pm**

Census for Lanternwebs, prepared in Autumn 113 by Endok Dedukrotod, Tax Collector

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99% of all shares are "Lanternwebs"

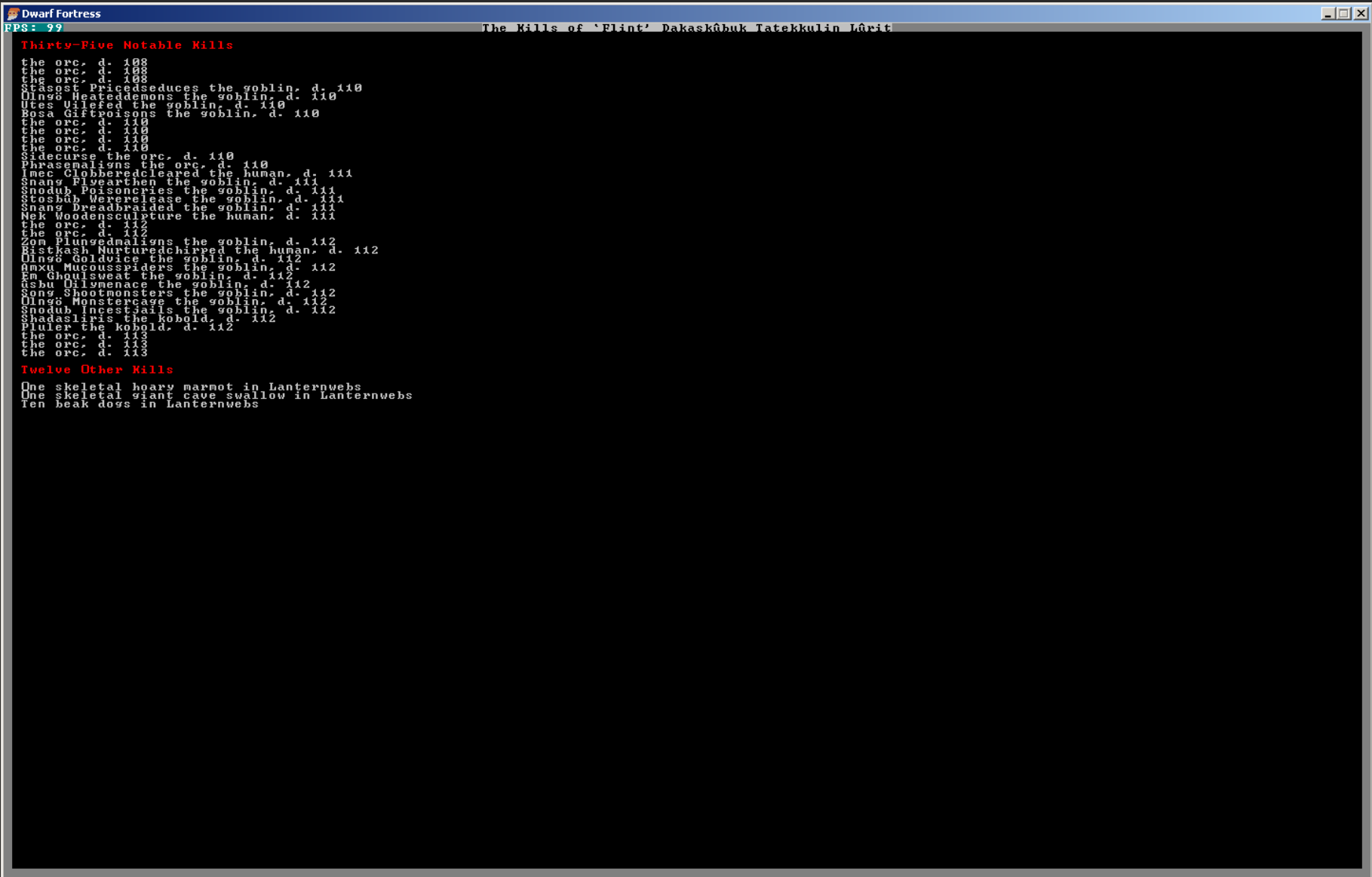
Animals	Kitchen	Stone	Stocks	Justice
Created Wealth: 10314938* Population: 117				
Weapons: 140740*		Miners 4	Champions 28	
Armor and Garb: 3664610*		Woodworkers 1	Axedwarves 1	
Furniture: 252670*		Stoneworkers 7	Axe Lords 3	
Other Objects: 1762660*		Rangers None	Swordsdwarves 2	
Architecture: 778077*		Metalsmiths 5	Swordmasters 6	
Displayed: 587114*		Jewelers 1	Macedwarves None	
Held/Worn: 3129067*		Craftsdwarves 9	Mace Lords None	
Imported Wealth: 442728*		Nobles/Admins 6	Hammerdwarves None	
Exported Wealth: 108837*		Peasants None	Hammer Lords None	
Food Stores: 3614		Children 9	Speardwarves None	
Meat 15	Seeds 1608	Fishery Workers None	Spearmasters 5	
Fish None	Drink 492	Farmers 7	Marksdwarves 5	
Plant None	Other 1499	Engineers 2	Elite Mrksdwrvs 1	
		Trained Animals 9	Wrestlers 12	
		Other Animals 212	Elite Wrestlers 9	
			Recruits 9	

According to the excellently-kept stocks, the wealth of Lanternwebs was slightly greater than 10.3 million at the moment that the dwarven caravan arrived. Due to the odd economic system that Lanternwebs keeps, they have opted to pay their tax communally. Goods, primarily clothing and armor, totaling 103,000 have been entrusted with the caravan upon their departure for transport back to the mountainhomes.

Within the military, many of the soldiers of Lanternwebs have accumulated an impressive number of kills on the field of battle. No less than ten of them have been granted titles, and the moral remains high. This moral is in no small part encouraged by the latest addition to the barracks, a skeletal troll captured from the nearby chasm and held in a steel cage as a centerpiece.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

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PS: 99 The Kills of 'Argentum' Nekoldeduk
Two Notable Kills
the orc, d. 112
the orc, d. 113
Four Other Kills
Four beak dogs in Lanternwebs
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PS: 100 The Kills of 'Grimes' Tulonsterus

Two Notable Kills

Utes Flybogs the goblin, d. 112
the orc, d. 113

Four Other Kills

Three skeletal mountain goats in Lanternwebs
One beak dog in Lanternwebs

PS: 99 The Kills of 'Kheskeim' Mebzuthoddom

Two Kills

the orc, d. 112
the orc, d. 113

PS: 99 The Kills of Kib Amkolrigòth Fikuk Cudïst

Eighteen Notable Kills

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Laylmus the kobold, d. 109
Solon Tradedclapped the skeletal batman, d. 110
the orc, d. 110
Baitedseduced the orc, d. 110
the orc, d. 110
Socketdemons the beak dog, d. 110
the orc, d. 110
the orc, d. 110
Stasost Doomedrouths the goblin, d. 110
Stozu Wickedchambers the goblin, d. 110
Arstruk Wademonster the goblin, d. 110
Nsokang Soldierdoom the goblin, d. 110
Onsnuk Doomedchained the goblin, d. 110
Zom Jackallimps the goblin, d. 110
Kutsmob Hategrowth the goblin, d. 111
Mato Demonspiraled the goblin, d. 111
Damsto Malignstarved the goblin, d. 112
the orc, d. 112

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One Other Kill

One beak dog in Lanternwebs

PS: 99 The Kills of 'Shoruke' Bidoksibrek

One Notable Kill

Fiendmenaced the orc, d. 113

One Other Kill

One beak dog in Lanternwebs

PS: 99 The Kills of 'The Tooninator' Matuliden Avan Zaled

Twenty-Six Notable Kills

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Dodd6k Esteepbodge the skeletal batman, d. 109
Udial Paintlord the skeletal batman, d. 109
Sladadastringis the kobold, d. 109
the orc, d. 110
Utes Sweatdread the goblin, d. 110
Iluluthlaylgus the kobold, d. 110
Neebz0 Ruthlessfealty the goblin, d. 111
Utes Bigwitches the goblin, d. 111
Atu Ruthlesssins the goblin, d. 111
Nako Stolenwraith the goblin, d. 112
the orc, d. 112
Ciko Fencetone the human, d. 112
Bosa Nightmarechance the goblin, d. 112
Snamo2 Roaredsvider the goblin, d. 112
Estruor Townflies the goblin, d. 112
Dostogosp Witchwaters the goblin, d. 112
Snodub Sealjackals the goblin, d. 112
Stosbab Malignlessons the goblin, d. 112
the orc, d. 113
the orc, d. 113
the orc, d. 113
the orc, d. 113
the orc, d. 113
Stibi3lomber the kobold, d. 113
the orc, d. 113
the orc, d. 113

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Fourteen Other Kills

Twelve beak dogs in Lanternwebs
Two skeletal mountain goats in Lanternwebs

The mood among the non-military dwarves is similarly high. Lanternwebs is wealthy enough to spend resources on everyone, and even as I prepare this report I can hear engravers on the floor above my office covering the walls with images glorifying the skill at crafts and at arms of the dwarves of Lanternwebs.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100	Engraved on the wall is an exceptionally designed image of the orc and dwarves by Likot Edtûlducim. The orcs are fighting with the dwarves. The artwork relates to the attack on The Theater of Beards at Lanternwebs by The Mysterious Dread in the early summer of 110 during Olnëðkëk. "The Monstrous Assault".
PS: 100	Engraved on the floor is a superbly designed image of the orc and 'Flint' Coloredances the Acrid Palm of Spines is striking down. The artwork relates to the killing of the orc by the dwarf 'Flint' Coloredances the Acrid Palm of Spines in Lanternwebs in the early spring of 113 during Odesustolkëk. "The Molten Murder-Assaults".
PS: 100	Engraved on the wall is an exceptionally designed image of Olin Gildcertain the dwarf and a Steel gauntlet by Likot Edtûlducim. Olin Gildcertain is raising the Steel gauntlet. The artwork relates to the masterful Steel left gauntlet created by the dwarf Olin Gildcertain for The Theater of Beards at Lanternwebs in the early summer of 110.
PS: 99	Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of the orc and Fath Boltpleated the dwarf by Litast Koltathur. Fath Boltpleated is striking down. The artwork relates to the killing of the orc by the dwarf Fath Boltpleated in Lanternwebs in the early summer of 113 during Slodsekëk. "The Searing Assault".

Despite the apparent danger from invading forces, the military continues to hold the orcs and goblins at bay, albeit with some losses. The proper funeral rites are always held, though, and there seems to be no danger of a breakdown of law and order. I am pleased to report that all mandates thus far have been fulfilled quickly and without complaint.

No other comments. I await the next caravan, that I may properly report Lanternweb's progress.

A bit boring, but hopefully Endok's census-taking will provide a regular way to display the stocks (and next year, the map). I think it's better than just saying "Here is the current stocks screen, here are the kill counts". That's all the named dwarves with kills, by the way, so if you don't see yourself on it it means that you don't have any notable kills yet. That's not all that surprising, though, since I've been fighting orcish archers with melee troops on open ground recently, which means that I don't send out non-legendary shield users. Hopefully we'll get some more melee orcs in the next few sieges, or some goblin ambushes, and then everyone can get some kills.

Wizardmon, I've got you a dwarf, but since he has a bit of history behind him I'm going to introduce him in a separate post later today.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 09, 2009, 04:25:17 pm**

Wizardmon knelt on one knee on the packed clay floor of the barracks, his head bowed to stare at his steel-armored foot. In front of him, The Tooninator was addressing the new swordsdwarves, speaking of honor and glory, orcs and goblins, beakdogs and arrows. Wizardmon kept looking at his boot, struggling to keep his mind on The Tooninator's speech. Along the inside of the leg, he could see a complex pattern centered around two interlocking Os, proof that his boot, and indeed his entire suit of armor, had been forged by Olin Oltaros, Master Armorer of Lanternwebs, his father.

His mind wandered back to the journey to Lanternwebs, when he was young. The fear as they listened to the sounds of the night, strange and hostile, huddled in their wagon. The hopelessness as their leader had announced, as their wagon sank slowly into the swamps of the Stinky Murk, that he didn't know where they were or how to get to Lanternwebs. The sadness when his mother, long sickened by the bite of some foul swamp insect, had finally been unable to walk any farther and had collapsed, their leader insisting that they had to leave her behind or all suffer the same fate. And at last the joy as they finally arrived at Lanternwebs, their starving stomachs filled with syrup biscuits and their parched throats splashed with beer and rum.

The Tooninator kept talking, now about the training that he would have to endure as part of the Lanternwebs militia. He knew that he didn't need to listen, now. His father was good friends with most of the soldiers, and had told him stories, late at night, of the clashes between the dwarves and the orcs. He had seen, too, the armor brought down to his father's forge for repairs after battle, the shining steel plates marred by deep dents or pierced through by iron arrow shafts. But his father had encouraged him to join, saying that it would be only fitting for him to be forging the steel that protected his son.

He glanced sideways, and caught the eye of Astesh, kneeling next to him. She, too, had been a survivor of the trek to Lanternwebs, and they had grown up together as close friends. Once they were both adults, that friendship had blossomed into romance, fueled by their mutual experiences on the journey and long hours spent talking to each other once they had arrived. He had been the one to suggest joining the military, but she had said that her father, Litast Koltathur, had been urging her in the same direction. Joking, she said, that he'd be honored to engrave her victories in battle on the fortress walls. Now they knelt, side by side, as The Tooninator continued to give his welcoming speech.

"... And now," said The Tooninator, "Knowing what lies before you, honor and death, orcs and beakdogs, hardship and glory, are there any among you that would turn back? That would falter before anything presented to you, that would not look the very demons of the underworld themselves in the eye without blinking? For that may be asked, even demanded of you should you choose to stay. Let the dwarf who would never retreat and never surrender, no matter the odds, stand now!"

Wizardmon stood without hesitation, feeling the smooth joints of the armor slide against each other as he rose, his gaze locked ahead, his visor up. Astesh stood after him, her face showing the same determination that it had when her mother had been taken in the night by wolves, and they had sworn to each other than they would keep going, no matter what happened. Behind him, he could hear other recruits rising, some of them stumbling slightly as the blood rushed from their heads. Gradually, all twelve dwarves in the room came to their feet, rattling plates as they shifted under the unaccustomed weight.

"Then welcome, my friends." said The Tooninator. "Welcome to the swordsdwarves of Lanternwebs. May your lives be long and your deaths be glorious."

The Tooninator stepped forward, offering a short sword hilt-first to Wizardmon. Along the finely-crafted blade he could see the mark of Skjald, a good friend of his father and the master weaponsmith of Lanternwebs. With her weapons to fight with, his father's armor to protect him, and Astesh's father to engrave his glory for all time, he feared nothing as he sheathed the sword and prepared for his first sparring session.

Wizardmon
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

PS: 100	'Wizardmon' Lolorumâm. "'Wizardmon' Lettersoared". Swordsdwarf
'Wizardmon' Lolorumâm has been ecstatic lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He made a friend recently. He admired a fine Seat lately. He talked with a friend lately. He became caught up in a new romance recently. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He has complained about the draft lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He has lost a friend to tragedy recently. He was caught in the rain recently. He admired own fine Bed lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is the son of Olin Gildcertain. He is romantically involved with Astesh Torchrelieved. He is a casual worshipper of Rodem the Rav of Lobsters. He is a citizen of the Braided Senses. He is a member of the Theater of Beards. Wizardmon Lolorumâm likes Limestone, Billion, Pink Jade, clear glass, war hammers and goblets. When possible, he prefers to consume Longland beer. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He tries to live a well-organized life. He constantly strives for perfection. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.	

Astesh
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

PS: 99	Astesh Litastnoram. "Astesh Torchrelieved". Swordsdwarf
Astesh Litastnoram has been ecstatic lately. She had a satisfying sparring session recently. She ate a legendary meal lately. She became caught up in a new romance recently. She has complained about the draft lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She has been annoyed by flies. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She has lost a friend to tragedy recently. She was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately. She admired a fine Door lately. She admired own fine Bed lately. She was forced to endure the decay of a friend. She was disgusted by a miasma lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She was caught in the rain recently. She was comforted by a pet lately. She is the daughter of Litast Wheelscribes. She is romantically involved with 'Wizardmon' Lettersoared. She is a worshipper of Limul. She is a citizen of the Braided Senses. She is a member of the Theater of Beards. Astesh Litastnoram likes Diorite, Billion, Light yellow diamond, bucklers, piccolos and cats for their vermin-hunting qualities. When possible, she prefers to consume Plum Helrets and River spirits. She absolutely detests toads. She is somewhat reserved. She is relaxed. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She loves to defy convention. She is disorganized. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.	

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **March 09, 2009, 05:47:41 pm**

Good read ol'chap.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 10, 2009, 03:58:11 pm**

From the journal of the Countess îton Gimgoden, early Winter, 113

Autumn has come and gone, and with it the dwarven caravan. The liason was extremely polite when I asked him if he could be sure to

bring some fortification agate for Mebzuth, promising some cut stones next year. I'll have the jeweler set them into a nice ring for him, or something like that. The liason also asked if we still wanted "the usual", which I agreed to. I haven't had a chance to speak to Unib about what Lanternwebs imports, but they seem to have a good idea of what they need.

Has it really been eight months that I've been living here? On the one hand, I can scarcely believe that it has been so long, and I have not even begun to understand the workings of the fortress. Everything seems to work so well, I'm almost afraid to touch anything for fear that it will break. And Unib seems to do it without any effort on his part, too. Every time I see him, he's relaxing with the children in the statue garden. I really must ask him his secret sometime.

On the other, I can scarcely believe that I have seen so much in so little a time. Everyone in Lanternwebs seems constantly busy, perpetually rushing around doing this or that. When I arrived, it was cleaning up after a siege. When that was done, it was expanding the lower caverns. In the summer, it was cleaning up again. During that time, enough images that would have been remarkable at the mountainhomes were inscribed on the walls that they seem normal. Of course, the forges below work constantly to re-forged the battlefield salvage, and the military is training constantly. And none of that compares to the two true works of art that have been created.

These are works that are to Lanternweb's typical crafts as those typical crafts are to the common crafts of the Mountainhomes. The first, named Cuggàn Morusmozib by its creator, was the chestnut ring that I wrote of earlier. The second made me see why its creation was seen as typical. Early in Sandstone the clothier produced a cotton head veil even more elaborate than the ring, four days after waking the entire fortress with his proclamation of inspiration. The headband is studded with steel and encircled with intertwining bands of green glass and emerald-dyed cotton and a spiked halo of giant eagle bones and cotton cloth project around the brow. The band alone would have been an amazing work even without the veil attached. The fringe of the veil itself is done in an astonishing pattern of cotton and more green glass, the green glass picking out repeated geometric patterns that continue until they become so small that they are lost to sight. On the veil, there is an image of Kib Amkolrigòth the Fields of Scalding delivering the killing axe-stroke to an orc, the needlework both obscuring the face of the wearer and providing them clear sight at the same time. The masterpiece is finished with a scene of the founding of the mountainhomes in a masterfully worked piece of sardonyx, along with tiny hanging rings of steel, to weight the veil. No wonder the dwarves here think of such events as only mildly interesting, if they happen twice a year!

Autumn also brought us a birth, and a death. One of the new recruits, Adtan Stizashkigòth, died in a training accident, despite his armor. His death, though, was eased by the birth of Edëm Onslaughtglove, the son of Momuz Ebalustuth and Bim Ensebeshtân the Mechanical Woods of Binding, two of our sword champions.

Some of the minor nobles have been taking advantage of Lanternweb's wealth for their own benefit, though I was happy to see the platinum statue that Endok ordered gracing the communal dining room rather than her personal quarters. I personally will remain happy as long as they export no gold. We'll need all of it that we can get for the project I have in mind. I'm sure that Oddom will be willing to help, once I lay the plans out for him.

Title: Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)
Post by: WorkerDrone on March 10, 2009, 05:12:31 pm

Now then. Gather 'round lads. Here be a fightin' song. Pick up that there fiddle, and no time for dribble. Thats right!

O'!
While we be drinking up there lads, the nobles be callin' plans!
To siege the Orcish Stronghold!

O'!
While we may be short, and they be tall, what a plan it is to all!
The savage lands 'round the Band, but we strike them all down alone!

O'!
While we may be outnumbered lads, don't forget those plans, to burn that Stronghold!
Where you might find the promised lands, there be orcs lads, so bring about, and fire now, for the Dwarven Band!

O'!
So look and hear your old friend the sword, and charge the gates forlorn, you'll be sure to win against that foul Orcish band, fighting alone!

O'!
Nay I say, to those who weep the loss, you shan't be alone, in that promised land!

Warriors Tomb!

Warriors Tomb!

I'a! I'a! I'a!

Ahahaha! 'right lads! Time for some killin'!

Title: Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)
Post by: Rysith on March 11, 2009, 04:15:58 pm

"All dwarves inside!" shouted Tosid. He watched as the dwarves in the statue garden scattered underground to the dining room, their eyes searching for some unseen attacker that would force them deep underground. The military of Lanternwebs had long been strong enough to guarantee their safety outside, even during the orcish sieges, and now they whispered among each other as they speculated what could have worried their leaders enough to hide them.

"Was that really needed?" Asked Flint, glancing at Tosid. "You just need them out of the entranceway, not the whole aboveground."

"It's the furnace operators, mostly." Replied Tosid. "They keep coming out to the pile we've got over there to melt down the orcish equipment. I'm not taking chances with even one of them stepping out there. All clear? Stand by, grates! Pull the Lever!"

The Duke, standing ready at his lever, pulled the blue cobaltite lever. For several seconds, the tick of gears and counterweights could be heard faintly throughout the fortress until, with a rumbling sound, a floodgate beneath the farms slid upwards.

"Eight...Nine...Ten!" Tosid counted excitedly to himself, the "ten" punctuated by the distinctive "snap" as half of the entrance way grates snapped down onto their steel pillars. He continued to mutter to himself until, with another shifting of counterweights, the grates swapped, solid footing replaced by empty air and empty air full once more.

"Stand by, spikes! Pull the Lever!" Tosid shouted, as below him Skjald activated her lever, once more filling the lower levels with the shifting of counterweights. The forest of spikes at the bottom shot upwards just as the grates switched once more, their steel points glittering in the autumn sun.

"A quite worthy defense." said Flint admiringly, as the spikes retracted and the grates toggled again. "Even the strongest army would be unable to resist such a device."

"Stand by, grates and spikes! Disengage!" Shouted Tosid. Within seconds, the entrance had been restored to safety, and the spikes beneath ceased their movement. The Deathtrap of Lanternwebs was operational!

Time for some killing, indeed. We're entering winter now, so hopefully we'll either get goblins (training fodder for the non-champions) or Orcs (worthy opponents and/or test participants for the deathtrap. Possibly both.)

~~Movie up later tonight!~~ Movie upload delayed, but now available here (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1167-deathtraptest>) The grates aren't perfectly in sync, but it still works quite well. Orcs could also theoretically sprint across it, but a squad of dwarves on "hold ground" should be able to handle anything that gets over. Too bad pressure plates don't work in adventure mode, or this could turn into a "Fun" bit for any adventurers.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 12, 2009, 03:34:19 pm**

"Only a few hundred blocks." Muttered Tosid. In front of him, spread out on the dolomite table of his office, were a set of elaborate plans, their details finely colored in emerald dye. Along the side was a list of materials, scribbled in almost as an afterthought to the grand design: a hundred or so mechanisms and cages, several hundred dolomite blocks, and a single entry for "scaffolds". "But what should the cages be? Iron? Steel?"

"What is it?" Asked the Countess, stepping into the small room behind Tosid to peer over his shoulder.

"Nothing!" Yelped Tosid, frantically rolling the plans together and shoving the roll of cloth under the table. "Why are you in here, anyway?"

"I've been asking around a bit, and it seems like you are the person to talk to about large construction projects." She replied, pulling out a scroll from her cloak and unrolling it on the table. "The deathtrap in the entranceway feels like your design, too. How difficult would it be for us to build this?"

Tosid looked over the scroll, his eyes taking in the grand scheme that it detailed. Where he would have used rock, the Countess wanted gold, seeking to impose her construction from the landscape rather than have it blend in. But, he reflected, when it was completed it would mark Lanternwebs far more than their archery tower ever could.

"We've got the gold, sure." Tosid said, stroking his beard and pointing at the plans. "But it will never support the weight over here. Gold's a soft metal, nice for decoration, but you'd end up with dents and folding in no time. You'd do better to make the sides out of steel. Keeping the center gold should be fine, though. Same with the pillars, really. Much better to have them be steel rather than gold, especially with that weight on top of them."

"What about the statues?" The Countess asked, a worried expression on her face. "Can those stay as gold? I'd like as much of it as possible to be gold, really. It has such a nice shine to it."

"The statues are fine, I'm sure Oddom can make some rather nice ones." Tosid said. "Replacing the outside with steel, you're looking at a few hundred bars of gold for that, and another few hundred of steel. The miners will need to get to work digging out the gold, but we've got a few veins of it, so there should be enough."

"Excellent!" Said the Countess, slipping the plans back inside her cloak. "I'll tell Unib to have the workers get started on it immediately."

Tosid watched as she hurried out of the office and sighed. The nobility were always so impractical with their plans.

What do you do when there aren't any sieges? Build megaprojects! Hopefully the winter siege will delay them long enough for migrants to show up, though they might be delayed anyway since ìton's project will require me to make several hundred metal blocks, which is going to take a while.

As long as I'm planning megaprojects (and especially since the map is on the DFMA now), any other megaprojecty requests? Phase II and ìton's will likely take priority, but I want to have several lined up in case I stop getting sieged for whatever reason. Right now I'd confidently say that we have an inexhaustable supply of green glass, iron, and steel (and stone, of course), and that we can comfortably make plenty of clear glass, copper and gold.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **March 12, 2009, 03:46:02 pm**

Back from gfx-card throwing tantrums on me.
I don't have any suggestions for projects; I am enjoying the story though.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **March 12, 2009, 04:38:20 pm**

A giant glass quadruple helix, reaching up to the topmost layer. Ive got it all drawn out somewhere, i can post it later if you're intrested.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **March 13, 2009, 02:16:03 pm**

New poster to this thread, just got back to reading the community games and stories...
I suggest a large temple to whatever god the mayor worships.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Wizardmon** on **March 13, 2009, 04:07:27 pm**

A tower with a "charge" on it, so that when things go under it you can pull a lever and crush orcs to death.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **March 13, 2009, 05:40:11 pm**

Somehow I like the idea of Tosid moulding the countess project into something of his own liking, like a temple on the outside, but really a deathtrap or something else in the sinister avenue.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **March 13, 2009, 10:07:09 pm**

Lanternwebs.

A web of fire.

OH GOD HE'S GOING TO MAKE A MAGMA MAZE. OUT OF GOLD AND STEEL.

That's so badass.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **March 14, 2009, 07:08:01 am**

Could I request a dwarf? Preferably military, though non-military is fine if the military's full.
Name of 'Grath' (since 'WorkerDrone' and 'Tooninator' were fine, I hope 'Grath' works)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **March 14, 2009, 10:36:47 am**

Seeing as how Lanternwebs Grand Army is at least 60+, I'm sure Rysith can not only GIVE you an active Dwarf, but he can give you one a few times over.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 16, 2009, 05:51:51 pm**

Workerdrone stood on the bridge to Lanternwebs, his breath clouding the cold winter air in front of him. Once more, the forces of evil had attempted to breach Lanternwebs, and once more they had been soundly defeated. This time, though, was special to him. Here, he had not been assigned to the rear lines, cutting off orcs fleeing from the polished blades of the champions. Here, he had served on the front lines, his sword biting green flesh and his shield deflecting black iron. Here, he had lead three dwarves to victory against six, and had lead them well enough that none of the enemy had escaped. Here, he had proven that The Tooninator's confidence in him was not misplaced.

He thought back to the previous month, when The Tooninator had ordered him to take two of the new recruits, Wizardmon and Ashtesh, to fend off a few skeletal mountain goats that had wandered too close to the fortress entrance. Although the enemy had not been difficult or dangerous to defeat, The Tooninator had awarded him the rank of Champion and granted him command of his own squad, the Blockaded Subtleties, as recognition. He had watched over the two recruits, guiding their development in the art of the sword, for almost a month now. Shaping them, as a metalsmith shapes glowing steel, into dwarves worthy to carry the title "Soldier of Lanternwebs".

Today had been their first test. Today, six goblins had snuck to the very gates of Lanternwebs, intent on slaughter and destruction. Today, The Tooninator had ordered the Blockaded Subtleties to drive their foes out, as their first test in combat. And today, not a single goblin had escaped death at their hands. Today had been an auspicious first combat indeed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Workerdrone turned to look back, watching Wizardmon and Astesh arguing good-naturedly about their kills. Astesh had slain four, her sword slashing in broad arcs as she charged the center of the goblin formation ahead of the squad, her bravery an example to all.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Wizardmon had slain one, but he was claiming that it should be worth more because of the distance that it flew, his sword severing both of the goblin's legs before his shield had sent its limp body arcing across the courtyard to land outside the walls.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Now, Astesh was swinging playfully at Wizardmon, the slashes easily blocked by Wizardmon's shield as the two laughed together and dwarves began hauling the corpses away to the refuse pile. Workerdrone looked forward to the day when the corpses would be orcs, rather than goblins, and the battle against eighty, rather than six. No doubt, he thought as he smiled to himself, that after such a battle Wizardmon and Astesh would still be laughing and joking in the aftermath, would still be competing in the thick of battle to slay the most foes, would still be fighting side by side even as the enemy broke and fled before their swords. They would make fine soldiers, and he was

honored to be the first.

Rysith cancels Update Lanternwebs: Internet Lost or Destroyed (The Internet was down all weekend. It was bad.)

Grath: There are plenty of military dwarves. I got you a mildly psychotic axedwarf, but I could change that if you'd like me to.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
PS: 100
`Grath' Rovodsiknug, ``Grath' Archdwelling'', Axedwarf
`Grath' Rovodsiknug has been ecstatic lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He talked with the spouse lately. He admired a splendid
floodgate lately. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged statue lately. He admired own
fine bed lately.
He is married to Eshtān Giftslaze and has one child: Alāth Craftstunnels. He is a worshipper of Inod.
He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of the Theater of Beards.
`Grath' Rovodsiknug likes Alabaster, Black bronze, Jelly oval, clear glass, horn, shields and giants for their ballistic tempers. He absolutely detests
fire snakes.
He is somewhat reserved. He is unassertive. He loves a good thrill. He isn't given to flights of fancy. He is open-minded to new ideas. He prefers
stability and security to ambiguity and disorder. He does not trust others. He doesn't like to compromise with others. He is immodest. He very rarely does
more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.
```

The temple is definitely a possibility. I haven't been paying much attention to the gods, but I might make a temple complex of some sort.

Also, I like the title Grand Army. I'll have to have iton declare that as its name.

Unfortunately, the ambush means that we don't get a siege this winter. More time to work on the megaprojects!

Eagle: I've already got the double-helix stairway, so a quadruple helix glass tower wouldn't be that hard for me to build. I'm not sure where I'd put it or how I'd work it into the story, though.

Workerdrone: The plans do involve webs, fire, gold, and steel, though it's going to be much more than just a magma maze.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **March 16, 2009, 06:51:53 pm**

Oh shit! A 3D MAGMA MAZE! ;D

Eh, just have the helix rise up out of the ground for no reason. Or, build it and let orcs inhabit it. You dont have to do anything if you dont want to, i just tossed the idea out.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **March 16, 2009, 10:48:22 pm**

Psychotic? And axe-dwarf? Sounds extra-dwarven.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **March 16, 2009, 11:50:44 pm**

BUT!
But, I was right about the Magma Maze, riight?
Right?!
Oh yeah! Right on the mark for once!
WorkerDrone: 1

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **March 17, 2009, 07:46:28 am**

Also, another thing I just realized: You said 'mildly psychotic'. This is Dwarf Fortress... So my dwarf is possibly the most sane member of the fort?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Wizardmon** on **March 17, 2009, 12:13:00 pm**

[Quote from: Rysith on March 16, 2009, 05:51:51 pm](#)
Wizardmon had slain one, but he was claiming that it should be worth more because of the distance that it flew, his sword severing both of the goblin's legs before his shield had sent its limp body arcing across the courtyard to land outside the walls.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



I laughed. :)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 17, 2009, 03:46:30 pm**

First the good news, I suppose. Always better to start off with the good news. The good news is that there haven't been any giant spiders coming out of the chasm to kill us all, and the skeletal troll that *did* come out of the chasm was caught and put in the barracks, where I'm sure it will get smashed to pieces if it ever escapes from the cage. It's a wonderful study in anatomy, but I think I'd rather have it fully dead, so I could study it without it trying to reach through the bars and rip my arms off. But, we're not all dead yet, despite Unib. That's good news.

The bad news, though, is that rumors of our wealth have spread far enough that a dragon decided that we'd make an excellent place to steal from. Now we could have dealt with it the sensible way, put a dozen steel bolts into it from fifty paces, butchered the meat, and made some nice dragon-bone crowns and a dragon-leather cloak. No problems, and some nice decorations left over.

Of course, we couldn't do things the simple way. Someone gets it into their head that it would make a a nice pet, the mechanics get sent out to the bridge to set up cages (Thank Inod we had some extra steel cages left over), the dragon charges in and **bam** we've got a dragon in a cage.

"Problem solved!", you might think. "Threat of dragon attack: none", you might think. But oh no. See, getting the dragon in the cage is only half the trouble. You can't just keep it in the cage, since if it gets out (and it's sure to, eventually), it lights something on fire and the entire fortress collapses into smoke and miasma. So, you've got to tame it. And you can't send just anyone to tame a dragon, of course. If you send in an inexperienced animal trainer, you end up with a slightly less hungry dragon and no animal trainer.

But joy! Lanternwebs just happens to have a Dungeon Master, fearless in the face of stupidly dangerous, really bad ideas! We'll just get her to go tame the dragon, so it won't light everything on fire. She's talked about learning about dragons in school, and everyone knows that once you know about their anatomy getting them to be your friend is second nature. I'm sure it will be no problem at all to convince the enormous fire-breathing death machine that it should settle down and curl up by the magma forge. No problem at all. We'll just ask Zon to head down to the cage and have a little chat with it. It's not like it can breath fire through the bars, or break the cage, or anything like that. Not at all.

And even assuming that I can tame it, it's still an enormous fire-breathing death machine. It could still kill us all, by accident. What if a kobold snuck in and bumped into our "pet" dragon? Whoosh! Kobold on fire, fortress in flames. Smoke fills the corridors, then the miasma of rotting bodies, and the fortress crumbles to dust.

But no. Somebody needs a fancy pet, so I need to go tame a dragon. This is an even worse idea than Unib's breaching of the chasm.

Pictures that didn't fit into the journal entry at all:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



So (since DF taming doesn't work nearly as pessimistically as Zon implies), we've got a tame dragon now. I'm pretty sure that it is going to end up curled up by the magma forges, though, since I'm not sending it out into combat or anything like that.

Workerdrone: The symbol of the Theater of Beards is a ritual labyrinth. It seemed only dwarfy to make one at the main entrance. Filled with magma, because that's dwarfier than a mural.

Grath: The personality that I was thinking for you was mostly based on the "reserved", "enjoys stability", "doesn't trust others", "doesn't like to compromise", and "is immodest". Always suspicious that others are trying to undermine the social order and collapse the fortress. "Mildly" might be a bit of an understatement. Plus, he's got an axe.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **March 17, 2009, 03:52:55 pm**

PET DRAGON!!! Doop a dopa dopa!!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **March 18, 2009, 09:54:47 am**

Sounds good. I'm just making the joke that it seems like ALL dwarves of DF are psychotic.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 18, 2009, 07:26:01 pm**

I can feel it already. I have not yet spent a year in this place, and already the fantastic seems ordinary. Events that would have sent the mountainhomes into a flurry of gossip pass like a cool breeze through an underground passageway, refreshing but brief, fading back into

Gumball: These are Orcs 2.5 (remember, this started as a testing game), so no war elephants, though they do have most of the other features of orcs v3... Unless I replaced the Beak Dog creature with the War Elephant creature. I'll look into that: beak dogs die distressingly fast, and AWEs don't.

Looks like we're going to end up going another year with no sieges (summer 113 to summer 114), unfortunately. More time to get everything built, I suppose.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **March 19, 2009, 06:00:58 pm**

What is Lanternwebs' exported goods value?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **March 19, 2009, 08:37:26 pm**

Very high?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 20, 2009, 05:08:35 pm**

Lanternwebs's wealth stats right now:
Created: 13,081,533
Imported: 394,948
Exported: 137,970

Note that the imported wealth is currently being artificially raised by the amount of goblin clothing that is lying around.

No update today, though I'll try to get one in over the weekend.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **March 20, 2009, 10:50:13 pm**

Oh, right...didn't you already melt down that stuff though?

You know, for your Mega Project? Sounds like THAT is going to need a bunch of steel.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 23, 2009, 03:28:43 pm**

From the journal of Bomrek Shetbêthaban, Philosopher, Spring 114

How glad I am, that the long journey to Lanternwebs is complete. Though the small group of migrants that I have been leading suffered many hardships along the path, both at the hands of the lands above and the foul orcs, none wished that they had turned back once we had arrived.

And what is life, beyond a long journey filled with the good and the bad? Whether the bad is orcs or miasma, we endure the bad. Whether the good is a masterful piece of crafts dwarfship or arriving at a long-sought destination, we celebrate the good. Whether our path is covered in sharp rocks or smoothed by the finest engraver, we do what we can to help the others on their paths. Some are allowed to the end of the path early, like our swordsdwarf guard who died holding off orcs so that we could escape. Some, like me, expect to walk the path for hundreds of years, helping along all those that they meet. But we must all walk, and we must all do what we can to fulfill our purposes.

That is the hope that each of these migrants brings. From stoneworker to soapmaker, from hunter to wood burner, they have all been drawn by the tales of Lanternwebs. Tales of the magnificent crafts, of the kindly rulers, of the mighty army. I know not what path each of them hopes to walk, nor which path they are destined to walk, but each of their paths has lead them to Lanternwebs, and I have come to guide them on their way.

Workerdrone: Unfortunately, narrow cave spider silk doesn't melt well, and I haven't set up an incinerator for it. I've been trying to unload as much of it as possible on the caravans, but the lack of haulers has been getting in the way of that. Since I'm not going to draft the latest batch of migrants yet (since I need to let the previous batch train up to avoid killing them all), there will hopefully be time to get rid of a lot of it in autumn.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 24, 2009, 04:44:29 pm**

From the journal of Countess îton Gimgoden, Spring 114

One year. This month marks one year that I have presided over Lanternwebs. I would say "ruled", but there has hardly been any ruling to do. There are no unhappy dwarves to meet with, no hammerings or prison sentences to be dispensed. The Orcs have assaulted us, of course, but I am hesitant to interfere in military matters: Flint and The Tooninator have everything under control, and I wouldn't know the first thing to do on a battlefield. Even now, I can hear them training for the next siege. With Bomrek the Philosopher's tale of fighting the Orcs to arrive here, it cannot be far off.

One year in which I have seen unmatched crafts dwarfship. Even now, a coal-fired glass furnace is being built for the latest dwarf to be struck by inspiration. They refuse to work in one of the magma-heated furnaces, claiming that they need greater control of the heat for their project. Where before I would have demanded to know what work they were preparing that required such special treatment, here I've learned to simply go along with the requests, that I might gaze in wonder at the inevitable product.

One year in which I have seen unmatched fighting skill and courage. Where soldiers are not considered worthy of a title when they have achieved mastery of their weapon, but when they have slain a hand's worth of foes on the field of battle. Where steel-armored champions fearlessly charge foes twice their size. Where new recruits are sent against fully-equipped goblin ambushes at 2:1 odds for practice. Where the dead are not mourned but venerated in the Warrior's Tomb.

One year in which I have seen unmatched wealth. The finest steel armor covers every soldier, the finest engravings decorate every bedroom, and the finest clothing covers every dwarf. The great golden door to my chambers is worth more than an entire suite in the mountainhomes. Requests for brass and aluminum items are met with matched sets of goblets that the Queen herself would be honored to drink from. The common dwarves gather in a statue garden graced by masterfully-carved statues of pure platinum and gold.

I must leave now to care for my infant daughter, Zefon Blazesiron. If this one year of Lanternwebs is any indication, her future is very bright indeed.

Just wrapping up summer before the Summer siege, which would prevent me from mentioning things between the migrants and the beginning of Summer.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 25, 2009, 06:58:43 pm**

Logem Avaldîshmab's eyes gazed down the Unnamable Point towards the entrance to Lanternwebs. On his head, his steel helm sat firmly, buckled for combat and framing the deep brown of his hair in gray metal. Below the strap, the flowing curls of his beard mixed with the rings of his chainmail, covering and protecting his stout body out to his steel gauntlets and boots. At his side hung a short sword, traces of dried orcish blood still decorating the blade and handle.

The spear that held him upright shifted, and the eyes, pupils contracted in the harsh glare of the summer sun, shifted to the west, looking out over the Forest of Funerals at the orcish lashers and crushers advancing through the dead wood, their iron armor blending with the blackened trees as they drove their beak dogs forward. The spear moved again, sweeping his gaze to the east and to the carvers on the hills by the river valley. The movement shifted the head of the spear, and a thin trickle of blood ran from the corner of his mouth to dry in his beard.

Behind him, Aslot Uraruxnu shook the spear again and the trickle intensified, dwarven blood tracing a bright red line across the matted beard. Logem's head lolled to the side, the tip of the spear in his mouth slicing a broad gash along the top and tearing through his cheek, allowing the last of his blood to spill down his face and splatter on the stone of the mountain. The orcs had come again.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Logem was one of those annoying dwarf migrants who come in as a military profession and thus station themselves at the edge of the map, so I didn't notice that he existed until the siege arrived on top of him.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **March 25, 2009, 07:07:43 pm**

Sieged! Sieged! Sieged!

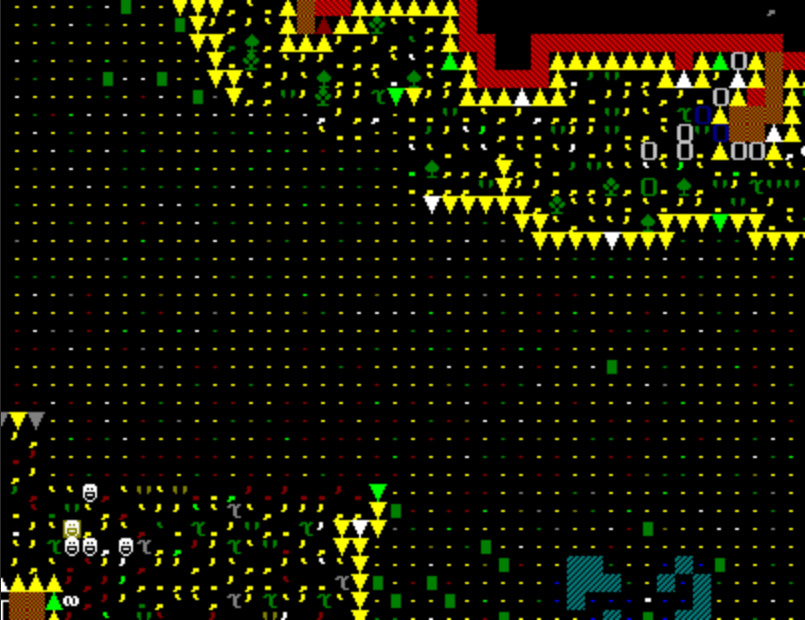
Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 27, 2009, 05:02:26 pm**

"The orcs are not a challenge. The orcs are a test." Those had been Tosid's words as he swept into the barracks and ordered that most of the Grand Army remain within the fortress. He had chosen less than a dozen warriors to do battle with the eighty orcs that threatened them, and as she strapped her platemail on, Shoruke wondered if it would really be enough.

She trusted Tosid, of course. Even now that he had yielded control to the Countess and Unib, Unib didn't do much actual leading, and the Countess had often been seen consulting with Tosid, so the fortress's success really had to be attributed mostly to him. This was part of one of his plans, the "phases" that he was always mumbling about but never actually revealed, she was sure.

Doubt still filled her. Each of the dwarves he had chosen were competent fighters, certainly, but with the eleven that Tosid had chosen they would be fighting outnumbered three to one at best, and at worse than ten to one if the four squads marching through the forest attacked as a group.

Her armor strapped on and her pick ready, she jogged out to the surface, where the eleven chosen warriors were gathering. She could already see the first squad of orcs running at the gates from the hills. She could see The Tooninator and Workerdrone, both with their swords out, eager to prove dwarven steel superior to orcish flesh. In front of her, Flint stood confidently, watching the orcish advance as he waited for the right moment to engage. Eleven dwarves against sixteen orcs. That didn't seem nearly as bad as it had before. Her pick ready, she waited for Flint's order to charge.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **March 27, 2009, 05:32:54 pm**

For Lanternwebs!

Show these green bastards back to hell lads! Charge!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **March 28, 2009, 04:46:39 am**

Ah every battle gets better so i look foward to this one ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **March 30, 2009, 11:31:31 pm**

Argentum's heart pounded beneath the thick steel of his breastplate. He gripped his sword, the mirror polish marred only by the nicks from his latest sparring session. In his left hand, the leather strap of his shield twisted as he held it tightly, his muscles tense with fear and adrenaline. He was a champion of Lanternwebs. He had fought hundreds of times, blocked thousands of blows. But now, standing in front of the bridge besides the ten others that Tosid had chosen, would be the first time that he would be swinging his sword to kill rather than tap, and the first time that when he locked eyes with his opponent nothing but fury would look back.

In front of him, Orcs howled and beak dogs shrieked as they charged towards them, axes raised high as clawed feet tore dry grass from the brown soil. Flint stood in front, holding them back, waiting for the charge to close. He could see the frontmost orc standing in his saddle, an arrow drawn back on his twisted iron bow as his beak dog drew away from the others, eager to shed the first dwarven blood.

The scar on his right arm ached as his muscles corded around it, but he found himself unable to relax his grip. The wound had been gained not in combat but in training, an overeager sword thrust catching under his arm guard and twisting, leaving a V-shaped scar in his forearm. Then, he had been surrounded by his friends and rushed to bed, where he had spent a month waiting for the wound to heal. Here, he would be surrounded by the chaos of battle, and it might be hours before someone could safely recover him. All of his training would be tested this day, he knew. But now, he had learned more. Now, caution would not temper his swings. Now, the black iron of the orcs would not pierce his armor before his steel blade had found their hearts.

The archer loosed his arrow, the barbed shaft flying towards the waiting dwarves to be swatted contemptuously away by Workerdrone. Flint lowered his shield to cover his body and bellowed as he charged, the shout strengthened by the dwarves following behind him as it echoed down the river valley. Argentum could see The Tooninator rushing ahead, his shield high to catch arrows as he raced to meet the orcs, and quickened his pace. Fear and pain melted as The Tooninator met the orc and the beak dog erupted in a fountain of blood, the fury and excitement of battle banishing them from his mind as the grip on his sword and shield grew even tighter.

He reached The Tooninator as the wave of orcs hit, and the sounds of combat surrounded him. His world was filled with dwarves and orcs, the squeal of iron on steel, the screams of wounded beak dogs, and the wet slaps of limbs and bodies dropping to the ground. His sword and shield moved with the grace of long training, striking at throats without thought as the shield deflected axe-strokes like falling pebbles. Blood splashed his helmet as he took a wrestler's head, the warm blood soaking into his beard as he spun to parry an axe and slid through to take the arm that held it. Distantly, he heard Flint calling for pursuit as the orcs fled, their strength broken and their dead littering the field. With a quick step forward, he pierced the ribcage of the stunned orc, and the battle was over.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Argentum staggered slightly as the pain in his arm slammed into him, sheathing his sword and flexing his fingers to loosen the muscles in his arm. He slowly let go of the shield, letting it hang by a single strap from his arm as he stood in the carnage of the battlefield. Next time, he was sure, he would be more relaxed. Flint was ordering them to regroup now, and he knew that the next time could not be far away.

First battle movie (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1219-114summer-firstskirmish>)
15 dead orcs, 15 dead beak dogs, 65 assorted body parts, and no dwarven casualties. An excellent start.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 02, 2009, 12:54:51 am**

Silvereve ran up the mountain slope, seeing the champions pull away in front of him. He wore his armor better than he had the last time he had needed to run in it, but his moderate experience could not match that of the champions: They wore their armor as a second skin, and seemed not to be slowed at all by it. At the top of the mountain waited Aslot Uraruxnu, leader of the orcs, and a foe that Flint hoped

to slay before he could realize that his advance squad had been annihilated.

Yellowing grass gave way to gray andesite beneath his feet, and he could hear the first sounds of battle above him. Reaching to his side, he drew a bolt and loaded it. His first battle, he had fumbled with the unfamiliar weight of the metal bolts, but now he handled it easily, even as he ran.

Silvereye crested the mountain and looked down at the battle below. As Mebil had taught him, he brought the crossbow up and fired into the largest group of orcs that he could see, already reaching for another bolt and drawing the string back for a second shot without pausing to watch its flight. The second bolt was in and fired, flying to strike a beak dog in the head as he reached for his third bolt, lining the crossbow up with a charging wrestler.

The bolt flew true, tearing through the orc's arm as Silvereye reached for his fourth bolt. His hand closed on the empty space above the quiver. Looking up at the wrestler, he shifted his grip on the crossbow and rushed forwards.

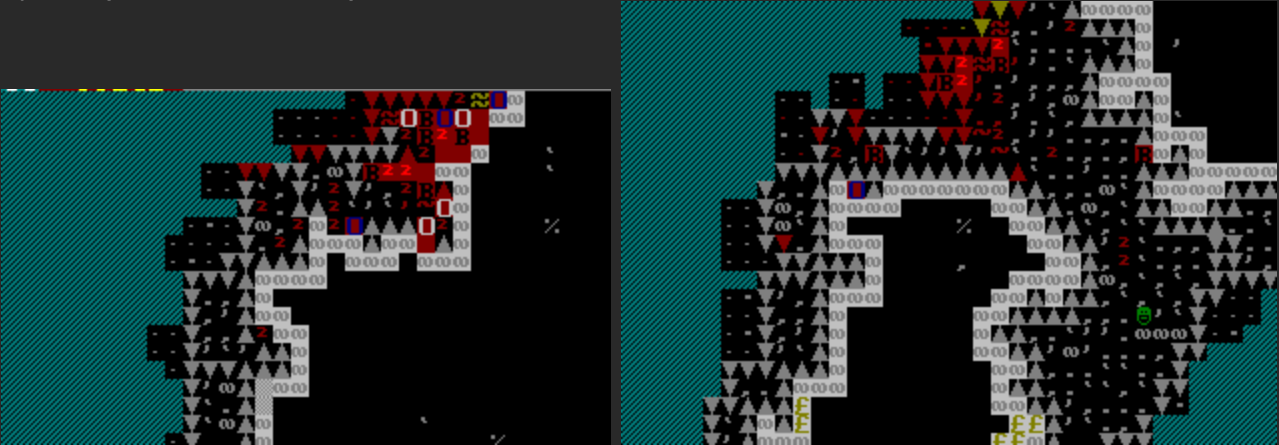
They met with a crash, Silvereye's clumsy blow deflecting harmlessly off the orc's tough skin, but the orc's punch flying wide. Turning as the orc passed, Silvereye jammed the butt of his crossbow into the orc's back, sending it sprawling to the ground. Running to it before it could rise, he slammed his crossbow into its head, striking it until the orc's movements stopped and his crossbow was soaked in blood.

Breathing hard in his armor, Silvereye saw Kheskeim walking towards him from the battlefield.

"Your first kill. Good job. You might want to go grab some more bolts, though, or a hammer if you want to use it that way."

Silvereye nodded numbly and started walking down the mountain in silence.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



And movie here (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1230-114summer-secondskirmish>)

Another 15 dead orcs. Congratulations to Shoruke for killing Aslot.
Writing is going a bit slowly right now (since I've got a lot of other work), but the rest of the battle movies have been uploaded to the DFMA if you want to look at those early.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 03, 2009, 05:11:54 pm**

"Gather and fall back!" shouted Flint, his voice carrying clearly over the rocky battlefield. Grath furrowed his brow beneath his helmet. Why should they fall back now, when they were so close to victory? In the forest below, he could see the bulk of the orcish army, simply waiting to be slaughtered.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Could Flint himself, founder of Lanternwebs, be working with the Orcs, Grath wondered. Obviously he could not simply allow the orcs to slaughter them, the champions would defend Lanternwebs regardless of his orders. But to fight ineffectively, and allow orcs to escape... That was a possibility. This entire siege was suspicious, with Tosid ordering most of the Grand Army not to participate, and sending the most loyal troops out. Most loyal troops and Flint, he corrected himself, since Flint's loyalties were no longer clear. He would need to investigate it further in the future, after the battle. He cast a single withering look at the orcs rushing their retreat before following the rest of the champions down the mountain.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

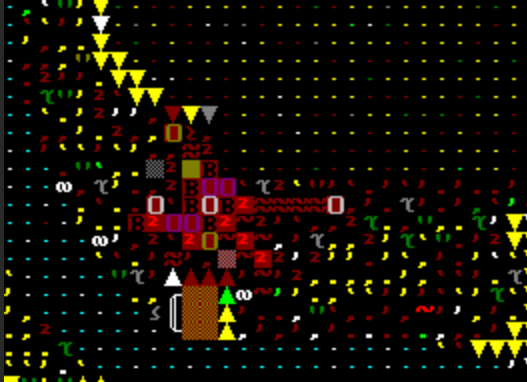


A short break to eat and drink, and Grath was once again outside, his axe ready to fend off whatever enemies might assail Lanternwebs. Flint had ordered them to keep tight formation in front of the entrance, to meet the orcs as they rushed the bridge. A clever plan, Grath thought to himself. Limit the space, allow loyal champions to "dodge" off the bridge to their death. Definitely a dwarf to watch in the future. For now, he would have to devote his skill to defending Lanternwebs, that it would not fall despite treachery afoot.

In the valley, he could now see the crushers advancing on them, howling their foul war cries as they brandished crudely-forged hammers. He saw Argentum, standing at his side, charge forward to meet them. There, he thought, was a dwarf that he could follow. Unafraid of danger, rushing forward to slay the enemies of the fortress. Grath watched as he met the orcish charge, his sword moving unerringly to strike down orcs and beakdogs as he danced in their midst. Grath felt, with a sudden clarity, the future if he continued to obey Flint. He saw Argentum surrounded by orcs, held down by their wrestlers as their leader shaved his beard and ordered Argentum's eyes plucked out, all while Flint ordered them to stay back 'in the name of tactics'. But he could see through Flint's tactics. He knew that he could avert Argentum's fate if he intervened.

He was not merely a dwarf as he ran forward with his shield high. He was a dwarf of the mountain, he was the mountain itself. Argentum was his wrath, and he was Argentum's defender. Like the mountain, he would stand by the loyal dwarves and protect them with stone and steel, through which the feeble strikes of the orcs could not hope to penetrate. His shield blocked the blow that he was sure would have left Argentum open to a wrestler's grasp, and he felt himself drawn into the same dance that was moving Argentum. Where he was the mountain, solid and immovable, Argentum was the water, constantly in motion as he swept the orcs from their limbs. And the mountain protected him, moving no faster than was needed to always arrive with shield or plate before the strikes that would have struck and dispersed the water. He could see nothing around him but the mountain and the water and the rivers of blood of the dying orcs.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



At last, the dance slowed and he was able to see the battlefield once more. The orcs lay slain in broken piles around him, their blood staining the ground red. The other soldiers had run to the north, trying to cut off a fourth squad as they fled, but Grath was too tired to pursue. Lanterwebs still stood, and the champions were unharmed. His duty was fulfilled.

Last movie here (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1231-114summer-thirdskirmish>), and the pursuit of fleeing orcs here (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1232-114summer-endofthesiege>).

Final statistics:
50 kills, 48 beak dogs, and 216 body parts. No losses

- The Tooninator: 11 kills
- Ashtesh: 8 kills
- Argentum: 7 kills
- Grimes: 6 kills
- Shoruke: 4 kills
- Kheskeim: 3 kills
- Grath: 3 kills
- Flint: 2 kills
- Workerdrone: 2 kills
- Wizardmon: 2 kills
- Silvereve: 1 kill

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 04, 2009, 12:12:47 am**

Now that was a battle! Toonyman seems to be racking up the most kills.

I'm going to have to perform better then 2 kills if I want to catch up with him.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **April 04, 2009, 05:16:56 am**

Better and better every time. ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **April 04, 2009, 11:36:57 am**

Yet another Orc siege repelled :D Will they ever give up?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **April 05, 2009, 07:35:29 am**

Take THAT, Flint! And all you jerks who refused to believe my conspiracies! THE GIANT MOLE PEOPLE WILL ATTACK SOME DAY, AND I WILL BE THE ONLY ONE PREPARED!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **April 06, 2009, 04:32:07 am**

Ah soon we will turn the whole army on Grath then see what his theories prove :P.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **April 06, 2009, 02:44:01 pm**

Army Arc... Army arc... army arc...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 07, 2009, 02:12:35 am**

Yes. Having the Orcs mod attached to a release with the army arc and having over a 100 champions against a settlement featuring hundreds of Orcs would be the most epic thing in the universe.

Until then, we have this.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 07, 2009, 03:40:42 pm**

"Today, each of you fought well, and bravely." Tosid said, addressing the eleven warriors that he had chosen to defend Lanternwebs against the orcish attack as they stood before him. Behind them, the Grand Army waited, eager to hear the results of the battle. To his right stood the Countess, her presence making the ceremony official in the records of Dwarven history, her steel scepter held formally across her chest. "Though outnumbered in every battle," Tosid continued, "together you killed most of those that would assault us, and sent the rest fleeing in panic. For this alone, each of you deserves commendation."

"Two of you entered the battle already heroes. Today, you reminded each of us why you deserve the titles that you have earned. Lanternwebs recognizes The Tooninator Matuliden the Lyrics of Noiselessness and Flint Dakaskûbuk the Acrid Palm of Spines, for their continuing devotion and skill-at-arms"

"Five of you entered the battle as champions and left as heroes. Look to those who have walked this path before you to guide your steps as you carry this new weight. Remember always to defend Lanternwebs from all that threaten it, and to stand against all that would seek to remove Dwarvenkind from the Past Domain. Let their new names be forever remembered and honored. Lanternwebs now knows Shoruke Bidoksibrek the Blotted Treaty of Goals. Lanternwebs now knows Grimes Tulonsterus the Misty Dead of Dignity. Lanternwebs now knows Kheskeim Mebzuthoddom the Comet of Mazes. Lanternwebs now knows Argentum Nekoldeduk the Inky Assaults of Poetry. Lanternwebs now knows Ashtesh Litastnoram the Failed Finder of Rope. Let our enemies know each of them as well."

"Four of you fought bravely, but have not become true heroes yet. Your times will come. Continue to serve with bravery and honor. For your role in this battle, we thank you. Lanternwebs recognizes Silvereye Ashokkovish, Grath Rovodsiknug, Workerdrone Sebîrstukos, and Wizardmon Lolorumåm."

"Let all of Lanternwebs know that because of the actions that these warriors have performed today, they may lie safe tonight. May their vigilance be everlasting, their skill be unmatched, and their bravery be unwavering"

"So it shall be." Said îton, stepping forward and raising her scepter as the warriors knelt.

ToonyMan's 11 kills actually brought him up to tie Flint, both now at 37 kills.

And yes, having the army arc happen will be a great day for the orc mod, both because it should mean more than 80 orcs at a time, and because being able to attack the orcs back would be awesome.

I'm also going to try to hack in war elephants for the next siege, which should make things more interesting.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **April 07, 2009, 03:49:19 pm**

If you don't mind extrabadass goblins, you could mod Beak Dogs so they're still called 'beak dogs' in the data, but the displayed name and all the stats are of War Elephants

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 07, 2009, 03:56:18 pm**

Quote from: Grath on April 07, 2009, 03:49:19 pm

If you don't mind extrabadass goblins, you could mod Beak Dogs so they're still called 'beak dogs' in the data, but the displayed name and all the stats are of War Elephants

That was, in fact, the plan. I think I have to leave the biomes intact too, but other than that it *should* work. There might be a massive

continuity jump this winter if it doesn't, though (and obviously I'll be backing everything up beforehand).

Goblins in Lanternwebs unfortunately seem to be unmounted, not that I'd mind more challenging goblins.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **April 07, 2009, 04:17:34 pm**

Yeah... In my latest fortress (Orc mod yay) a goblin siege results in a 'Oh, boring' reaction. I don't even close the gates, I just let the marksdwarves pick 'em off.
The Orcs aren't doing TOO much better, but they show up in larger numbers and they're tougher to kill. Last human caravan showed up in the summer and the caravan guards only had to fight off one orc - the rest fell before they got to the gates, much less inside.

A continuity jump would be a bit... jarring, though you could try doing a hybrid where you have a new fort formed by a party from Lanternwebs with the latest version of Orc Mod, then continuing the current lanternwebs for a certain amount of time before shifting all the attention to the new fort.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 07, 2009, 04:26:04 pm**

Quote from: Grath on April 07, 2009, 04:17:34 pm
A continuity jump would be a bit... jarring, though you could try doing a hybrid where you have a new fort formed by a party from Lanternwebs with the latest version of Orc Mod, then continuing the current lanternwebs for a certain amount of time before shifting all the attention to the new fort.

Ah, I was thinking "If hacking in war elephants causes things not to work and I have to revert to the backup, we might lose some already-established events". Lanternwebs already has some established ending conditions, and I intend to keep playing it until it reaches them.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **April 07, 2009, 04:48:10 pm**

Ah. Sorry for the confusion.
(The quote tag seems to be missing a] by the way)
Also, is 32 legendary marksdwarves overkill for orc killing? I don't think so personally, but...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **April 07, 2009, 05:20:43 pm**

Dude, 32 legendary marksdwarves are overkill for anything save an Ender goblin, Sof, or Ironblood. And then the only thing you still wouldnt be able to kill would be Ironblood.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **April 07, 2009, 05:27:56 pm**

Hmm...about 500 orcs might match up to that.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 07, 2009, 11:33:42 pm**

Alright then lads. So we didn't perform as valiantly as we should have.

Overland map showing only a tiny crowd of four people while the other Hundred soldiers celebrate their good fortune.

Errrr...

I'd like to address the issue of how much effort we're putting into this killin' business. Obviously, If we're not killing enough, we're not doing our jobs right? Right?

Right.

So. I propose that we attach explosive beer barrels to our chests, and-

Overland map shows WorkerDrone is alone.

...Where did everyone go?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 08, 2009, 05:52:01 pm**

From the journal of Skjald Sibreknekut, Late Summer 114

I've worked the forges of Lanternwebs for just over six years now, from the day that we first set up wood-fired forges to smelt picks to dig into the sand.

I've forged the weapons that our soldiers have brought into combat for just over five years now, from the day that Olin was inspired by his arrival to Lanternwebs and, in a single act of creation, surpassed my years of training to become the master armorsmith of Lanternwebs.

Then, people called him a legend. The best armorer that the Braided Lenses had ever seen. I was in the unique position to admire his work with some training in the craft of armorsmithing, and I must admit that even the armor that he turned out for our soldier to wear afterward surpassed anything that I had seen a master in the Mountainhomes create. The boot itself, though, surpassed everything else ten times over. A perfect, indestructible casing, forever protecting The Tooninator's right foot.

For those five years, I've worked hard to master the craft of weaponsmithing. Lanternwebs has an abundance of ore, and whenever I was not crafting swords and axes for our soldiers I would practice in copper, shaping blades and reforging them, striving towards the perfection that Olin had reached. I watched as others were seized by mysterious forces, following in Olin's path to unsurpassed skill in their crafts. Tosid, Sarvesh, Reg, Lorbam, the list went on, not even counting the ones who simply created with no memory of the method afterwards. Their works grace every room of Lanternwebs.

But with practice, my skill grew. People began comparing my swords to Olin's armor, to Tosid's mechanisms, to Sarvesh's cabinets. The same title, "legendary", was applied to me as well. I had become, they said, as skilled with practice as they had become overnight. But I still lacked the one crucial piece, the crowning work that would survive through the ages when my bones will have long returned to the mountains.

But no longer. I can feel it in my hands as they forge each sword and axe. I can see it in the corners of my vision as I sleep. I can hear it when I am alone in the forges, whispering to me over the soft sounds of the shimmering air, between the hammerstrokes that will

transform a bar of steel into a weapon that could rightly be called a work of art. I shall have my crowning work, or I shall die in its forging. Perhaps both. I leave this journal in case I should die, that my intentions will be known. And know, should you be reading this after my death: There are no words to describe the beauty, the deadly perfection, of the weapon that I now go to form from the ether into reality. If the price for attempting that beauty is death, I pay that price gladly.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **April 08, 2009, 05:56:59 pm**

Weaponsmith mood! YES!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **April 09, 2009, 11:10:36 am**

Awesome. Weaponsmith mood for the win.
I call dibs on the weapo-
* Grath McUrist, Soldier, has been struck down by his fellow soldiers.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 09, 2009, 05:15:46 pm**

At last, Skjald emerged from the forges, her creation tucked beneath her cloak. She made her way to the barracks. As she entered, sparring quickly came to a halt. Skjald had already been legendary in the forge before now, and there was not a dwarf who was not eager to see what she had created.

"Is it done, then?" Asked Grath, eager to see the fine weapon that he was sure had resulted from Skjald's isolation.

"Yes, it is done." Replied Skjald, still concealing it beneath her cloak.

"Can I have it?" Asked Grath, cheekily trying to grab it away from her.

Too fast for all but the most experienced dwarves to follow, Skjald stepped sideways and brought her free hand down on Grath's back, sending him tumbling to the floor. "No, you may not. Not yet."

"Dwarves of Lanternwebs, I give you: Îmäznär." Skjald said as she brought the polished steel crossbow out from behind her cloak and raised it above her head.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100 Îmäznär, "The Reluctant Rawness", a Steel crossbow
This is a Steel crossbow. All crafts-dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is studded with Steel, decorated with cave lobster shell and encircled with bands of cave lobster shell and limestone. This object menaces with spikes of Native gold. On the item is an image of clouds in cave lobster shell. On the item is an image of orcs and dwarves in orc bone. The orcs are fighting with the dwarves. The artwork relates to the attack on The Theater of Beards at Lanternwebs by The Mysterious Dread in the early spring of 113 during Udesustolkuk, "The Molten Murder-Assaults". On the item is an image of Uucar Luredtool the dwarf and dwarves in black diamond. Uucar Luredtool is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the ascension of the dwarf Uucar Luredtool to leadership of The Braided Lenses in 87.

"Only one of you may wield it. Only one of you shall prove yourself worthy to carry Îmäznär into battle. In one year's time, I shall grant Îmäznär to the dwarf among you who has mastered both the hammer and the bolt, who can show me that they are the one who will slay the most foes if they are given this honor. Until then, it shall reside in the artifact vault, safely sealed from greedy hands." She looked down pointedly at Grath, who was just standing up from the floor, and then swept out of the room, carrying Îmäznär in her hands.

Skjald was, as was previously mentioned, already a legendary weaponsmith. That makes her definitely a legendary+5 now, and she produced one of the most awesome artifacts I've seen in DF. Setting up the competition seemed like the right thing to do, since once someone picks it up they won't drop it. Who wants to join? The "judging" is in a year, so there should be time to let people train if they want to. Only Silvereye and Flint have marksdwarf, and nobody has hammer, so everything should be fairly even.

Watching the construction was has some interesting moments too. There was one point at which Skjald was outrunning a legendary weaver down a hallway while she was hauling a 5000-weight gold block. I don't want to think about what her stats must be like now that she's gotten the mood boost.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **April 09, 2009, 05:27:31 pm**

No prize for me then. :(

rocks back and forth

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Grath** on **April 09, 2009, 08:04:53 pm**

I'll enter the competition, because if nothing else marksdwarves tend to have a higher lifespan.

If you move the save over to an identically-modded 40d you can use DFC to look at their stats and actual skill levels.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 10, 2009, 12:11:42 am**

I'll stick to my trusty old sword and shield thank you very much.

Us Swords-dwarves of Lanternwebs are the finest of the finest. The greatest of the greatest. I want to be in the thickest fighting, weaving in and out and taking heads with swift and true sword strokes for my wall. I want to repel the mightiest blows, go head to head with the vile Greenskins. Not sit behind the Shield Wall and take pot shots at the menace.

No. WorkerDrone charges forward.

For Glory Or Death!

FOR LANTERNWEBS!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **April 10, 2009, 09:09:44 am**

FOR LANTERNWEBS!

I call the first artifact sword!

Title: Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)
Post by: Rysith on April 10, 2009, 03:08:24 pm

Census for Lanternwebs, prepared in Autumn 114 by Endok Dedukrotod, Tax Collector
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100% Is Udiloresha's "Lanternweb"					
Animals	Kitchen	Stone	Stocks		Justice
Created Wealth:		14572308*	Population:		140
Weapons:	463379#				Champions 0 48
Armor and Garb:	6261326#	Miners 0 3			Axedwarves 0 None
Furniture:	503930#	Woodworkers 0 1			Axe Lords 0 3
Other Objects:	1959021#	Stoneworkers 0 8			Swordswarves 0 3
Architecture:	1174877#	Rangers 0 1			Swordmasters 0 3
Displayed:	821121#	Metal Smiths 0 8			Macedwarves 0 None
Held/Worn:	3393663#	Jewelers 0 1			Mace Lords 0 None
		Craftsdwarves 0 10			Hammerdwarves 0 None
Imported Wealth:	481941*	Nobles/Admins 0 7			Hammer Lords 0 None
		Peasants 0 3			Spearwarves 0 None
Exported Wealth:	137970*	Children 0 15			Spearmasters 0 None
		Bishery Workers 0 None			Marksdwarves 0 5
Food Stores:	3175	Farmers 0 14			Elite Mrksdwrvs 0 13
Meat 4	Seeds 1627	Engineers 0 2			Wrestlers 0 1
Fish None	Drink 290	Trained Animals A 2			Elite Wrestlers 0 1
Plant 9	Other 1245	Other Animals A 221			Recruits 0 1

This year has been a productive one, helped in no small measure by the 23 migrants that we welcomed and the single orcish siege that we repelled this year. Many of them are slated to be inducted into the Duchess's Grand Army, but until now have been kept busy hauling, melting, and butchering the remains of the orcish siege.

Did I mean to write "Countess"? Inod no! Shortly after the siege was broken, a messenger from the Mountainhomes arrived to inform Lady Îton of her promotion to Duchess, a promotion that she celebrated with a party at the statue garden and a request to the master smith for more furniture. Rumors are starting to spread even now that Queen Vucar herself is considering moving to Lanternwebs, but I've never put stock in such rumors myself.

Please find attached (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-5401-lanternwebs>) the current map of Lanternwebs, showing the current state of the fortress.

As per last year, Lanternwebs will be sending an offering of 146,000 to the mountainhomes in lieu of tax upon the arrival of the caravan.

Another caravan, another census.

Grath: I'm actually on 40d, I'll try pointing DC at it to find out what the stats are like.

And I suppose that this means I'll have to go train a bunch of migrants in weaponsmithing to get more artifact weapons...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **April 10, 2009, 05:16:54 pm**

Is that a chasm at the edge of the map? With **Giant Cave Spider** web?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 10, 2009, 05:56:33 pm**

Quote from: gumball135 on April 10, 2009, 05:16:54 pm

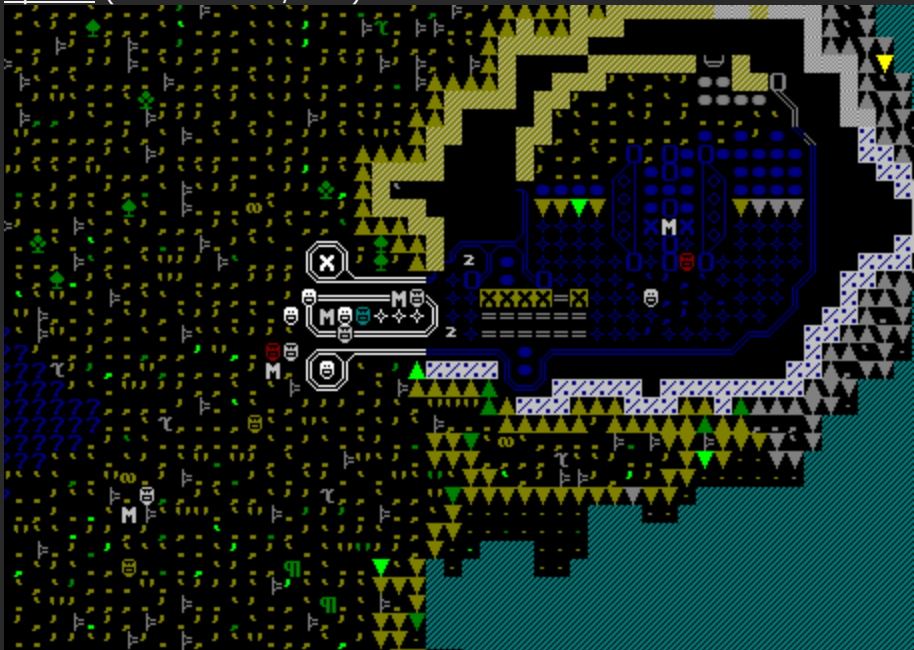
Is that a chasm at the edge of the map? With **Giant Cave Spider** web?

That is a chasm, though I've only seen normal cave spider silk in it. We had to breach it (on levels 10 and 12) to get cave spider silk for one of Unib's mandates, and caught the skeletal troll in the process. Zon still claims that it's full of hidden giant cave spiders, already infiltrating our fortress and biding their time to murder everyone in their sleep, but nobody else believes her.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Now with more nobles)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 13, 2009, 05:17:01 pm**

Tosid paced in his room, his mind working as he considered the news. Dwarves had been spotted in the Forest of Funerals. Dwarves who did not fly the banner of the Braided Lenses. He could not imagine any of the other dwarven nations sending an expedition to Lanternwebs, which meant that these dwarves must be from outside the Virtuous Towers. To meet another Mountainhome, one never before encountered! The thought made him nervous. The four Mountainhomes of the Virtuous Towers had lived together, in isolation, since the forging of the world. To meet another civilization would be a delicate task, he was sure, and though Îton would be handling any actual negotiations he was still sure that he would be called in as an advisor.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Even now, he could hear The Tooninator returning with his squad, escorting the caravan to the forest bridge and safely underground. What would these dwarves want of Lanternwebs, he wondered? What would drive them to travel so far? Although Lanternwebs had been founded far outside the Virtuous Peaks, in unknown territory, but the scouts had claimed to have found no dwarven settlements in their scouting. Until now, they had always assumed that there were no dwarves outside of the Virtuous Towers.

There it is, he thought as he continued pacing. The sound of steel boots on stone floor. Iton would be summoning him to the meeting.

chamber now. He turned and lookectowards the door as Workerdrone entered.

"The Duchess..." Workerdrone began, swelling his chest to give his announcement.

"Requests my presence in the throne room?" Tosid finished, already turning to grab his finely-dyed cotton cloak.

"Yes." replied Workerdrone after a pause, somewhat deflated.

Tosid made his way down the hall, followed by the steady clicking of Workerdrone's steel-clad feet behind him. How must their liaison have felt as she entered the fortress, Tosid wondered. She would have come in through the back, seen nothing but the smoothed stone spiral as she made his way along the tunnel until the granite floor gave way to fitted dolomite blocks and finally the fortress proper with images of the great deeds of the Braided Lenses adorning every surface. Had she been impressed? Disgusted? Nonplussed? Tosid knew that the quality of Lanternwebs exceeded anything found in their own Mountainhome, but who knew what others were capable of? For all he knew, the dwarves of Lanternwebs were impoverished, mistaking crudely-forged armor and poorly-woven cloth for works of art simply because they had no basis of comparison.

At last, he reached the great gold door to the throne room, and Workerdrone stepped forward to open it, holding it as he stepped into the room and saw Îton seated at her table with the liaison, a burly dwarf wearing steel armor and an axe strapped to her back, both drinking The Duke's aged whip wine. Tosid noted with relief that the armor looked no better than what Olin was able to produce. At least they would not be ridiculed on that count, and he knew that The Duke's wine was both excellent and potent. They would be starting their contact well, it seemed.

"Ah, and here his is now." Îton said, placing her golden goblet on the finely polished steel table. "Tosid Vodsazir, this is Kel Imsalzuglar of the Great Roughness, representing King Alath Sibrekrulush."

Kel rose and the two bowed deeply to each other. Another point in our favor, thought Tosid, they have the same customs as us. Perhaps we have not been isolated for as long as we thought.

"How may I serve you, my Lady?" Tosid asked when he had straightened.

"Kel was explaining to me how Sosadcerol, their Mountainhome, has come under prolonged attack by trolls. She was wondering if we could spare anything to aid them in their time of need." Îton said.

"Indeed," echoed Kel, her voice tinged with desperation, but also hope. "Anything that you could spare to help Sosadcerol would be greatly appreciated. Anything to prevent it from being overrun by the trolls that fight us in the streets."

"Aid we most certainly provide. I'll have some plate mail and axes brought up from the armory, and ask around the barracks to gather half a dozen volunteers to travel back with you."

"Half a dozen!" Kel squeaked. "I don't mean to sound disrespectful, but Sosadcerol is being overwhelmed. The tales of the size and skill of the Grand Army of Lanternwebs have spread far and wide, and were even what had drawn me to seek your aid. No doubt the warriors you send will be capable in battle, but surely you can spare more than half a dozen to aid us?"

The golden door slammed open as Silvereye rushed into the room, breathing heavily from his run down from the watchtower. "Goblins! Almost fifty of them on the horizon!" he exclaimed as he hurriedly saluted the Duchess.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Goblins?" Tosid said, his beard parting as he smiled broadly. "They could not have come at a better time. Workerdrone! Take Silvereye, Grath, Wizardmon, and two other dwarves of your choice. Let's show Kel what half a dozen of Lanternweb's dwarves can do. Your time has come."

An idea hatched by Bloodbeard, I'm trying a bit of cross-fortress interaction with Nilarzes (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=31475.0>), which seems like it could be interesting.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **April 13, 2009, 06:12:02 pm**

Sounds good.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Grath** on **April 13, 2009, 09:57:41 pm**

Hooray! I'm an example of how good we are!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 13, 2009, 11:29:39 pm**

WorkerDrone stood elated for a moment, like he couldn't comprehend what had just happened. Goblins, sure, but two and a half scores of them? Against half a dozen? Why that would be almost as great as the fight before! Come to stop that the enemy wasn't a strong, Greenskin who felt no pain or fear. The goblins would fall, but at his hands!

Now was his chance to go forth, and show the world, the entire Grand Army, even the gods his capabilities. He would fight, and he would either come out victorious, surrounded in Martial splendor that is the blood of his foes, or die, in glorious battle, for Mountainhome and God.

Now was his chance. He would strike fear into the hearts of the Green Menace, and he would be victorious.

Oh would there be blood.

Blood for the Blood God! Glorious Blood for Armok! **Let it spill in rivers and waves!**

Let it spill, in rivers and waves.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Wizardmon** on **April 14, 2009, 11:28:32 am**

Oh nice, there is not much writing about me so I don't know the current status of my dwarf. I wonder if he is capable of such a feat.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Riversand** on **April 14, 2009, 11:52:56 am**

Hello. Been reading this for some time, and i was wondering if i could have a dwarf as well. I studied you map, and i think i know what kind of dwarf i want... a Glass maker. a Slightly obsessed one. maybe have my dwarf be a Marksdwarf as well. i've got some interesting ideas for some of his obsessions.

Maybe the name of 'Radhe' if male, and 'Aega' if female.

Also, rereading your first page, i remembered about the glass 'metal'. Could a crossbow and ammunition be made from that?

And i've been using orc mod for quite some time. They almost got me, when they OPENED THE DOORS! very sneaky.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **April 14, 2009, 04:01:26 pm**

We've already got a Flint; hes the other marksdwarf besides Silvereye (and a champion if i recall correctly).

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Riversand** on **April 14, 2009, 04:29:41 pm**

Quote from: Eagle on April 14, 2009, 04:01:26 pm
We've already got a Flint; hes the other marksdwarf besides Silvereye (and a champion if i recall correctly).

Ah, thank you, i'll come p with something other than flint.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 14, 2009, 05:10:32 pm**

Quote from: Wizardmon on April 14, 2009, 11:28:32 am
Oh nice, there is not much writing about me so I don't know the current status of my dwarf. I wonder if he is capable of such a feat.

You're a champion swordsdwarf now, and I believe legendary shield user, plus all the stat gains from spending three years of your childhood socializing. You've been sparring and fighting the orcs, so it should be fine. The lack of writing about you is one of the reasons you're being chosen for this, I like trying to spread the "screen time" between all the characters. It's a bit harder with our craftsdwarves (Hat, Skjald, and The Duke), but I've tried to stick in references where they fit.

Quote from: Rivesand on April 14, 2009, 11:52:56 am
Hello. Been reading this for some time, and i was wondering if i could have a dwarf as well. I studied you map, and i think i know what kind of dwarf i want... a Glass maker. a Slightly obsessed one. maybe have my dwarf be a Marksdwarf as well. i've got some interesting ideas for some of his obsessions.

Maybe the name of 'Radhe' if male, and 'Aega' if female.

Also, rereading your first page, i remembered about the glass 'metal'. Could a crossbow and ammunition be made from that?

Sure, we've got several glassmakers that you could have. Glass can be made into a crossbow, but not bolts, though (because the glass is a metal at that point) it would be made by a weaponsmith rather than a glassmaker. ~~Still perfectly possible to get you a glass crossbow, though~~ Bah, can't make you a tempered glass crossbow, either, which is too bad since you like tempered clear glass. I'll post the dwarf with the next update.

And, in lieu of an update, I used Dwarf Companion to look at Skjald's new stats. She is a Legendary +9 weaponsmith now, with 6 levels in strength, 5 agility levels in agility, and 6 levels in toughness. The displayed values top out at 5 each, so she's just over "max" stats. She also has a current happiness level of 1264 (keep in mind that the "ecstatic" boundary seems to be around 200 or so. 100 is content). I may be able to put the pre-battle post up later tonight, though.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 16, 2009, 03:47:51 pm**

Workerdrone stood with his five chosen dwarves, drawing in the sandy clay walls of the barracks as he had seen Flint do before each orcish assault. Wizardmon and grath stood stiffly at attention, their attention riveted on his crude diagram. Ashtesh, brought along at Wizardmon's request, and Momuz, an axedwarf that Workerdrone had found heading to spar on his way into the barracks, stood less formally, their shields leaning against the wall. Silvereye stood towards the back with cloth in hand, still scrubbing the orc blood out of his tower-cap crossbow. Workerdrone pointed towards the top of his diagram.

"Two squads are coming down the riverbed from the north, lead by a macelord and a spearmaster. One is coming from the mountains, lead by a swordsmaster."

"We are six, and must meet all three of these forces. Ashtesh and Silvereye will wait at the forest gate to draw the mountain squad into the tunnels, where they will be trapped and annihilated."

Workerdrone quickly drew arrows on the wall, showing the movement of the squad into the spiral staircase and ending in a severed goblin head.

"The other four will form up at the main gate, where we will meet the two squads in sequence. With proper timing, the last riverbed squad will not learn of the mountain squad's demise before we can engage them, and their losses will be heavy."

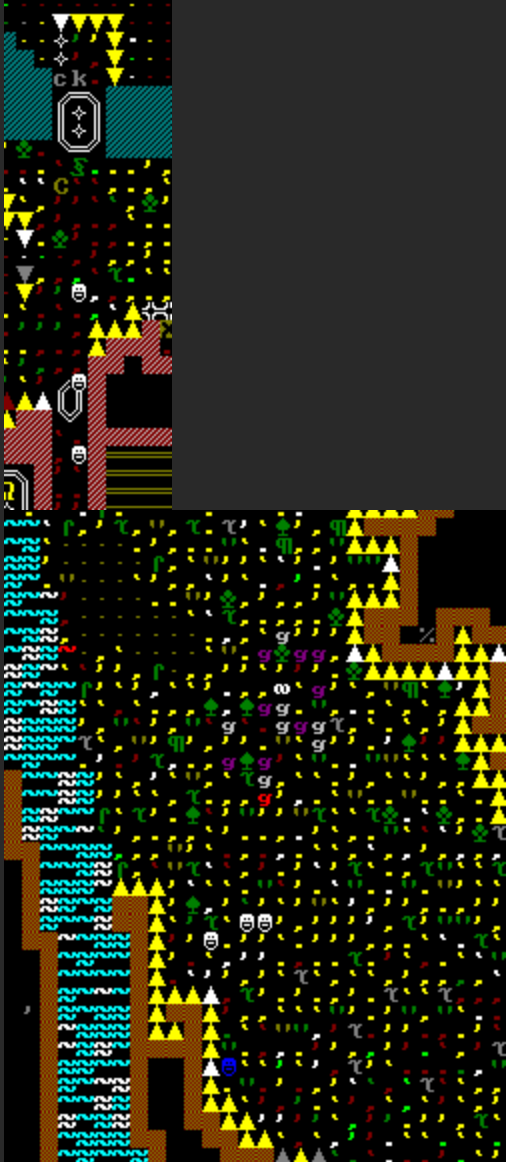
Workerdrone continued to draw as he talked, filling the riverbed with images of fleeing goblins.

"As long as we stick to the plan, we'll show these Sosadcerolians the might of Lanternwebs and kill some greenskins!"

With that, he grabbed his shield and hustled out of the room, closely followed by the other dwarves as they jogged to their assigned stations.

At the central stairways, the two groups separated, Ashtesh and Silvereye heading down to the tunnel to the spiral staircase as Workerdrone, Wizardmon, Grath, and Momuz headed up towards the upper drawbridge.

As before, Workerdrone could feel the rush of approaching battle as he emerged into the sunlight, the goblins rushing across the riverbed waving their hammers and giving war cries as they saw the dwarves emerge. Behind him, three other sets of armored boots trod heavily on the sandy soil, steel grating as weapons were unsheathed. Workerdrone raised his sword and ordered a charge, scarcely slowing to eviscerate a surprised kobold thief on the bridge as he ran towards the blood and glory that he knew lay ahead.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



And, I forgot to upload the picture of Radhe. Sorry about that.
Rivesand: I'm almost tempted to let tempered clear glass be made into crossbows, just for him.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99
'Radhe' èrithasob, "'Radhe' laborbboards", Glassmaker
'Radhe' èrithasob has been ecstatic lately. He admired a fine Seat lately. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged statue lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He admired own fine bed lately.
He is a worshipper of Limul.
He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. Palm, coral, cave lobster shell, the color ochre, maces and earrings. He absolutely detests fire snakes.
He is very comfortable in social situations. He occasionally overindulges. He is impervious to the effects of stress. He genuinely likes others and openly expresses positive feelings toward them. He finds helping others rewarding. He is immodest. He is very confident. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 16, 2009, 05:23:57 pm**

Glory, Glory, I'a I'a I'a Lanternwebs and its Grand Army!

Show these Grünhäute the wrath of the **Blood God!**

CHARGE!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **April 17, 2009, 02:04:25 am**

Took me a week to get through everything, but I'm finally caught up after being pointed over here by Blood Beard via Nilarzes.

Excellent story you have going Rysith, I'll have to keep reading to see where it goes from here.
-J-

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **April 17, 2009, 04:05:53 am**

Guess I will watch from the line with half time oranges.

Let's see how you all do without your precious Flint. :P

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 17, 2009, 03:13:35 pm**

I don't need you to carry me half way.

I can slaughter the Greenskin Bastards on my own.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Grath** on **April 20, 2009, 10:22:32 am**

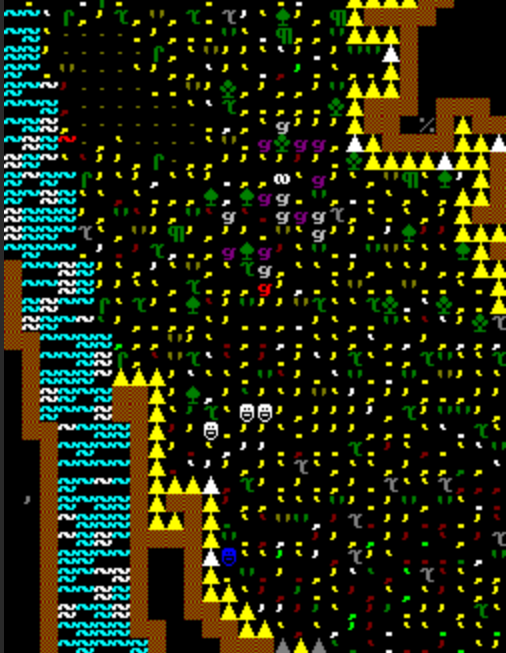
Page 2? Not on my watch!

How goes the goblin slaughtering? ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 20, 2009, 03:27:24 pm**

Wizardmon ran forward, his sword held high as he charged behind Workerdrone. Around him, his father's armor flowed with him, the quality of the smithing and long hours of training in the barracks letting him stride forward as if he was wearing no armor at all. But the thick steel plates had deflected many an orcish weapon that would otherwise have slain him. Though the foes that now threatened Lanternwebs were goblins rather than orcs, he was still glad of the comforting tightness of the straps around his arms and legs, holding the armor tightly to him as he ran towards the first goblin squad.

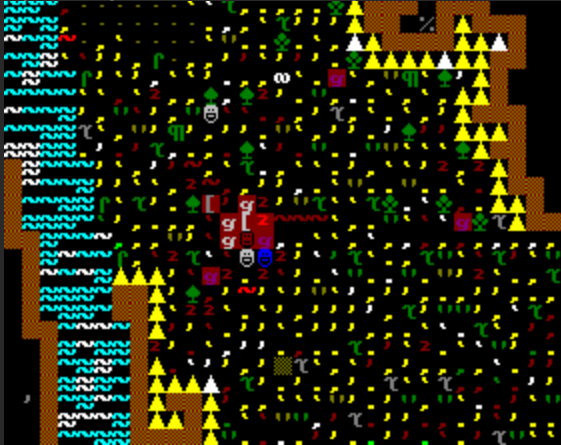
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



As he drew near, he lowered his shield to take the first hammerblow and twisted, setting up to spin with the force of the blow and strike with his sword at the goblin's exposed back as they passed, a maneuver that he had perfected fighting the orcs. When the expected strike glanced weakly off his shield, he staggered, his feet already in position to launch himself off of a heavy blow. The sword swung low and severed the goblin's left leg at the hip, Wizardmon already swinging his shield arm behind him to avoid a retaliatory strike as he turned to deliver a finishing blow.

To his surprise, the goblin lay on the ground, its eyes rolling into its head as it clutched its bleeding stump, its hammer lying forgotten on the ground next to it. Beneath his helm, Wizardmon chuckled. How could the goblins hope to assault Lanternwebs, he thought, when the Orcs had failed so many times? How could they set off to battle, knowing that they would die whimpering on the ground? The orcs at least had honor, of a sort, and could be counted on to go down fighting like dwarves, not lying helplessly on the ground. As he turned to wade into the remaining goblins, his chuckle grew to a laugh, thundering out of his mouth as his sword swung without hesitation, barely bothering to deflect the goblin's attempts to penetrate armor that could shrug off all but the mightiest of the orcs. Before him, the goblins broke and scattered, fleeing back to whatever foul place they had been hiding in before coming to throw themselves at the might of Lanternwebs as Wizardmon's triumphant laughter echoed through their ears to settle in their dreams.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



A dwarven battlecry from the plateau brought Wizardmon quickly back to reality, concern that Astesh would be fighting without him spurring his legs into motion as he ran towards the upper entrance.

Rysith cancels post update: Interrupted by work. But, that's over now. Sorry for the wait.

Fighting things that actually give in to pain when you cut their limbs off is weird after getting used to the orcs. The dead dwarf in the picture above is another baby dwarf carried into battle, which I really should try to avoid more. ~~Video up later tonight.~~ I'm slow. Video available here (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1296-114autumn-firstskirmish>). I have no idea why they scattered, either.

And WorkerDrone, are you trying to start a Cthulu blood cult within the Lanternwebs Grand Army?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 20, 2009, 05:48:23 pm**

What are these false gods you speak of? Cthulhu? No!

There is only Armok! Armok is Battle! Armok is War! Armok is Blood!

Armok demands his Tithes...in blood.

Blood for the Blood God! Skulls for his Skull Throne!

(No Cthulhu. However, I have started the makings of a rather heinous and gruesome Blood Cult of Armok among my fellow soldiers.)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Riversand** on **April 20, 2009, 05:57:57 pm**

so, any news on my dwarf? he'll probably decorate his room, if he gets one, with glass items, and a glass door.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 20, 2009, 08:16:25 pm**

Quote from: Rivesand on April 20, 2009, 05:57:57 pm
so, any news on my dwarf? he'll probably decorate his room, if he gets one, with glass items, and a glass door.

He hasn't done anything yet, since almost no time has passed yet for him. He definitely has a room (each dwarf has a 3x1 or 3x1 + 1 engraved room), so I can certainly stick some glass items in there.

Quote from: WorkerDrone on April 20, 2009, 05:48:23 pm
(No Cthulhu. However, I have started the makings of a rather heinous and gruesome Blood Cult of Armok among my fellow soldiers.)

Alright, I'll try to work that in.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **April 20, 2009, 08:35:59 pm**

HULK SMASH!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Riversand** on **April 21, 2009, 12:52:29 am**

i was talking about his info, like you've posted for others.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 21, 2009, 09:08:33 am**

Quote from: Riversand on April 21, 2009, 12:52:29 am

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Quote from: Rysith on April 16, 2009, 03:47:51 pm

Riversand: I'm almost tempted to let tempered clear glass be made into crossbows, just for him.
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)
 PS: 99
 'Radhe' erithasob has been ecstatic lately. He admired a fine Seat lately. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He is a worshipper of Linul. He is a member of the Branded Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'Radhe' erithasob likes Silty clay, Tempered clear glass, Green tourmaline, Palm, coral, cave lobster shell, the color ochre, maces and earrings. He absolutely detests pine snakes. He is very comfortable in social situations. He occasionally overindulges. He is impervious to the effects of stress. He genuinely likes others and openly expresses positive feelings toward them. He finds helping others rewarding. He is immodest. He is very confident. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Though you probably missed it since I edited it in later. Sorry for not drawing more attention to it.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Wizardmon** on **April 21, 2009, 12:28:03 pm**

Quote from: Rysith on April 20, 2009, 03:27:24 pm

Beneath his helm, Wizardmon chuckled. his chuckle grew to a laugh, thundering out of his mouth as his sword swung without hesitation, barely bothering to deflect the goblin's attempts to penetrate armor that could shrug off all but the mightiest of the orcs. Before him, the goblins broke and scattered, fleeing back to whatever foul place they had been hiding in before coming to throw themselves at the might of Lanternwebs as Wizardmon's triumphant laughter echoed through their ears to settle in their dreams.

Brought a tear of joy to my right eye. :)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Riversand** on **April 21, 2009, 12:42:55 pm**

Thanks, i didn't see it, my mistake, and i'm glad that he has a liking of a glass type.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 21, 2009, 04:10:16 pm**

Silvereye grumbled quietly to himself as he trudged down the corridor after Astesh. He knew it was a great honor to have been chosen by Tosid for this duty, and that it meant that Tosid trusted his skills. But then Workerdrone had assigned him to be goblin bait. Didn't he know that the marksdwarf's place was behind the fortifications, not out taunting things?

He took comfort in Tosid's unspoken approval, though. Tosid always seemed to have vast, far-reaching plans that took everything into account, and that he was part of them meant that he was part of the plans of the future of Lanternwebs. He had reached the bottom of the great spiral now, and stepped into the central staircase to begin the long climb to the forest gate. His crossbow bumped gently into his back with each step upward, the oak stock swinging on its cotton shoulder strap. Flint had had the recruits run exercises on these steps, five hundred stair steps to the top and a long corkscrew back to the bottom. Now, he wished that he had spent longer training on the stairs rather than jumping at the chance to move immediately to crossbow training, his legs aching as the weight of the armor seemed to grow with each step. At last, he reached the top of the stairway, passed Tosid's stockpile of carefully stacked dolomite blocks, and stepped out into the sunlight of the Forest of Funerals.

Drawing and loading his crossbow, Silvereye joined Astesh on the bridge. She had been a serious child, and had grown up into a serious dwarf. Even now, she stood with her sword drawn and her shield up as she stared at the base of the mountains.

"There they are." She said, pointing next to the chasm at a dull iron cap just visible over an outcropping of rock. "Just sitting out there, waiting for something."

"Hah!" replied Silvereye. "Scared is more like it. I'll bet I can put my bolt through his helmet from here."

"No." cautioned Astesh. "Workerdrone said that we are to be bait, and bait does not bite back until the trap is sprung. We have to wait to draw them into the fortress."

"They'd come running for us if I fired a shot at them, I'm sure." Said Silvereye, but he lowered his crossbow.

Below them, they heard Workerdrone shout for a charge, and the sounds of battle drifted up towards them.

"We should be down there, helping them." Silvereye said. "What if they can't fight off the goblins, and they all die because we're sitting up here?"

"We are helping." Astesh responded. "What would happen if these goblins followed us down, to join the ones already in the valley? If sixteen can defeat four, surely thirty-two can defeat six."

A soft sound of shifting rock behind him made Silvereye turn, and he looked up the slope behind him to see the third squad of goblins stealthily edging their way down towards the two of them on the bridge. He quickly nudged Ashtesh and fired, the steel bolt lodging itself firmly in the arm of one of the goblins. Silvereye reached into his quiver for a second bolt, but his grasping fingers discovered only that the quiver was empty. The single bolt that he had brought was now bounding towards him, attached to a goblin arm holding a sword.
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

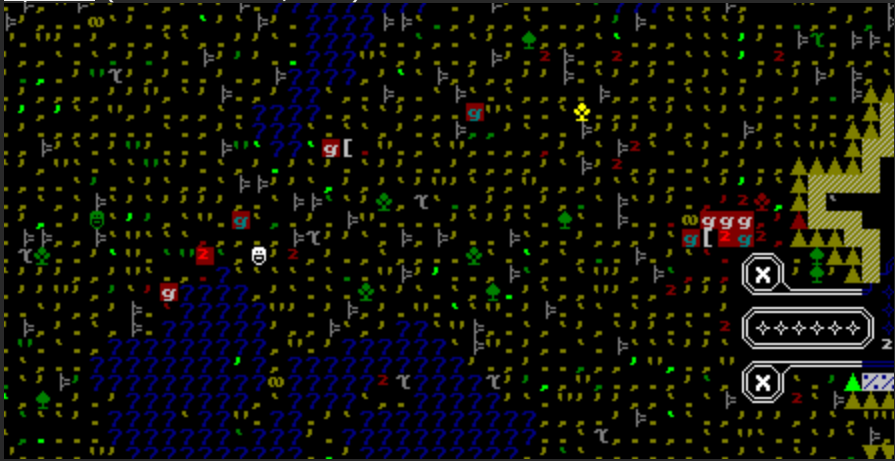


The world was unfair, thought Silvereye. Ashtesh never had to worry about reloading her weapon. Flint didn't have to make sure he had grabbed a steel axe rather than a bone or wooden one. Their weapons and training didn't become useless at crucial moments in battle, when they needed them the most. He could feel his anger building inside him, bursting through his normal tension to replace nervous

jitters with white-hot rage, rage that he focused on the first goblin wrestler to reach him as he drove the butt of his crossbow through the goblin's face with both hands.

This! This is what they must feel like! Silvereye thought to himself as he bellowed an echoing dwarven wacry, lashing out with a gauntleted hand to knock a swordsgoblin to the ground before bringing his crossbow overhead to crush its chest. Full of anger, full of adrenaline, without fear, without pain. Nothing but a weapon and invaders to use it on, each blow bringing a crunch of shattered bone and a spray of spilled blood, satisfaction rising with each enemy slain or sent fleeing before him. Looking up from the mangled goblin below him, he could already see them fleeing into the forests, Ashtesh in pursuit. His rage drove him forward, his crossbow swinging to snap the neck of a fleeing wrestler as his vision cleared and the anger left him, trembling slightly as he caught his breath and watched the remaining goblins flee into the deep forest, the corpses of their comrades littering the ground behind them.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Silvereye really needs to learn to carry more than one bolt at a time. I keep designating all of the single bolts for melting, but he seems to be able to find the one that I've missed.

Movie up later tonight, or possibly tomorrow morning.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 21, 2009, 04:20:42 pm**

The sound of battle calls to me.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **April 21, 2009, 04:26:08 pm**

Hehe. Maybe its time for me to switch careers and become a hammerdwarf. I have the same problem with all my marksdwarves too; they go out for 3 seconds, then run back in for fresh bolts.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **April 22, 2009, 03:30:16 pm**

Apparently, getting ripshit pissed still works rather well against gobbos, at least for the average Lanternwebs soldier's safety.

I'm thinking about asking for a dwarf, but not sure... are there any weapon groups that are being specifically avoided for the military?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 22, 2009, 05:09:43 pm**

Tosid stood waiting at the entrance with Kel as the six warriors returned.

"A fine performance." Tosid said as they entered.

"Fine?" muttered Workerdrone. "Fine? We slew barely more than twenty of them. That means that more than half escaped death! All because the goblins wouldn't stick to my plan. Ungrateful greenskins."

"You see, Kel?" Tosid said, turning to the diplomat. "Six warriors against fifty, and they return without a scratch lamenting only that their foes fled before they could kill more than half of them. We'll send six dwarves along, lead by our own Kib Amkolrigoth the Fields of Scalding. They'll get an idea of what we'll need to do to drive off these trolls, and come back to get more of the army if it's needed."

"Many thanks to you, Lady Gimgoden, and to you, Tosid, for your aid." Kel said. "If ever there is a service that the Great Roughness can perform for you, do not hesitate to ask."

Maverick: Lanternweb's military is composed of Axedwarves and Swordsdwarves (just over 30 each), with (I think) 6 marksdwarves mixed in. No hammers, maces, spears, or unarmed (since their effect on orcs is somewhat lacking). However, if you wanted a specific weapon I'd be able to make and train that for you without a problem, as long as you were willing to be trained up from zero skill.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 22, 2009, 06:11:21 pm**

The problem with using spears is that they happen to be only useful for large targets, and the problem with maces and hammers is that its more of a jar and bashing weapon, where any Orc can take a knock to the noggin easily. The only really effective way to disarm an Orc in battle, and therefore set him up to be killed, is to LITERALLY disARM him.

Axes and most certainly Swords are for true great at this task.

Also, my character sounds dangerously like me. I get into a fight and the only thing I can complain about is that I didn't score nearly as many kills as I would have wanted.

This displeases Armok. We must spill more blood.

Blood for the Blood God!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **April 23, 2009, 09:02:00 am**

I figured that's what it was, with their pain sensors not firing upstairs. And I think bludgeons only send foes sailing on a killing blow anyway. May as well take a marksdwarf; fire support is always helpful... so long as they have ammo. =p
Umir for male/Claris for female, if possible.

From the Journal of Duchess Îton Gimgoden, Autumn 114

Another Dwarven civilization! Under attack from the lesser beings of the earth, but I have no doubt that our Mountainhome would have come under siege from orcs by now if Lanternwebs was not there to divert their attention and thin their numbers. At Tosid's suggestion, I've dispatched Kib Amkolrigoth The Fields of Scalding to Sosadcerol to aid them in any way that she can, leading Vucar Vadôkshetbêth, Olon Bisekmörul, Sarvesh Ganadlogem, Lorbam Mengseng, and Edzul Vabôkilir. All of them are champions of Lanternwebs, and will surely help in defending Sosadcerol from the attacks of the trolls. We cannot allow any dwarven settlement to fall, for each fallen fortress will only encourage assaults on the remaining ones.

There was also the hero crowning ceremony, which is fast becoming an after-battle ritual. It's another thing that has faded in significance in Lanternwebs, oddly enough. Not that I wish to discount the contributions of the Grand Army, of course, without them we would have been slain half a dozen times already. It's that at the mountainhomes, a hero crowning was a cause for months of celebration and recounting of the hero's deeds. If we spent months for every hero in Lanternwebs, we wouldn't have the time in between for them to fight the orcs! The ceremony itself has lost none of its dignity, though, apart from crowning multiple heroes at a time. This time, we were glad to welcome Wizardmon Lolorumân the Moral Maze of Courtesy, Grath Rovodsiknug the Equivalent Decency, and Workerdrone Sebîrstukos the Coastal Blizzards of Peaking into the ranks of the Heroes of Lanternwebs.

Apart from the diplomacy and unexpected (but brief) battle, this autumn has passed in peace and industry. The miners have been busy searching for veins of gold so that the metalsmiths may cast the statues for my project, and Tosid spends enormous amounts of time with his charcoal drawing blueprints for his, though I know only that it almost certainly involves the dolomite blocks he has ordered carved and that it must be magnificent indeed to require this much time for him to plan.

Planning Phase II is a pain. I blame the 2d view. Iton's road is coming along well, though I haven't figured out how I'm going to pump the magma in (aesthetics!).

Sorry for taking so long with the movie, I promise I'll have it up eventually. Movie now available here
(http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1309-114autumn-secondskirmish)

Maverick: I think I can do that. I'll post the dwarf later. Here you go:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

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PS: 100      'Umir' Gudîststâkud. ''Umir' Scaldedmachines'. Marksdwaf
'Umir' Gudîststâkud has been ecstatic lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He talked with a friend lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He made a friend recently. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Case lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He is a worshipper of Akil the Golden Silvers. He is a citizen of the Shaded Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'Umir' Gudîststâkud likes Dense galena. Nickel. Jelly oval. Mangrove. cave lobster shell. beasts. ricks. shields. earrings and ballista parts. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven wine. He is self-conscious. He occasionally overindulges. He is very assertive. He is often cheerful. He is mostly unaware of his own emotions and rarely expresses them. He is willing to compromise with others. He has a sense of duty. He is self-disciplined. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.
```

Quiet hung over the barracks of Lanternwebs. Within, the recruits who would normally be sparring had spread out to the walls, leaving a wide open area in the center. In that circle stood two dwarves, both in masterfully-crafted plate mail which they carried easily, their eyes locked on each other with shields out. One held a sword high and back, its tip pointing unwaveringly towards the other's neck. The other held his axe low, the polished steel spike at the top of the haft nearly brushing the ground behind his armored feet. Surrounding them, the eyes of recruits and champions alike watched for the tiniest hint of movement from either of them.

The axe wavered, the steel spike touched the packed clay floor, and the sword sprang forward like a striking snake, the arm behind it uncoiling to drive it towards the target it had been watching. The axedwarf's shield floated upwards and turned, catching the sword on its smooth surface and turning aside the blow with a soft whisper of sliding steel as the axe swung up from the feint, arcing high overhead to clang sharply on the swordsdwarf's raised shield. The swordsdwarf's momentum carried him past as he turned as the axedwarf stepped quickly and turned. The two fighters resumed their stances, their positions switched.

The swordsdwarf shifted his sword, moving his shield forward and bringing the sword to the front, poking around the side of the shield as he edged closer to the axedwarf. The axedwarf shifted his feet back slightly, bringing his shield closer and his axe up. This time, it was the axedwarf who moved first, his legs pushing him and his shield into the swordsdwarf, the two shields clashing and filling the room with echos. Unable to move the sword around his shield, the swordsdwarf instead crouched low and stepped, his knees almost touching the ground, as the axe swung over his head. Dropping his sword, he reached upwards to touch the axedwarf's plated arm, the fingers of his gauntlet closing tightly and guiding the arm through the rest of its swing and down, pulling the axedwarf towards the floor as the swordsdwarf stood from his crouch.

The axedwarf dropped his axe and braced one arm on the floor, supporting him as he swung his legs in a scything kick that swept the swordsdwarf's legs out from under him, then pushed off to send himself tumbling backwards into the falling swordsdwarf, where they both landed in a tangle of steel. Laughing, the swordsdwarf stood first, reaching down to help the axedwarf to his feet as they both retrieved their weapons from the floor.

"Tooninator, the wrestling lesson isn't until next week." Flint said in a mock serious tone. "You'll teach everyone bad habits. We're supposed to be teaching them how to use the weapons, not drop them on the floor. Good thing I stopped you."

"Hah!" said The Tooninator, his beard cracked with a broad smile. "The right way to win a fight is to do what you have to do to win it! If that means dropping your weapon and wrestling your opponent to the ground, they should be prepared to do that!"

Winter has been boring thus far, no orcs yet. Ho hum. The Grand Army still has to keep busy, of course.

Quote from: Rysith on April 23, 2009, 04:55:27 pm

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Movie of the second skirmish now available here (http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1309-114autumn-secondskirmish)

Maverick, Here you go:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
PS: 100      'Umir' Gudîststâkud. ''Umir' Scaldedmachines'. Marksdwaf
'Umir' Gudîststâkud has been ecstatic lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He talked with a friend lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He made a friend recently. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Case lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He is a worshipper of Akil the Golden Silvers. He is a citizen of the Shaded Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'Umir' Gudîststâkud likes Dense galena. Nickel. Jelly oval. Mangrove. cave lobster shell. beasts. ricks. shields. earrings and ballista parts. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven wine. He is self-conscious. He occasionally overindulges. He is very assertive. He is often cheerful. He is mostly unaware of his own emotions and rarely expresses them. He is willing to compromise with others. He has a sense of duty. He is self-disciplined. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.
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There's no rules in a real fight!

WEll someone has to be responsible ::)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 28, 2009, 02:38:45 am**

No Orcs to fight eh?

Whats this then? The 'dreaded and feared, all mighty' Grünhäute are afraid of us wee Dwarven Folk?

Hah! Of course they are! We are the Grand Army of Lanternwebs, Gods and Armok above save our fine Queen!

Blood for Armok! Glory to our Queen!

And long live Lanternwebs!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **April 30, 2009, 03:44:11 pm**

"Duchess! An emergency!" shouted Unib as he ran into îton's throne room, bowing hurriedly.

The duchess chuckled a bit and smiled. "You may have gotten me with that the first time, young dwarf." She said, leaning forward and pointing at the Mayor as he stood. "But even I've learned that the Orcs aren't an emergency, no matter their numbers. Send The Tooninator and Flint out to deal with them, or something."

"No, my Lady, it's far worse than Orcs." Unib insisted, his voice urgent.

"What is it, then?" îton demanded.

"My Lady, we're almost out of booze!" Unib nearly shouted. "Shoruke says according to her records, we've got less than a hundred drinks left, and in a fort this size that won't last long at all. Between all of the digging and the recent excitement with the Orcs and goblins, we haven't had a chance to expand our farms. The above-ground garden helped a bit, but now The Duke says he's brewed all the plants, and Stinthäd's already planting them as close as he can."

"Very well." îton sighed. "Pause construction of the road and the new underground project, and order the miners to dig out some more farm spaces. Grow plump helmets there immediately, they'll taste awful but at least it will be booze, and they grow fast. As soon as those are harvested, re-plant them with something a bit more palatable. And see what we can do about getting some more space for above-ground farms, The Duke does wonderful things to whip vines and sun berries."

Surprised at the sudden stream of orders from the normally-casual Dutchess, Unib bowed and backed out of the room to see that they were implemented.

No time, no time! No booze either, since I haven't expanded the farms from the original plots, and I'm using plants with more realistic growth times. Also no orcs, but it's still early winter.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 30, 2009, 06:38:53 pm**

Armok is still mildly satiated from the last offering of blood. But for how long, is the question.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **April 30, 2009, 06:51:44 pm**

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO START SACRIFICING OURSELFS!!!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **April 30, 2009, 09:06:00 pm**

Um...no. That would be how the goblins perform blood trials.

Dwarves shall only obtain their blood through glorious battle! And in turn, through glorious and bloody death on the battlefield.

Lanternweb's Cult of The Blood God shall not perform such foul brutish deeds, unless its upon the enemy!

For Lanternwebs, for the Mountainhomes, for the Queen, and for Armok, we shall bring about the new age.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 01, 2009, 01:38:35 pm**

chorus....new age!*chorus*

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Argonnek** on **May 01, 2009, 05:29:52 pm**

Out of booze? OUT OF BOOZE!?!?!?! NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 01, 2009, 09:24:40 pm**

Ooooooh dramatic.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **May 02, 2009, 12:14:49 pm**

For some reason, this makes me think of Gimli from LOTR.

"Nooooo! Not the beer!"

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 02, 2009, 12:20:32 pm**

Gimli huh?

Pfft. What an Elf lover he was. Hope he dropped down a deep chasm and got eaten by ratmen.

No true Dwarve would be caught dead anywhere near an Elf. Unless it was in purpose to stab or hack at it.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 02, 2009, 04:55:36 pm**

I saw an elf with a mustache today. Not good enough.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 02, 2009, 06:19:26 pm**

You did kill him I assume?

Any Elf even ATTEMPTING to grow a beard should be killed.

Any Elf that manages to grow one should be introduced to a 'fine' Grünhäute lass.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 02, 2009, 06:24:42 pm**

I dumped him in a magma pit, yes. I would have anyway.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **May 03, 2009, 01:15:31 pm**

And in the unlikely event he grows a beard, drinks three times his collective weight in alcohol, and actually does his job properly?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 03, 2009, 01:16:49 pm**

Hey, dwarves are racist, they'd kill him anyway.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 04, 2009, 03:27:18 pm**

From the Journal of Tosid Vodsazir, Winter 114
They are growing impatient with our progress. This season they expressed their displeasure through a dyer, Melbil Ducimnēlas, who made an orc bone bracelet with spikes of beak dog leather and an image of the Belted Rawness in steel. The other dwarves are overjoyed, seeing her work as a representation of all that we have accomplished, slaying our enemies and transforming them into jewelery. They are correct, of course, it is a representation of all that we have accomplished. Those accomplishments have nothing to do with our true purpose, and we have lost our drive with the safety that we enjoy and the wealth that we create. Yet great things await us, both above and below, things that we will create for all the world to marvel at. The Duchess's road continues well, of course, but it is a simpleminded design and requires little planning. The real challenge lies in the mountains. I've ordered more dolomite mined out, under the guise of carving a place of worship, but much planning still needs to be done.

The alcohol shortage brought on by Unib's mismanagement was narrowly averted, the first of the plump helmets being harvested when there were only four drinks standing between us and being forced to drink water. Of course, the mushroom wine tastes terrible, but it's still better than water. Hopefully he's learned from his mistake.

Yep, no orc siege this winter. I'll probably send out a few patrols to check for ambushes, though, since that's the normal reason not to get sieged, and I need some blood for the next planned bit of the story.

I'll also point out that despite the violent history of the fortress, we have yet to kill any elves. Complained about the stuff that they brought to trade and chopped down enough trees that they complained back? Yes. Killed them? No. Though they certainly aren't dwarves, they are not at the level of goblins or orcs.

Edit: First page for most views! Hooray!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 04, 2009, 04:04:33 pm**

I agree that the Greenskin threat is what should be handled now. The elves are no threat, I'd just rather they we're dead rather than bringing piles of crap to trade for fine Dwarven goods.

Also, I assume this place of worship will be dedicated to Armok foremost?

Even if you arn't going to make one now, come on, every epic fortress needs an awesome Temple of Armok.

Blood for the Blood God!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 04, 2009, 04:21:55 pm**

Quote from: WorkerDrone on May 04, 2009, 04:04:33 pm
I agree that the Greenskin threat is what should be handled now. The elves are no threat, I'd just rather they we're dead rather than bringing piles of crap to trade for fine Dwarven goods.

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The elves don't trade for fine dwarven goods, they trade for goblin and orc leavings that we can't melt. I'm not *that* generous to them.

The current temple is going to be a generalized place of worship, so not Armok specifically. There is a temple planned for the blood-cult or Armok, but it needs a few more things to cooperate before I can build it, and I want to develop the cult a bit more in the story before introducing a temple as well.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 04, 2009, 04:53:20 pm**

Well we should establish a few things about the cult first. Sorta like Fight Club's rules.

1. You do not talk about the Cult or its doings to non-members.
2. You do not harm, steal, kill, or exploit any other members of the cult, or any dwarf in general. This can be punished by exile, followed by the likely hammerings performed by the justice system.
3. You follow no other god (in the story at least. not like I can make the dwarves profiles read Armok) other then Armok. Proof of this leads to flogging.
4. You serve Armok in every possible way, as to extent by its Cult Leader, this being WorkerDrone.
5. Sacrifices are NEVER performed on other Dwarves. Proof of this leads to outright death of the traitor, either through torture, or by strong axeblow to neck.
6. Enemies captured alive are to be killed in the name of Armok.
7. Cult members are to kill in the name of Armok.
8. Foes killed must be killed in the bloodiest fashion.
9. Honor, Glory, Distinction, and Dignity are qualities to be admired in the Cult.
10. There shall be no stop to the Blood God's tithes, all paid in the foe's blood. If there are no enemies to fight, then they must be sought.

Finally, Dwarves are not to be forced into the Cult's fold. All converts are voluntary, however, the cult's performance is not. All of those who oppose the Blood God shall be crushed.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 04, 2009, 05:52:06 pm**

.....you're serious arn't you?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 04, 2009, 06:03:31 pm**

Indeed. :D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 04, 2009, 06:19:58 pm**

DO IT LANTERNWEBS!!

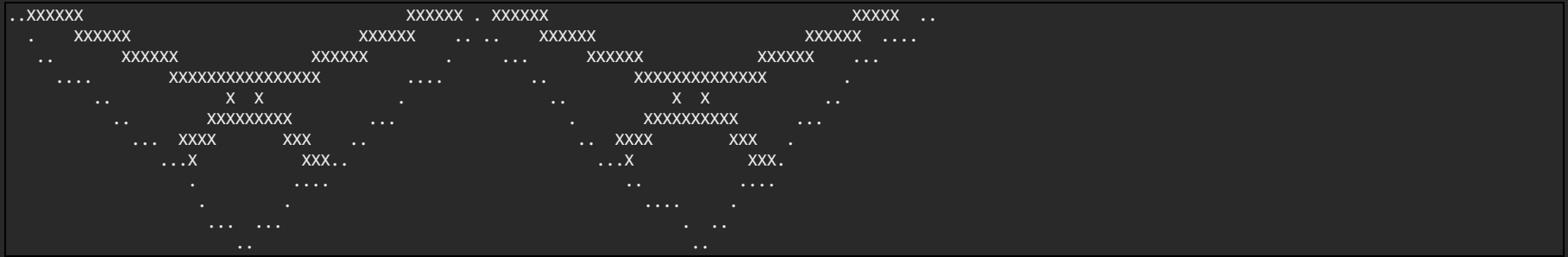
Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 05, 2009, 05:05:27 pm**

From the Journal of Tosid Vodsazir, Winter 114

At last, it is complete. With the planning stages completed, I should be able to divert some of the workers from the road to the glorious project of Lanternwebs. Scaffolding will be a bit tricky, but should be possible. As long as îton is satisfied with overseeing the statue construction rather than demanding my time to lay the paving blocks, I should be able to carve the trap mechanisms by summer, and we can begin to lay blocks as the miners work to smooth down the slopes. Care will have to be taken to ensure that the fortress is not vulnerable to attack during the construction, but I have confidence that that can be taken care of by a few guards. Once the scaffolding is in place, it should be less than a year for the laborers to complete the structure.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Code: [Select]



Flint has also come to me with an intriguing idea, wanting my approval before bringing it before the Duchess. He suggested that with the Grand Army as large as it is, and especially with no orcs likely to assault us in the spring, a group of warriors should be gathered to launch an assault on the fortresses of the orcs themselves, rather than sitting idle and waiting for their war parties to assault us. To travel stealthily, such a party would have to be small, no more than a dozen dwarves, but the damage that we could inflict on the orcs, especially if they were unprepared for an assault, could be tremendous. It was time, I told him, that the dwarves no longer sheltered in their fortresses and contented themselves with destroying whatever armies the orcs sent against us. It was time that we brought the fight to them, and let them know whatever fear they are capable of feeling. I expect that the Duchess will feel similarly.

Planning for Phase II complete, so now I just have to build it.

Given Workerdrone's starting of the blood cult, and the ongoing (behind the scenes) planning with Nilarzes, we've now got two groups open for recruitment, since I don't want to throw claimed dwarves in without permission. Post if you'd like to join the Blood Cult, the Dwarven Assault Force, or both (unless, of course, WorkerDrone wants to handle recruitment for the Blood Cult himself). Both should help to combat the general stability of in-game Lanternwebs, and make for more interesting stories.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 05, 2009, 06:01:40 pm**

The Dwarven Assault Force. There's got to be some competition between the two. Therefore I will lead thee! Hahahah!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 05, 2009, 08:27:50 pm**

I shall join the assault force.

All recruitment is voluntary. If you wish to serve Armok, then you may.

I'd suggest you give me some regular Dwarves anyway Rysith. Not sure if anyones interested in the Blood Cult, but I'd like it to be interesting all the same.

But for now, I want to hear of the assaults made by Lanternwebs! For the Blood God!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **May 06, 2009, 03:46:42 am**

My Idea and I am gona be part of it. I will join the assault force but not the blood cult.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 06, 2009, 04:11:05 am**

Your formal service to Armok will not be required anyway.

The blood you shall shed, in his name or not, shall suffice.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **May 06, 2009, 12:45:19 pm**

I think I'll stay out of both for the moment, at least until I get proven useful.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Riversand** on **May 06, 2009, 12:46:43 pm**

I'll do the same with my glassworker/marksdwarf.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 06, 2009, 02:08:30 pm**

KILL SMASH DESTORY!! HAHA!! The way of the warrior! All will fall down to the TDAF.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 06, 2009, 06:27:02 pm**

Silvereeye crept cautiously forward through the swamp, his normal steel plate replaced with finely-crafted beak dog leather armor. Though the steel would have provided better protection, its shine and bulk would have given him away.

It was, of course, his experience ambushing game that had landed him this assignment. Given three months of food and water, he had been sent south along the brook, searching for the staging point that the orcs of the Mysterious Dread used for their assaults on Lanternwebs. Travel along the brook had been easy enough, but when he had actually picked up a trail, it had lead deep into the Stinky Murk. There, he knew, dwelt beak dogs, harpies, and worse.

He could feel fetid water seeping through his leather boots, despite the quality of their crafting, as he moved as quietly as he could forward. To his right, a broad area through the overgrown trees was cleared and trampled, the swamp struggling to reclaim the path that the orcs had carved through it nearly half a year earlier. Though that path was dryer, the packed earth less receptive to the all-pervading moisture, he dared not venture onto it. Much better to stay with the trees and their moss-draped limbs, lest a flock of harpies spot him from above out in the open.

The heat was the worst part of it, he knew. Every morning, he woke to steam rising from the innumerable pools, and made as much progress as he could along the trail before the midday heat turned the air thick and foul, the smell of ancient decaying trees rising to overwhelm the senses and force him to rest until nightfall, when he would press on until the screech of a hunting beakdog pack or the grunt of a nearby ogre forced him to construct a hidden shelter and wait for morning, when the beasts would have returned to their lairs.

Ahead, he saw a larger clearing and slowed, his cautious steps inaudible above the constant hum of the myriad insects constantly swarming through the air. As he reached the last line of trees he saw a massive citadel, carved from glossy black obsidian, rising from the clearing. The ground around it was dry and packed, stripped bare of vegetation by hundreds of trampling feet. Orcish feet, he knew. He could see orcs moving in and out, as well as enormous cooking fires with meat roasting over them. Making a few final notes on nearby landmarks, he slipped quietly back into the swamp. The warriors of Lanternwebs were sure to enjoy their visit here.

I think Flint does get to lead, he has seniority anyway. The Tooninator has generally been leading the swordsdwarves while Flint leads the axedwarves, but we'll need a single leader for the assault force.

Workerdrone: You will get a few regular dwarves, don't worry. I just didn't want to declare anyone part of it (or not part of it) against their wishes.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Remalle** on **May 06, 2009, 06:47:51 pm**

How many years has this fort been going, now?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 06, 2009, 07:28:48 pm**

Um...I think its around Four or Five now...

At least, that would be the general idea I've been given from Rysith's archive.

Also, Rysith, have I ever told you how wonderful your writing is? As for spelling errors you we're despairing about earlier, I haven't been seeing them. Good job.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 06, 2009, 09:53:56 pm**

I just finished reading through...great story! Definitely the best dwarf related piece of literature that I've seen.

I don't suppose that there's room for another military dwarf. I would want to be in the blood cult. Name: Nichaey, Weapons: Bare-handed (better to rip out still beating hearts with)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 06, 2009, 10:22:09 pm**

I suggest using an axe. You can bash Greenskins with a shield and punch faces when over use breaks the haft.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 07, 2009, 12:25:25 am**

yeah, but then you can't imagine how a dwarf would manage to strangle and orc twice its size.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 07, 2009, 01:23:34 am**

Not really. It doesn't exactly put a picture into my head I want there.

Hacking and slashing limbs off of the Greenskins however is a picture I can process. Most certainly if there's lots of blood involved.

Plus, you can't actually make that much blood with just wrestling. Axe Dwarves make lots of it with all the chopping. And sword dwarves make even more with all the cleaving of limbs and flesh from silly Orcs.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **May 07, 2009, 05:31:01 am**

Leader of the assault force ;D

I think I will gladly take on that role.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 07, 2009, 06:38:22 am**

In terms of military approval, I support Flint in his leadership of The Dwarven Assault Force.

However, his unwillingness to fully submit to Armok concerns me...

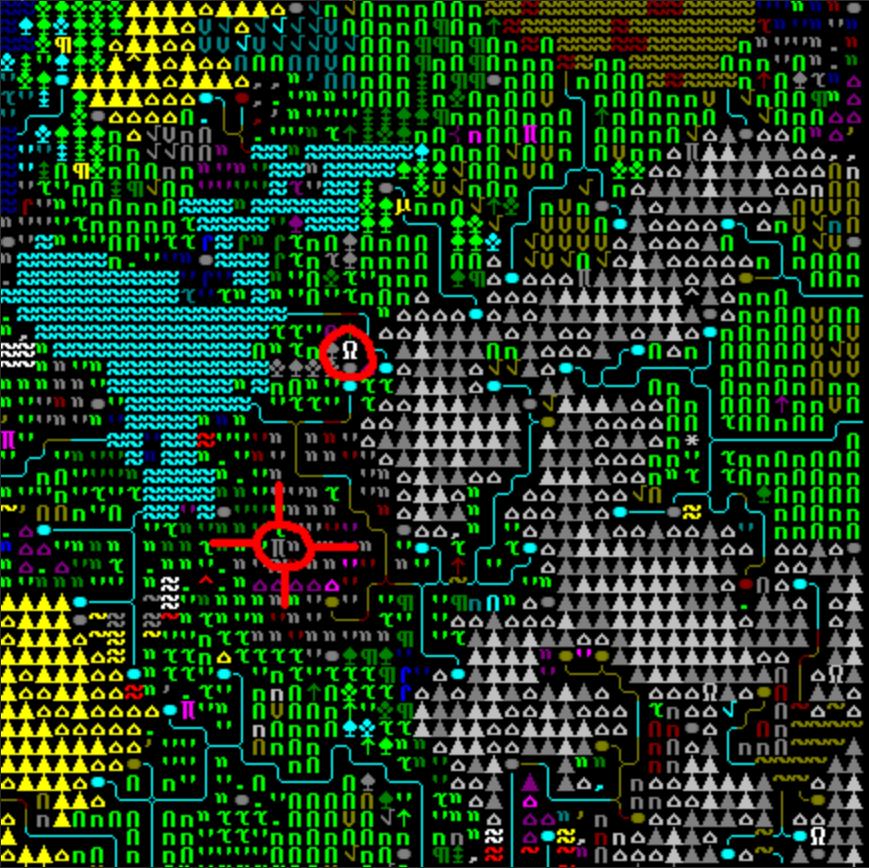
Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **May 07, 2009, 08:28:26 am**

So long as the blood he's spilling isn't dedicated to some other (lesser, heathen) god, it should be kosher. Besides, the head of the Blood Cult (read: You) will be there to make sure of it. It's like the assault force will have its own handful of chaplains... only much, much more violent.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 07, 2009, 02:53:13 pm**

Flint spread the map Silvereye had made out on the table, the ink on the cotton sheet barely dry. On it, the terrain surrounding Lanternwebs was laid out in detail, gathered both from Silvereye's observations and his conversations with people he met during his scouting. Surrounding him, the members of the dwarven assault team peered at it. Drawing a thin brush, Flint spread still-moist redroot dye in two circles.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Here is Lanternwebs," he said, pointing to the northern circle. "We will follow Speckledpraises south to the Stinky Murk, then cut across to hit the fortress, here." He moved his finger to the south, where the fortress stood.

"Silvereye reported no orcish patrols, so we'll be going with heavy armor," He continued. "We'll arrive, kill everyone we can, and leave before reinforcements can show up. Any wildlife we run into shouldn't pose a challenge, and if we can inflict enough damage we may even be able to put them on the defensive enough that they'll spend time rebuilding the fortress rather than laying siege to us here."

"If they don't siege, won't that mean fewer of them here for us to kill?" asked Workerdrone, his face full of concern behind his beard. The Tooninator nodded in agreement, and a murmur ran through the assembled dwarves.

"Fewer of them to kill here, it's true," Said Flint. "But that doesn't mean few of them to kill. If we really do make them draw back a bit,

and hold their attacks, that just means that we can strike further into their territory next time. Every time they don't lay siege to us will be a time when we lay siege to them. There will be no shortage of things to kill, I assure you."

"We'll need to wait for Kib and the others to return from Sosadcerol. No sense in spreading out too much at the very beginning, and we'll need to organize supplies for the journey. The earliest I expect that we can leave is this summer, especially if we want better than plump helmet wine in our wineskins. But do not fear. There will be combat, whether the orcs bring it to us or not."

As of this Spring, Lanternwebs will be seven years old (was founded in 108, and we'll be entering 115).

Nichay: Lanternwebs has a policy against unarmed fighting, and in general encourages the use of axes and swords. Our only "wrestler" is Shoruke, who is actually using a pick. Wrestling is more or less ineffective against orcs, as dwarves get exhausted before they can inflict lethal damage. In addition, they have a tendency to get surrounded and hacked to pieces (or pulled apart by orcish wrestlers). If you wanted to join unarmed as another miner-warrior that would be fine, though.

Incidentally, the bright dwarven fortress in the lower-right corner is the Mountianhomes of the Braided Lenses. There are four dwarven civs (one fortress each) spread around that valley with the evil ocean in it, and they are completely surrounded by mountains. Gives you an idea of the journey to reach Lanternwebs.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 07, 2009, 02:56:41 pm**

ROAR!!!!!!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **May 07, 2009, 04:06:43 pm**

Woo! Im being useful! Also, id like to go along with the Assault Party; gotta have a sniper!

Am i a champion yet? Great ideas and writing, as always.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 07, 2009, 07:07:21 pm**

pick sounds like fun, I've heard that mining iron is a lot more plentiful when done on the battlefield. Too bad 2 weapons doesn't mean duel wielding, that would be awesome.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 07, 2009, 07:24:35 pm**

Wielding two picks?

Okay, I wouldn't do that, but the guy that WOULD is indeed a badass.

Picture this. A dwarf in full Steel Armour, spinning two picks while surrounded by Greenskins.

BADASS.

I'll stick to my sword and shield though. Steel made by the best.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **May 07, 2009, 07:28:49 pm**

You know what would be even more epic? Same dwarf dual wielding PICK BOWS.

<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=34051.0>

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 07, 2009, 10:05:44 pm**

hmmmm....would them pick bows....be picks that fired arrows, or bows that fired picks?

I fully endorse either

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 07, 2009, 10:08:35 pm**

The latter by the looks of it.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **May 08, 2009, 11:43:46 am**

Quote from: WorkerDrone on May 07, 2009, 07:24:35 pm
Picture this. A dwarf in full Steel Armour, spinning two picks while surrounded by Greenskins.

Urist McMiner has become a Legendary Facebreaker.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 08, 2009, 02:40:07 pm**

Urist McMiner:

Dabbling Grower
Dabbling Conversationalist
Dabbling Judge of intent
Competent Sucker Puncher
Adept Miner
Grand Master Curbstomper

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 10, 2009, 01:19:50 am**

BUMP.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 12, 2009, 04:53:44 pm**

WorkerDrone walked down the central stairwell, hearing the soft tread of the elf behind him. Though he was not particularly fond of the Elves, his duties included escorting anyone granted an audience with the Duchess, and that included visiting diplomats. Even elvish diplomats. At least his long military training let him keep pace with the diplomat, rather than forcing him to scramble after the taller and faster elf. And he knew that the elf would not hesitate to make him scramble.

He swung back the golden doors to îton's throne room and announced the arrival of Rofa Throwncreature as the elf walked casually past. Behind the doors, îton sat on her throne, her golden scepter in hand and her finely-colored robes flowing to the ground. Workerdrone knew that negotiations between the dwarves and elves were always tense, but today there was an extra edge. Something in the way that îton sat in her finery, something in the way that the elf purposefully refused the seat he was offered, preferring instead to stand.

"Greetings, Lady îton" Rofa intoned, his high voice trying and failing to sound dignified.

"Greetings, fair elf." îton replied. "What brings you today to Lanternwebs?"

"I come today with praise from the druids." he said. "But also with a warning. You and your dwarves are to be praised for the degree to which you heeded our requests from the last time we spoke: You have left the trees unspoiled, and already the land is recovering from the cruelty that you had inflicted on it. New growth blossoms, and nature smiles."

"But I know as well as any that left to your own whims, you would despoil the land, plunder its bounty, and strip it bare were it not for the ever-present hand of the Druids staying your own. This is why I have come: to remind you that if you fell more than a hundred trees in the next year, your rape of the land cannot go unpunished, and the armies of the elves will ride against you in war."

"Ride against us?" îton chuckled. "For a hundred trees? Rofa, you are forgetting a key piece of diplomacy. Though you may be taller, simple threats will get you nowhere. To truly change behavior, you must be able to offer something in return. Something that we want. Workerdrone, would you be concerned if the Elves rode against us?"

"No, my lady." Workerdrone responded immediately. "The Grand Army has held the field against everything that has assailed Lanternwebs, and will fight to the last dwarf without fear or regret. We would meet them on the field of battle with honor in our minds and steel in our hands."

"You see?" îton asked the elf mockingly. "Your threats of violence aren't a good bargaining tactic at all."

"Then you refuse?" Rofa asked. "I should return to the Druids and tell them to make ready for war?"

"My dear, confused elf." the Duchess replied, her amusement now clearly showing. "If I intended to make war on the elves, you would now be returning to the Druids as a severed head, and that only if I were feeling merciful. I have no intention of making war on the elves. I ask only that you allow us a little more timber in deference to the size of our fortress, perhaps one tree per dwarf, and that you bring us some of the magnificent animals from your forests for trade. Bears from the woods, Lions from the plains, Eagles from the skies."

"But our cloth!" Rofa protested. "Surely the fine cloth of the elves is a valuable enough for trade? The caravan I arrived with was hauling thousands of coins worth of it."

"Thousands of coins, perhaps." îton said levelly. "But we have a thousand bolts of our own cloth here, woven and dyed by hands immeasurably more skilled than the hands that made the rags you brought to trade. Your cloth has no value to us."

"Very well." sighed Rofa. "We shall grant you a hundred and thirty-four trees murdered this year, one for each dwarf living here. It is up to the Druids, though, if you are worthy to care for the great animals of the world. I bid farewell, both to you and the pile of rocks you live in. Don't bother following me, dwarf, I can find my own way out."

Rofa swept out of the throne room, struggling briefly to shift the heavy golden doors despite their careful balance before disappearing towards the main stairwell.

"Masterful negotiation, my lady." Workerdrone said. "A third's increase in the wood we can harvest this year."

"Poor, foolish elf." îton said to herself. "We'll not harvest even a quarter of what they offered. But the speed with which they agreed means that there is something else pressing them. Otherwise, why would they put up such a bold front, yet cave so readily? I wonder what it is."

Ah, the elves, their caravans, and their demands. I've always imagined that the negotiations that don't begin with the slaughter of the elves go something like that, especially in fortresses that really don't care if the elves decided to attack them.

Nichaey:
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

PS: 100
'Nichaey' Duralustuth, "'Nichaey' Honorfenced", Wrestler
'Nichaey' Duralustuth has been ecstatic lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He ate a legendary meal lately. He admired a fine Bed lately. He received food recently. He was rescued recently. He admired own fine Bed lately. He sustained major injuries recently. He has complained of hunger lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He received water recently. He was able to rest and recuperate lately. He is a casual worshipper of Doren. He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. Nichaey' Duralustuth likes tetrahedrite, tin, gray chalcodony, war hammers, coats and donkeys for their distinct brays. When possible, he prefers to consume salmon and cow cheese. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. He is not a risk-taker. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is willing to compromise with others. He is confident. He thinks it is incredibly important to strive for excellence. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Sorry about the personality, you'd be astonished at how difficult it is to find a soldier that can be made into a wrestler-miner. I'll probably mostly ignore it and write according to any personality ideas you had for him (or as Urist McMiner the Legendary Facebreaker, if you don't have any objections).

Eagle: Not a champion, yet, since marksdwarf trains much more slowly than the melee skills, and my attempts to give you experience on live targets has lead to failure hilarity both times (once with the orcs, once with the goblins). There are plenty of bone bolts, though, so you'll get there eventually. You're also now carrying around a full stack of bolts, so hopefully next siege you'll get a few more shots off before deciding that it's time to beat things with your crossbow.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 13, 2009, 12:27:24 am**

...Or leave mid-siege because you just decided it was a FINE time to go and get a drink.

At anyrate, wow, an update! A rare commodity of the highest value. It menaces with spikes of awesome.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **May 13, 2009, 04:39:14 pm**

Dont worry! The enemy will still be there (hopefully) when i get back!

Hmm, ive always had marksdwarves train insanely fast, second to only wrestlers. Weird.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 13, 2009, 05:48:41 pm**

A single trumpet call echoed across the river valley, the crisp note penetrating to the deepest levels of the fortress. Before the trumpeter could draw breath to sound the horn a second time, Flint had already ordered the Grand Army up from the barracks to the surface.

"Do you think it's the goblins again?" asked Wizardmon as they jogged up the stairway towards the entrance. "Orcs wouldn't announce themselves with horns."

"That was no goblin horn." Replied Flint. "That note had brass in it, which means humans or fellow dwarves. But the caravan isn't due for months..."

The second call rang out as they reached the surface, pouring out onto îton's gold and steel road in front of the fortress as the looked around for the trumpet's source.

"There!" shouted Umir, pointing to the hills. "Up there! I can see a dwarf with a trumpet!"

"All Hail!" shouted the trumpeter, his voice carrying easily down to the fortress entrance. "All Hail Vucar Lektadlór, Queen of the Braided Lenses!"

Flint began giving orders quickly, sending a runner down to fetch îton as he ordered the Elder Banners up to meet the party, dressed in the purple of the Royal Guard, that was now making its way down the hills toward the fortress.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"My Queen!" îton exclaimed as she met her at the entrance, quickly bowing low to the ground. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit? I'm afraid that your presence here is somewhat unexpected, but I'm sure that anything that you require can be quickly gathered. Would you care for a drink or a meal before we attend to whatever business brings you here?"

"Thank you, Lady îton, for your offers of hospitality." The Queen replied, waving her hand to allow îton to rise. "A meal and a drink after our travels would be most welcome. We have much to discuss while my entourage sets up the throne room."

"Throne room?" îton asked, somewhat shocked. "Then you intend to stay here?"

"Of course I intend to stay here." Vucar laughed. "Did you think I had made the journey simply for my health? Lanternwebs has surpassed the old Mountainhomes in every way. With the news that you had made contact with other dwarves, how could I stay still claim to lead, when I was but a distant presence to the face that the Braided Lenses showed the world?"

"I..." îton stammered. "I hadn't thought of that, your majesty. I'm sure that whatever you require can be forged quickly, if you can forgive bare rooms for a few days until the steel has cooled. Myself, Tosid, and Flint are all at your service for anything that you desire. As are, of course, all of the citizens of Lanternwebs, but we can surely arrange things for you until you've become more at home here."

Flint saluted. "If it pleases your majesty, might I take you on a tour of the fortress while your belongings are moved to your rooms?" he asked.

"If you are still leading the military," Vucar asked, "Then has Tosid remained mayor? He insisted that he was the wrong dwarf to lead when I sent him off, those long years ago."

"Tosid remains mayor in all but title, your Majesty." Flint replied. "A young immigrant named Unib has been elected mayor, but does not interfere with Tosid's direction."

"I'll have to sit down and have a talk with both of them, then." Mused the queen, stroking the head of her axe thoughtfully. "But in the mean time, Flint, a tour of the fortress would be most excellent. Lead on, that I might learn more of this new home that I have heard so much about."

"Of course, your majesty." Flint bowed, and began leading her towards the fortress entrance. Below them, magma forges breathed heat and flame as the legendary craftsmen of Lanternwebs went to work, producing the furniture fit for the royal family out of the finest Lanternwebs steel, each piece carefully fitted and etched before being left to cool away from the heat that had shaped them.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Laborers scarcely waited for each piece to cool enough to touch before hauling them to the newly-dug rooms of the queen, her consort, and her advisor, each hollowed out of a magnetite cluster and finely engraved with images of the history of Lanternwebs.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



At last, Lanternwebs had become a Mountainhome!

Our three new nobles:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100Vucar Lektadlår. "Vucar Luredtool", Queen

Vucar Lektadlår has been quite content lately. She is married to Meng Glassesquitted and has three children: Obok Craftedwheel, Reg Runhelms and Bim Furnacebrushs. She is the daughter of Mafol Helredlenses and Dumed Apexcrafts. She is a worshipper of Ithoth Umbraverplexed. She is the leader of The Braided Lenses. She is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Vessel of Grooving. She is a member of The Theater of Beards. She is very friendly. She prefers stability and security to ambiguity and disorder. She is willing to compromise with others. She is immodest. She lacks confidence. She is very disorganized. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

PS: 100Meng Dodókulåb. "Meng Glassesquitted", Guard

Meng Dodókulåb has been quite content lately. He is married to Vucar Luredtool and has three children: Obok Craftedwheel, Reg Runhelms and Bim Furnacebrushs. He is the son of Zulban Cityclasps and Solon Lancechampions. He is a worshipper of Ithoth Umbraverplexed. He is a guard of The Vessel of Grooving. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Vessel of Grooving. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. He has a calm demeanor. He is quick to anger. He occasionally overindulges. He enjoys the company of others. He is not interested in art. He tends not to openly express emotions. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

PS: 100Urist Almôshilral. "Urist Gleamedtreaties", Advisor

Urist Almôshilral has been quite content lately. He is married to Kel Wheelednotches. He is the son of Degël Merchantdawn and Udil Handleship. He is a worshipper of Istrath. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Vessel of Grooving. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. He is the outpost liaison of The Braided Lenses. He has a calm demeanor. He is very active. He loves a good thrill. He is guarded in relationships with others. He is willing to compromise with others. He is confident. He finds rules confining. He needs alcohol to get through the working day and really wants a drink.

No preferences section, I wonder if that's a bug? They seem fairly nice as nobles go, especially Vucar, and Urist seems like he would be fun to write updates for. This is also my first time actually playing with a king (normally on getting a king I'll abandon and start a new fortress), so this should be interesting. As I mentioned before, Lanternwebs has several conditions for finishing, and I'm not going to stop until they are met. We've got several more years, at least, before this is over.

WorkerDrone: I've been trying to stick to at least three updates a week, and I try for one each weekday, so don't worry if I don't post over the weekends. This weekend was also mother's day, so that cut into the Lanternwebs time a bit.

Eagle: How do you set up your archery ranges? I've got two for the six Lanternwebs marksdwarves, but I find that they sit idle a lot, and they don't seem to be gaining skill very quickly at all. I've got one champion, one elite, and the rest normal thus far, and the champion/elite both got their skill shooting at orcs before I started just crushing invasions with melee dwarves.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **May 13, 2009, 06:00:02 pm**

If they dont have a preferences section they wont make mandates. I got that with my king too, not sure if its a bug.

I usually set up a lot of ranges, each separated by a thin wall, like this:

XXXXXXXXXX
XAXAXAXAX
X X X X X

With:
A - target
X- wall

Also make sure that they arent in a squad, that the archery range room effects dont overlap, declare a range from each target individually, and have huge bolt stacks (exp is gained for each bolt fired, not hit). If a range overlaps another target, the dwarves will still only allow one person to shoot at them at a time.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 14, 2009, 01:17:43 am**

Ah lads, it be time the Grand Army gave this moment in time to salute!

Aye indeed, its time Lanterwebs hails her Queen! Aye 'o! We set forth the march of time and arrived our Queen has! Aye 'o! Indeed our Queen is here at last! Aye 'o!

Time has come again, and battle will follow suit! But before our destiny's end meets Armok's tune, Hail Vucar! Queen of Lanternwebs and all of her holdings!

Greenskins beware! Ho! FOR LANTERNWEBS! CHARGE!

...

I think its time the Grand Army marshal a parade in Vucar's honor. We'll march in lines decked out in armour, right up the road, and hail her with Lanternweb's song.

...

Oh damn! Lanternwebs needs a battle song.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **May 14, 2009, 04:34:00 pm**

I say we use Chosen Ones by Dream Evil. Unless someone can write an awesome battle poem.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ko4Q0cgo1N8

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 14, 2009, 04:40:01 pm**

Sorry, I've already claimed We Are The Chosen Ones for my impromptu Black Templars theme song.

How about we just use The Trooper by Iron Maiden and call it a day?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 14, 2009, 06:42:55 pm**

From the journal of Tosid Vodsazir, summer of 115
The arrival of Her Majesty the Queen was unexpected, and the plans have been thrown into disarray. Iton has insisted that the road be completed even faster now. Though we've finished paving the road itself, we've only just dug the magma channel and begun smoothing it, and we'll need to find more gold to complete the statues. The new workers need to be sorted out, the furniture needs to be forged, and Unib needs to be told, again, that he can't have his brass goblets until after the Queen has her throne. Even if he brings up how he was a child prodigy, again.

Flint has been exceptionally helpful, showing the Queen around while the furniture she ordered is completed. The work on her weapon racks was disrupted by one of our apprentice weaponsmiths, Medtob Momuztumam, who has locked himself in one of the forges and is demanding clear glass. I can sympathize with the need, of course, but he could have hardly chosen a worse time to be inspired.

Summer has come, which means that soon we will be dealing with the humans and the orcs as well on top of everything else. The humans will bring much-needed supplies, of course, but they will have to be protected from the orcs, and Flint already has his hands full. I know he's handed off supervising the new recruits to Workerdrone, but we'd likely have to find someone else to deal with the Queen if the orcs lay siege to us. I won't be able to do it, since I'm sure that the merchants will want to talk to me about what to bring next year, and I'm not sure if Workerdrone is up to the task of entertaining a royal couple that seems to be growing increasingly annoyed at their lack of furniture. Perhaps Skjald or Hat will be able to.

Workerdrone has also spoken to me about the possibility of creating a temple to the God of Blood. I've offered him a space in the communal worship room, which he eagerly took, but he's asked for a larger space away from the main worship hall for the Blood God's rituals. I can imagine such things becoming quite messy, but if the whispers in the mountain are to be believed I think I know the perfect place for it.

The humans come now, I can hear their wagons on the steel blocks of the road, so I must cut this entry short. Their arrival means that the orcs must be close, so I must go ask Flint what our defensive plan is this time.

I really should have prepared more for the Queen...

I'll have to listen to the proposed battle songs, but I've always thought of Lanternweb's song (though perhaps not battle song, unless the pipes were carved into the Unnameable Point and played over the sound of the killing of its foes. I wonder if I could build that....) to be something like Bach's Toccata in D minor (the first three minutes or so of this (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_FXoyr_FyFw)). Pipe organs in general seem like extremely dwarfy instruments, given their size, complexity, and awesomeness. Some of the foot pedals, for example, need to be pressed several seconds before the note is needed, because the pipes for the lowest notes need that long for the air to start producing the note.

You can also make magma organs (as a variant steam organs), which wins them bonus points for dwarvishness.

Edit: Both of those seem like they fit the attitude of the Lanternwebs Grand Army quite well :). Of course, now I'm going to have to take Eagle's suggestion and compose a battle poem for Lanternwebs.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Remalle** on **May 14, 2009, 06:51:26 pm**

Quote from: Rysith on May 14, 2009, 06:42:55 pm
You can also make magma organs...
Has this been done?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 14, 2009, 07:02:56 pm**

Quote from: Remalle on May 14, 2009, 06:51:26 pm
Quote from: Rysith on May 14, 2009, 06:42:55 pm
You can also make magma organs...
Has this been done?

The basic idea of an organ is that you're putting moving air through pipes. In real life I think that the closest that you get is pyrophones, where you use burning gas to move the air. Pipe organs use pressurized air, and steam organs use steam. A magma organ would work by either passing air over a bed of magma and allowing the hot air to rise through the pipes or by using the magma to boil water in a steam organ. I don't think that anyone has ever actually made a magma powered organ, though, since in real life it's a bit harder to handle magma than it is in DF.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 14, 2009, 09:13:47 pm**

wow, the view at around 2:35-45 has to be one of the most dwarven things I've ever seen.

As for my preferences: pretty sweet
-doesn't often experience strong urges or cravings
-He often does the first thing that comes to mind
he's a schizophrenic, awesome

-he is not a risk taker
-he doesn't openly express feelings or emotions
-he is confident
he's a calculated, unreadable, confident schizophrenic....even awesomer

In other words, sounds like the perfect personality for Urist McFacebreaker

Just curious, but what is his squad name?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 15, 2009, 04:26:35 pm**

"Here are the forges, Your Majesty." Flint said, leading Vucar into the heat of the forge level. Around them, the dull red glow of the magma forges cast everything in shades of black and red, shadows leaping from the piles of armor and weapons waiting to be stored sitting by the now-idle workshops.

"Normally, these forges are in operation nearly the entire day." Flint explained. "But now, with your arrival, they have been reserved for the finest crafts dwarves alone. Sarvesh is the only one of us with the skill to create furniture worthy of the Queen, and he is asleep right

now, so they lie idle."

A dwarf scuttled past them, clutching a piece of leather tightly to his chest. He quickly ran into one of the forges to deposit his burden, and then scuttled out again.

"You there!" the Queen demanded. "Why are you using the forges?"

The dwarf ignored her, brushing past Vucar and Flint to climb the stairs again.

"Ah, except for him." Flint said, toning his voice to combat the look of shocked indignation on the Queen's face. "Every once in a while, a dwarf will get an all-consuming idea, and go on to produce something much finer than even our best crafts dwarves can create. In the lower passageway, we have a vault of them, which I can show you if you'd like. Whenever someone gets in a mood like that, we just give them whatever they need and let them be until they've returned."

Above them, a long horn blast sounded, the note distinct but muted by the layers of rock and soil between them and the surface. The note was harsh and dissonant, grating on the ears and setting hair on end.

"If you will excuse me for a moment, your Majesty." Flint said apologetically, before leaning into the stairway and bellowing up it. "Tooninator! Muster a squad up and deal with those goblins, will you? Just make sure none of the recruits gets hurt while you aren't watching them spar!"

"A goblin attack?" Vucar asked, he face now showing concern. "Hadn't you better order everyone inside and lead the army against them?"

"Your Majesty, I assure you that you overestimate the threat they pose." Flint said, chuckling a little. "The Grand Army of Lanternwebs has defeated goblin sieges with as few as half a dozen men. The greatest risk is that someone will hurt themselves sparring in the barracks while we're off dealing with them. Goblins are laughable compared to the orcs, though we've not seen them in a full year now."

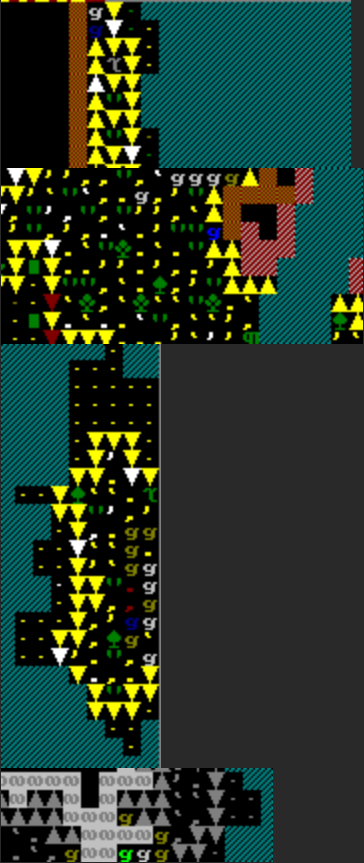
"I only hope your confidence is not misplaced. Who will The Tooninator bring with him?"

"His second in command, Workerdrone, almost certainly. One or two other experienced fighters, and perhaps some of the new recruits, for training purposes."

"Training against a goblin siege? That seems extremely dangerous"

"There's no better way to learn, your Majesty." Flint chuckled again. "Every dwarf in the Grand Army needs to be able to look an enemy in the eye, and know that their foe will try their hardest to slay them, without flinching. The Orcs are born with it, but we have to learn it. Now, if you'll follow me towards the back, where the glass furnaces are, we can continue the tour."

Why are there goblins in the way of the summer Orc siege?
Four squads: three of speargoblins, one of hammergoblins:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Hopefully we'll get more than 50% casualties this time. At least there will be blood.

Nichaey: Glad you like the preferences. They hadn't struck me as particularly warrior-like, but I can certainly write him as a calculated schizophrenic facebreaker. He's part of the siege defence force, so he should be introduced in the next few updates. His squad is "The Plain Doors", so it's unlikely that he'll be given command of the squad.

Working on some Lanternwebs battle poetry, and will probably have it ready for the next Orc siege. Goblins aren't worthy of it.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 15, 2009, 06:12:06 pm**

Battle poetry...as long as it isn't Haiku, please, it doesn't seem rightly bad ass that way.

But speaking of battle songs, I admit now, Metal may not be the best thing, and I didn't really want anything Gothic in tone, I know, out of character for me.

But more of an Irish tune.

Please, listen to this, you'll shit bricks. It is very nice. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TBF-3DgciSc&feature=related>
(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TBF-3DgciSc&feature=related>)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 19, 2009, 04:04:26 pm**

"Hold!" said the Tooninator, raising his hand and peering around the corridor. "We'll wait here for the goblins to come in, while Silvereye and Umir fill them with bolts crossing the bridge. Once they turn the corner, WHAM! Dead goblins. Good training for the recruits."
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Nichaey nodded beneath his helm, his steel pick clenched tightly. In the tight corridor, the goblin's long spears would be clumsy while the dwarven solders would be unhindered. His pick, especially, was just the right length for the height of the ceiling. The goblins would feel his pick soon enough, he knew, despite Workerdrone's grumbling about rushing forward to glorious battle. Whether the battle happened in the corridors or in the field, the battle would happen.

Outside, the only sign that the dwarves had noticed the goblin horn was the golden chain that now lay empty in the center of the gold and steel road. Normally, a guard bull was chained there to ward off thieves, but today there would be no thieves. Today, the goblins chose to fight like solders rather than skulking in the shadows. Today, the goblins bravely announced their presence and marched forth with armor and weapons that were little more than toys. Today, the goblins would water the ground with their blood.

In front of him, he saw an armored dwarf walk past on the road, his visor open, idly humming and twirling one of the hammers that the weaponsmiths-in-training had been crafting day and night, constantly re-forging and re-melting them as they learned their trade. He nudged Workerdrone, his squad leader.

"Hey, is he supposed to be out there?" Nichaey asked, pointing to the dwarf on the road.

There was a brief, but intense, burst of whispering between The Tooninator and Workerdrone, before The Tooninator called out.

"Hey! You there! Why are you away from your post?"

The dwarf kept walking, oblivious, and crossed the bridge.

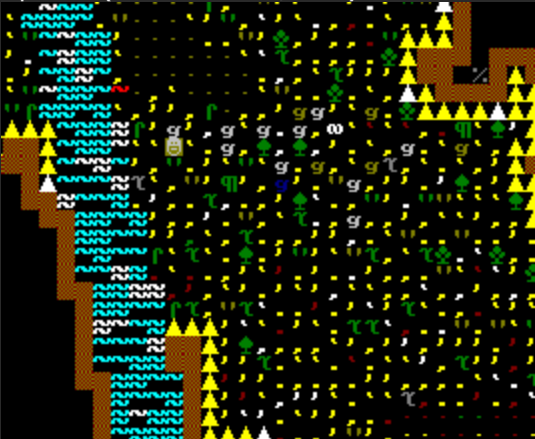
"What is he thinking, that merely being in Lanternwebs makes him a great warrior?" The Tooninator muttered under his breath, before he turned to address Workerdrone.

"You wanted to rush the goblins in the field?" He asked. "Now's your chance. He's going to need rescuing as soon as those goblins catch up to him. Fall back to here when you're done."

Workerdrone straightened quickly, motioning the rest of his squad forward into the brightness of the summer sun as the ran after the errant hammerdwarf.

The expected cry of alarm sounded as Workerdrone crossed the bridge, looking down to see the hammerdwarf tackled by one of the goblin wrestlers as the speargoblins from the first squad moved in to surround him.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Workerdrone ran ahead, knowing that a dwarf inexperienced enough to be tackled like that wouldn't last long in a fight against a full squad of goblins. He drew his sword as he ran, watching the dwarf below him strike a blow on the wrestler and get to his feet and retreat towards the brook.

The wrestler was stunned, but not injured by the blow, gave chase, tackling the dwarf again in the shallow water of the brook, holding his arm until another wrestler could sweep the dwarf's legs from under him, sending him splashing into the brook. Though he tried to stand, a third wrestler had grabbed his legs while the first of the speargoblins stabbed at him, the goblin-forged iron point bending ineffectively against dwarven steel. But the dwarf was pinned well, and his struggles succeeded only in churning the water around him as the goblin leader, wielding an enormous maul, stepped through the ranks of his spearweilders and raised the hammer high, letting it fall with a resounding clang on the hammerdwarf's chestplate like a forge hammer striking steel.

Within the prison of his armor, Ast Imeshdastot gasped for breath, coughing violently as pain shot through his lungs and blood flew from his mouth to spatter the inside of his helm. He could feel the dent in his armor like a great weight against his chest, crushing the air from his lungs. His arms lay pinned to the streambed by wrestlers, his hammer and shield useless as he saw the maul rise again, this time to bash its spiked iron head against his visor. He heard the steel shriek as it gave way, and felt his bones yield to the overwhelming weight, before there was nothing.

First of two updates today, I'm rolling the things I had planned for yesterday into the update for today, but it's really getting too long.

I'm not sure at all what the dwarf was thinking. Nobody should be wielding hammers, it was long after everyone from the migrant wave was inside, and he didn't even react to the goblins until they were on top of him.

WorkerDrone, Berserker, has flown into a bloody rage!

"Vengeance is mine!" Only then did it dawn on the Greenskins their folly, for there would be no escaping this Dwarf's wrath. "Let it flow in rivers! **Blood For The Blood God!...**" The dwarf had met the first of the enemy Greenskins, his sword cleaving flesh from bone, spilling even more blood to go with the recent Dwarven blood spilled. "...**Skulls For The Skull Throne!**"

And terror exuded, in rough patches from his body, and sweat made of ire and fear weaved its way around the Greenskin's nostrils as sooner his skull was butted roughly off his head with shield.

And with every pace even more blood was shed!

Slapped

Oh I'm sorry. Hehehe. Your the one writing the story. Carry on. *Backs out of the thread slowly*

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 19, 2009, 05:02:29 pm**

Ahead, Workerdrone saw the crowd of goblins ripple and part to reveal the mangled body of the hammerdwarf, his blood leaving misty red trails in the clear water. He saw the foul goblin leader raise his maul in victory, the spiked head slick with blood and speckled with white bone. He saw the goblin begin to turn, to urge his army toward the gates that still stood open. He saw the end of the spit of sandy clay that he had been running along and leapt, his legs sending him flying through the air towards those who had murdered a dwarf of Lanternwebs.

He landed with his feet planted firmly on the chestplate of the surprised goblin leader, the weight of dwarf and armor driving him to the ground before a powerful upwards slash sent the limp body flying, leaving a trail of blood hanging in the air before crashing into the far side of the valley with a crunch. Not pausing, he stepped forward to bathe his sword in the blood of a wrestler, the arms still futility scrabbling for purchase on his polished armor as the eyes dimmed and the head sagged, redness gushing from the stomach and staining the brook crimson as it frothed with his rapid and heavy steps.

He spread his arms wide, as if inviting the dozen goblins in front of him to try their luck against him, as he saw another armored dwarf charge into the side of the goblins, sending bodies and limbs flying as his axe flashed in precise arcs. His heart pounded in his chest, not with fear or anger but with the joy of battle.

Beneath that, though, he felt something else, an older, deeper feeling. A calling from the dawn of time, from the time when the blood of the dwarves and the blood of the mountains was one and the same. He could feel the ancient power of dwarven blood welling up inside him, lending him the strength of the mountains and the fury of their magma blood. He saw a speargoblin charge him, the point held rigidly in front of her as he caught the point on his shield, turning the goblin with her momentum and feeling a strange rush as his sword slid wetly though flesh to release Armok's holy water from its prison and let it flow upon the ground.

Armok! The name had been passed in hushed whispers from parent to child since the dawn of time. An ancient god, a god of blood and chaos, death and destruction, but also a god of life and growth, of love and emotion, of all things that were driven by the vital spark of His holy red water. It was said that the power of Armok flowed strongest in the dwarves, that He favored them most of all, and that He could inspire them to feats unmatched by any other. But Armok was not a god to be chosen and worshiped in the hope that He would favor the faithful. Armok chose his worshipers, drove them until they glowed with inner power or lay like cinders on the ground, inspired them to unmatched feats or let his power dance within their skulls as they descended gibbering into insanity.

And now, Workerdrone felt the hot glow of Armok's power rushing through his veins. His sword and shield seemed weightless, his armor merely the shell that would contain his power and trap his skin, so that it would not be torn away from within by the glow. The goblins before him were but offerings that he could make to sate the hungry god, blood that had been wasted in life and must now be released in sacrifice that it might be reborn in a creature more worthy of life. He heard himself shouting orders, but did not understand them. He felt his sword moving, the blade cutting through goblin chain armor as easily as it did their flesh, each stroke staining the sword a bright and moist red before the speed of its travel swept it clean for the next stroke.

The goblins on the east slopes had reached the valley, and he turned to charge them, his blood driving him onward without thought or pause. He reached them and his blood pounded through him, bringing him rhythm as he danced to the glory of Armok and all who serve Him, the sword dipping into each goblin vessel and anointing the dwarven warriors with blood as he spun and dodged, thrust and cut, danced and sang in a language older than the world itself.

At last, the heat in his veins subsided, his sword stilled, and he was left, surrounded by his squad but still feeling alone. Around him, the dull earth was stained bright with the blood of slain goblins, the warriors covered in sprays of red, slowly drying to brown. Breathing heavily, Workerdrone lifted his sword.

"Fall back!" He said, his voice strangely hoarse. "Fall back to the gates. Let the greenskins come to us!"

Movie available here (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1352-115summerfirstskirmish>).

Workerdrone: The poetry I was thinking of was going to be more in the vein of Norse or Celtic epics, in terms of lots of recounting of past victories and urging the foes to face them with honor, and such like that. Not Haiku at all.

Fake edit: I was warned when trying to post this that there had been a new post. Kind of odd how closely they line up in intent.

Real edit: fixed grammar errors.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 19, 2009, 05:15:31 pm**

How could that dwarf be so oblivious? Hmpf.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 19, 2009, 06:05:31 pm**

I'm not a n00b...YOU ARE TEH NOOB.

And yes, yes awesome, epic indeed update.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 19, 2009, 08:40:42 pm**

Quote from: Rysith on May 19, 2009, 05:02:29 pm
He landed with his feet planted firmly on the chestplate of the surprised goblin leader, the weight of dwarf and armor driving him to the ground before a powerful upwards slash sent the limp body flying, leaving a trail of blood hanging in the air before crashing into the far side of the valley with a crunch.

Trying to imagine this...damn.....too.....awesome

I know that they don't actually dual wield when you put on 2 weapons, but I think that dual wielding picks is the perfect place to exercise a little artistic freedom, don't you? ;D

Quote from: WorkerDrone on May 19, 2009, 04:23:32 pm

"Vengeance is mine!" Only then did it dawn on the Greenskins their folly, for there would be no escaping this Dwarf's wrath. "Let it flow in rivers! **Blood For The Blood God!...**" The dwarf had met the first of the enemy Greenskins, his sword cleaving flesh from bone, spilling even more blood to go with the recent Dwarven blood spilled. "...**Skulls For The Skull Throne!**"

I must find a way to stuff all of that dwarveness into a sig

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 20, 2009, 12:05:15 am**

Its interesting how you would say Skulls For HIS Skull Throne.

I would usually replace THE with His, namely because it would mark Armok as being the one referred to, and not the Khornite god in question.

But when you think about it, it can either be The, or His, depending on whether or not you are charging into combat.

I'll usually replace The with His, but it can be either or.

Also, its ALWAYS **Blood For The Blood God**. Don't try and put a little change through there, because there is no question. Armok is The Blood God.

One last thing, you might want to get rid of the redundant " at the end of your signature, if your not going to do it in quote form.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 20, 2009, 06:51:06 am**

Lol, that a good point. I would have quoted you on it, but it seemed kind of assuming to change it a little and still keep your name on it. (putting words into your mouth)

I tried to think up more 'verses' along those line, but the best I came up with was:
Bones For His Bone.....Bread?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 20, 2009, 06:55:40 am**

The war cry is directly derived from Warhammer, not sure if its also in the Old World setting, but I got it from the Far Future setting.

There are no other verses, simply those two shouts, one usually used when charging into battle, and the other when meeting the enemy, usually because its around the time you start hacking heads off of peoples shoulders.

And what I meant by quote wasn't actually forum quoting, I mean using quotation marks in your signature. You for got to put one in front of it. Obviously if your not going to take it directly from the source you wouldn't want a random character sticking at the end of it.

Anyhow! Enough getting off topic.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 20, 2009, 04:22:58 pm**

Silvereye stood ready at his post. He held his crossbow comfortably, refusing the finely-crafted steel that Skjald was now turning out in favor of the tower-cap crossbow that he had been using since he first joined. He was used to it, knew its feel, and liked the feeling of the bloodstained stock against his shoulder.

He felt quite different from the last time he had seen combat from behind the fortifications of Lanternwebs. Where before, he had been a new recruit, struggling with his bolts in the heat of battle, he was now a veteran, used to the sights, sounds, and emotions of battle. To his right stood Umir, an echo of himself two years past, fumbling a steel bolt into the firing groove of his crossbow. He smiled to himself, thinking of the difference that two years could make.

No mist lay in the valley this time, and he could clearly see the squad of hammergoblins approaching. Smaller and more frail than the orcs, a crossbow bolt would reliably take them down. He checked his quiver, happy to see a full twenty-five bolts ready to find their place in the guts of the oncoming goblins. At his feet lay a bin with two hundred more. Whatever happened this battle, he would not run short of ammunition.

"Hold your fire until they get close." He said, turning to Umir. "Wait until they are on the bridge. You'll have a perfect shot then."

Umir nodded, sighting along the crossbow and waiting. Silvereye turned back to the goblins, who were cautiously advancing up the road, testing the steel blocks for traps with their hammers. As if we would need them, he thought. Traps would just mean fewer of them for us to kill.

Satisfied that there were no hidden blades embedded in the road, the guard leading the goblins stepped up the ramp to the bridge, standing just short of the dolomite slab as he raised his sword and pointed it menacingly at the open gate.

"Stand and fight, you cowards!" he bellowed. "Drag yourselves from the filthy hole you call your home and face us on the field of battle. Or are you too scared?"

Aiming carefully, Silvereye squeezed the firing lever and a steel bolt seemed to appear in the guard's throat, blood leaking through the torn iron of his neckguard.

"On the day you are brave enough to set foot across our bridge, I'll fight you on your terms." Silvereye responded, slotting another bolt into his crossbow as he heard Umir fire next to him. Bringing his crossbow up again, he fired into the crowd of hammergoblins, hearing a sharp cry of pain as it struck a goblin in the chest.

The motion is the same as at the archery range, he thought. Draw the bolt, squeeze to the shoulder to bring the string back, sight on the target, and exhale as the bolt leaves, flying true to punch through armor, skin, muscle, and bone. The goblins were advancing now, stepping onto the bridge, but the motion came easily to him, long hours of practice letting his arms move naturally though the different positions, his sights bracketing a different goblin each shot as they stood on the bridge, unable to avoid the rain of dwarven-forged steel. Without thinking he reached into the bin, drawing a new bundle of bolts to fill his quiver as the goblins broke and fled across towards the east.

"Who are the cowards now?" Silvereye shouted contemptuously as he loaded a new bolt and fired into the back of a running goblin, watching him pitch face-first to the ground and flop pitifully for a few seconds before lying still. In the mountains, he heard the goblin horn sound again, signaling retreat. He smiled, satisfied with the battle and the demonstration he had provided to Umir. But when he turned to congratulate the marksdwarf on his skill, he saw only the back of his armor, walking down the hall towards the drink stockpiles.

~~Pictures and movie up later.~~ 36 goblins killed out of 48 engaged (the fourth squad retreated), not a bad ratio at all.

Movie available here (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1357-115summersecondskirmish>). Pictures of the aftermath:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



And Silvereye's kills during the second skirmish:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
Snodub Riddlehate the goblin, d. 115
Smunstu Dishmalice the goblin, d. 115
Bosa Demonspirals the goblin, d. 115
Bosa Charmedmaligns the goblin, d. 115
Song Mobbedmenaced the goblin, d. 115
Aslot Sizzleterrors the goblin, d. 115
Em Gravesteals the goblin, d. 115
```

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 20, 2009, 04:35:25 pm**

Wow. Hehe.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 20, 2009, 04:43:27 pm**

Armok is pleased with this recent offering. And there are surely more waiting to be proffered up to him by his faithful.

For Armok is the Patron God of any true warrior. We after all, make our living on blood. It is a mutual thing indeed.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **May 20, 2009, 05:02:37 pm**

Oh dammit. Looks like as soon as Silverye finally conquered his thirst, all the other marksdwarves under him became afflicted with the need to get a drink in the middle of battle. :D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **May 21, 2009, 02:48:14 pm**

We're not doing it on purpose, honest! Killing things just... you know, make us thirsty. <_< >_>

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (A Call for Aid)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 21, 2009, 03:52:58 pm**

"Kib Amkolrigoth The Fields of Scalding and Edzul Vabôkilir!" Announced Workerdrone, swinging back the heavy steel doors of the throne room, revealing to Kib's eyes the Duchess îton and Queen Vucar, both now looking towards the doorway framing her.

"My Queen!" Kib exclaimed, as the two armored dwarves promptly fell to one knee. "I had not realized that your Majesty had graced Lanternwebs with your presence."

"Rise, Kib." îton said. "What news do you bring us of Sosadcerol? How fared the battle? Are you the only two to return?"

"Sosadcerol still stands, my Lady." Kib replied. "Though the battle was fierce, and the trolls nearly took her, we arrived in time to defeat them."

"And the four who have not returned?" îton asked

"They live still, but have stayed to defend Sosadcerol from further attacks until my return."

"Your return?" Asked Vucar, leaning forward on her throne. "The battle is not over?"

"No, my Queen." Kib responded. "Though Sosadcerol is safe for now, they suffered many casualties, and will not be able to rebuild easily with the trolls continuing to attack. Thus, I was sent back to gather the Grand Army of Lanternwebs to march upon the fortress of the trolls and deal them a telling blow, one from which they cannot recover."

"Bringing the Grand Army to war?" Vucar mused. "I am hesitant to send the full army. What if we were to be attacked here while they were gone?"

"Your Majesty." îton interjected. "The Grand Army grows bored here, tired of their endless training when a dozen of our warriors can defeat the mightiest siege. I am sure that the majority of the Grand Army could be sent away while we remained perfectly safe here. How many trolls would we be fighting, Kib?"

"The Saramdumatian scouts reported hundreds, my Lady." Kib replied. "Each larger and stronger than an orc."

"Hundreds, you say." said the Queen. "And showing our support for our new allies will be critical to maintaining our ties. Very well. Muster the Grand Army. Take with you sixty Champions of Lanternwebs. Let us show these trolls what it means to make war on the dwarves."

"Yes, your Majesty." Kib said, bowing again as she turned and headed for the barracks.

The next installment of the collaboration between Lanternwebs and Nilarzes (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=31475.0>), as well as a test of our method of simulating the Army Arc for the upcoming Dwarven Assault Force campaign against the orcs.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 21, 2009, 04:21:13 pm**

Tell me. How is that you plan on simulating the Assault?

Perhaps I could lend my AsciiDraw talents to you? I have plenty of time to do so. I can pump out maybe forty pictures at most in a single day, and make them GOOD.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 21, 2009, 04:54:36 pm**

Quote from: WorkerDrone on May 21, 2009, 04:21:13 pm

Tell me. How is that you plan on simulating the Assault?

Perhaps I could lend my AsciiDraw talents to you? I have plenty of time to do so. I can pump out maybe forty pictures at most in a single day, and make them GOOD.

I used Dwarf Companion to clone the assault force dwarves into adventure mode, where Flint will lead the "adventuring" party to glorious victory.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 21, 2009, 07:31:06 pm**

I can't wait to read this battle....no really, I can't wait, give it to me now ;D

Quote from: WorkerDrone on May 21, 2009, 04:21:13 pm

Perhaps I could lend my AsciiDraw talents to you? I have plenty of time to do so. I can pump out maybe forty pictures at most in a single day, and make them GOOD.

Epic battle + Epic writing + Epic AsciiArt = Epic win

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **May 22, 2009, 03:52:08 am**

God yes this'll be awesome. I hope for some dramatic deaths it's no fun everyone surviving all the time :P

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 22, 2009, 03:43:31 pm**

Census for Lanternwebs, prepared in Autumn 115 by Endok Dedukrotod, Tax Collector

As autumn arrives, once again I tally the stocks of the fortress to provide a picture of our current state.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100Mountainhome Uddilorsshare "Lanternwebs"

Animals	Kitchen	Stone	Stocks	Justice
Created Wealth: 18666969*			Population: 171	Leader 0 Consort 0
Weapons: 766827*			Miners 3	Champions 70
Armor and Garb: 7618183*			Woodworkers 4	Axedwarves 1
Furniture: 898610*			Stoneworkers 9	Axe Lords None
Other Objects: 2404434*			Rangers 1	Swordsdwarves None
Architecture: 1498933*			Metalsmiths 11	Swordmasters 1
Displayed: 1312759*			Jewelers 2	Macedwarves None
Held/Worn: 3967223*			Craftsdwarves 12	Mace Lords None
Imported Wealth: 702329*			Nobles/Admins 8	Hammerdwarves None
Exported Wealth: 220160*			Peasants 7	Hammer Lords None
Food Stores: 5500			Children 18	Speardwarves None
Meat 199	Seeds 1817		Fishery Workers None	Spearmasters None
Fish 51	Drink 1826		Farmers 12	Marksdwarves 3
Plant 8	Other 1599		Engineers 9	Elite Mrksdwrvs 1
			Trained Animals A	Wrestlers 1
			Other Animals A	Elite Wrestlers None
				Recruits None

The entire fortress celebrates our new status as Mountainhome, and the prestige it brings. Artists in the former mountainhomes have even begun creating art to honor the founding of this fortress.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 100

(*<<<Gopper>>> nage>>>*)

This is a finely-crafted Copper mace. This object menaces with spikes of finely-crafted Bauxite. On the item is a superiorly designed image of dwarves in tin. The dwarves are laboring. The artwork relates to the foundation of Lanternwebs by The Theater of Beards of The Braided Tenses in the early spring of 108.

On the item is a superiorly designed image of a dwarf in tempered clear glass.

As the tax collector, however, I found myself in a rather awkward position. Not only is there no tax to collect from the fortress's inhabitants, but we now cannot pay tax to the Mountainhomes, either. I hadn't thought of it at all, to tell the truth, bringing a bin of our finest armor to the depot to pay our tax, and the merchants just stared at me.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99

Merchants from Nakuthcerol

Zon: Greetings from the outer lands. Your efforts are legend there. Let us trade!

Zon seems ecstatic with the trading.

Nakuthcerol

Uddilorsshare

(Malachite blocks) 10# 6627

(Diorite blocks) 5# 6627

(Magnetite blocks) 40# 1261

(-giant cave spider 820# 67

(*<<Pig tail rope>>*) 180# 76

(-cave spider silk r 100# 67

(-cave spider silk 3680# 67

(cave spider silk ro 80# 67

(giant cave spider s 600# 67

(Pig tail rope) 60# 76

(-<<Pig tail rope>>-) 2120# 76

(-giant cave spider 820# 67

(-giant cave spider 1000# 67

u: View good, Enter: Mark for trade

s: Seize marked, t: Trade

Trader Profit: 187621# Value: 0#

Steel plate mail 29765# 11727

(narrow Iron high bo 297# 157

(narrow Iron left ga 150# 196

(narrow Iron right g 150# 196

Armor Bin (Alder) 187621# 6317 [T]

Steel left gauntlet 2250# 196

Steel right gauntle 5400# 196

Steel left gauntle 5400# 196

Steel helm 2250# 157

Steel chain mail 42862# 588

Steel plate mail 29765# 11727

Steel greaves 10800# 471

Steel right gauntle 5400# 196

u: View good, Enter: Mark for trade

o: Offer marked to Nakuthcerol

Value: 187621# Allowed Weight: 66925#

I'll admit in hindsight that paying tax to ourselves makes very little sense, but I had only just gotten used to this way of paying taxes. I'm also now unfortunately at loose ends, since we now pay no tax at all.

Of course, Queen Vucar takes what she will from the fortress stores, but in that sense she is no different than a peasant, and hardly worth tracking except in that the stocks must be kept accurate, to avoid the horrible booze (and later food) shortages of earlier this year. The Queen had assumed that everything I had listed as "other food" was our prepared meals, without taking into account the eight hundred units of inedible food products that we had in storage, such as the quarry bush leaves and dwarven syrup.

The fortress's wealth has been greatly enhanced by Iton's road, half-complete though it is. Although the bricks have all been laid, we have begun to run low on gold for the statues. The Duke assures me that there is enough gold in the mountain, however, so I'm sure that it will eventually be completed. No word yet on Tosid's plans, other than a new batch of dolomite blocks hauled up to the stockpile by the forest entrance.

115 map available here (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-5846-lanternwebs>).

I should be able to have an update with the status of all of the claimed dwarves up later, since I haven't done one of those in forever.

Flint: You'd be surprised at how hard it is to kill any of the Lanternwebs dwarves. You, for example, have legendary+11 axedwarf, legendary+5 shield user, and strength 6/agility 5/toughness 9, and those stats aren't out of the ordinary for the champions. I've made some changes to the orcs which will hopefully give them a bit of a boost, but they haven't shown up yet and it's astonishingly difficult to hit a legendary+5 shield user with anything, much less anything that will stick through exceptional steel plate and enough toughness that it might as well be regeneration. I've seen yellow wounds from sparring in the barracks heal on the way to lie down to rest.

...I wonder if I could use DC to raise invader's skill levels to the point where they are something other than mild annoyances...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**

Post by: **Eagle** on **May 22, 2009, 04:30:35 pm**

Yeah, but DC makes you go creature by creatures, which for giant sieges would be annoying. Although if you do, you could write in the existence of ancient orc champions, who have heard of Lanternwebs and wish to crush us.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**

Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 22, 2009, 04:44:59 pm**

And army of Multi-Legendary Orcs?

We WOULD get crushed...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**

Post by: **Eagle** on **May 22, 2009, 04:47:12 pm**

70 Lanternwebs champions? I think not.

Whats this? WorkerDrone doubting our abilities in a fight? WHERE IS YOUR FIGHTING SPIRIT. GET OUT THERE AND FIGHT THE ENEMY. IT DOESNT MATTER HOW MANY OR HOW STRONG, IT ONLY MATTERS THAT YOU FIGHT.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**

Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 22, 2009, 04:48:36 pm**

80 Orc Champions? Who feel no pain? Who have no exertion?

Um, yeah. Totally, they would totally kick our asses.

Oh and by the way, I'm not doubting we wouldn't fight and kill MANY MANY MANY Orcs, just we would end up doing a last stand before finally falling.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **May 22, 2009, 04:49:55 pm**

(read above edit)

Also, i never meant armies of the orcs; just make the local leader a champion, have him surrounded by an honor guard of slightly stronger orcs, and everyone else is the same.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 22, 2009, 04:52:51 pm**

Yeah, and I was talking about AN ENTIRE ARMY of Multi-Level Orc champions, not just a few.

Just a few? Oh we would beat the shit out of them still. Perhaps with one or two losses.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **May 22, 2009, 06:49:34 pm**

Over 8000? Hmm? Hmmmmmmmm? Nah. 42.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Grath** on **May 23, 2009, 10:06:01 am**

The real question to life, the universe, and everything:
How many Dwarf Companion buffed orcs it takes to kill one Lanternwebs champion.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **May 23, 2009, 10:41:24 am**

I believe that question has no answer. Becuase even if you said unlimited the universe would have collapsed on itself long before the champion gets tired.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 23, 2009, 11:08:57 am**

Which one?

ZING

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 26, 2009, 04:08:24 pm**

From the Journal of Queen Vucar Lektadlór, Autumn 115

The fortress is strangely quiet, now, with the departure of nearly a third of our number to fight the trolls in distant lands. Though the clash of steel on steel still echos from the barracks, it is much diminished. The workers are as busy as ever, of course, but the fortress still feels empty, carved for far more than now occupy it.

They did not, however, leave before I could award Silvereye a title for his contribution to the defense of the fortress. Thanks to his prowess with his crossbow, not a single goblin made it past the entrance bridge. Although Workerdrone and Grimes complained about him hogging all the kills, I have named him Silvereye Ashokkivish the Fenced Raven of Rushing. At the Duchess's request, we shortened the traditional months-long celebration of the naming of a Hero to a single night of dwarven rum and cave wheat flour biscuits topped with syrup, a party that everyone departed happily from.

I have also now seen the product of one of the "all-consuming ideas" Flint had told me about earlier, and I can easily see why it is that they tolerate their strange behavior. From the hands of a mere furnace operator sprung the steel spear Alisdetes, a masterfully balanced piece of work with a crown of steel spikes at the base of the head, giving way to spirals of clear glass and orc bone around steel studs down the handle to the grip, wrapped with giant olm leather. Just above the grip is a band of interlocking brook lampreys in green glass, and just below is an image of slaves in steel. The head itself is astonishingly sharp, able to draw blood with the slightest touch, and is beautifully inlaid with beak dog bone to form a scene of Tosid ordering the foundation of Lanternwebs. It is as much a work of art as it is a weapon of war, and when the Grand Army returns I will order that some dwarves be trained to wield spears, so that they may bear it proudly into battle.

Updates will likely be a bit slow this week and next, as I'm getting ready to speak at a conference and putting the AsciiDraw talents of Workerdrone to use illustrating the assault.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **May 26, 2009, 04:32:16 pm**

Between the now and the then, I'll try to quarter any and all work on my plate so everyone gets what they wants.

For Rysith I plan at least five pictures a day completed, or as much as goes with the excerpts he sends me. And when it comes to the battles, I'll try to capture the scenes as seen in his mind, usually with a large amount of images. By the end of the slack period when he's done sending me excepts, I should have the promised 40 or so images, but mostly its a trade off of pictures, because he'll still be doing the story as well as he can with the Adventuring party, I'll only be doing the pictures of what he can't illustrate ingame.

For my Forum Game I'll have only have time to bother with two updates perhaps a day, most of them short, and that's only if I'm done with the work Rysith has for me. Usually I'll still be able to get one in at least. I like AsciiDraw, its fun to use, so you can at least count on me to attempt actually working on something and not being lazy.

Until further notice I won't be taking on any thing else, but when I'm done with Rysith, I'll start dragging out more ideas.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 27, 2009, 02:48:44 pm**

No game update today, but as promised here's an overview of what all of the dwarves are doing, even the ones that haven't been mentioned in the story for a while (sorry!). If you're in the military (which most of you are), you've already "left" for Sosadcerol, so no picture of your current location.

Argentum:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Argentum' Nekolodeduk Likotarist Dimshas has been ecstatic lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a splendidly lodged statue lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He admired a very fine tastefully arranged statue lately. He had a wonderful evening in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He made a friend recently. He had a fine drink lately. He has been annoyed by flies lately. He owns fine Red lately. He is a worrier lately. He is an enemy of the Mysterious Bread. He is an enemy of The Fiery Demon. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. Argentum' Nekolodeduk Likotarist Dimshas likes Pure limonite. Silver. Red spinel. Cedar. crystal glass. giant leopard leather. horns. the color goldentrod. riched bucklers. windows. idols and pixies for their invisibly small size. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarfven beer. He absolutely loves his massive beard. He is a risk-taker and a thrill-seeker. He admires tradition. He is slow to trust others. He would rather intimidate others than compromise with them. He is someone who has a sense of duty. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He doesn't really care about anything anymore.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

"Flint" Dakasakubuk Tatekkuin Lûrit has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He made a friend recently. He admired a fine Seat lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a bedroom like a person who doesn't have to worry about being dirty decent drunk lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He admitted own his faults lately. He is a dubious worshiper of Linail. He is an enemy of The Sprayed Deacon Beads. An enemy of the oil of Cruacy. He is an enemy of The Imperial of Beards. He is an enemy of the Estimated Command. He is an enemy of the Lined Bed. He is a member of The Imperial of Beards. Dakasakubuk Tatekkuin Lûrit likes Rich sphalerite, Tempered crystal glass, Green diamond, Candlesnut, amber, spears and floodgates. When possible, he prefers to consume Duarven wine. He has a calm demeanor. He is concerned about rejection and ridicule. He doesn't handle stress well. He prefers familiar routines. He is open-minded to working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. He doesn't really care about anything anymore.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Grimes:
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Soldier

Hat:
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

♂ $M_{-1.6} = M_{-1.3}$ (Student's t -test)

Kheskeim:
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

6
Soldier

'The Tooninator', Matuliden Avan Zaled, Champion
'The Tooninator', Danceraddles the Lyrics of Noisef
Soldier
Ultra-Mighty
Perfectly Agile
Superdwarvenly Tough
Potash Maker
Legendary Wrestler
Adapt Conversationalist
Adapt Pacifier
Adapt Comedian
Adapt Intimidator
Adapt Judge of Intent
Adapt Negotiator
Legendary Armor User
Legendary Shield User
Legendary Swordswarf
Thirty-Seven Notable Kills
Thirty Other Kills

XX<Pig tail trousers>XX, Lower body
XX<dog leather dress>XX, Upper body
XX<cave spider silk coat>XX, Upper body
XX<Pig tail cap>XX, Head
XX<Pig tail left glove>XX, Left hand
XX<Pig tail right glove>XX, Right hand
XX<giant cave spider silk sock>XX, Right foot
XXsteel plate mail=, Upper body
XXulalis Mabel Bunal, Left foot
XXsteel high boot=, Right foot
XXsteel helm=, Head
XXsteel greaves=, Lower body
XXsteel right gauntlet=, Right hand
XXsteel left gauntlet=, Left hand
XXsteel short sword=, Right hand
XXsteel shield=, Left hand
XXblood spatter right eye>
XXblood spatter (left eye)
XXblood spatter (right ear)
XXblood spatter (throat)
XXblood spatter (head)
XXblood spatter (mouth)

Tekkud Okuniden Shasar Uvar, Champion
Roden Unib Zedot, Deity
Rodus Unsharath, Cat (Tame)
Zaney Tekkudewul, Cat (Tame)
Zan Geolalath, Cat (Tame)
Kumil Difaroslan, Cat (Tame)
Astesh Litastngram Ungevati Goden, Champion
Ulin Ulgaros, Armorer
Uzardmon Lolorumam Tumanosed Tustem, Champion
Marul Zursalrood, Axe Lord
Urdim Urdimontak, Champion
Kib Amkolriyoth Fikuk Cudist, Champion
The Duke, Dumatigath, Miner
Melbil Sabillitast Utzilzolak Tarmid, Champion
Sarvesh Ganadlogem, Champion
Nish Imkeskal Shecedeven Nakuth, Champion
Bim Ensebeshtan Bembullolum Estun, Champion
Lorban Mengseng, Champion
Silvereye Ashokkialush Ustutholtot Sashas, Elite Marksdwarf
Dagel Gidthurkol, Champion
Mister Emushkig, Champion
Ducim Dodokod Sirabtunom Gosmer, Champion
Kuk Katakimush, Champion
Stukos Medtobkoman Ashzoslimul Amnek, Champion
Kubuk Sakrihdeduk, Champion
Ulon Bisekmawul, Champion
Menz Italrith, Champion
Shoruke Bidoksibrek Kodilral Mat, Champion
Sakzul Deglikon, Champion
Lagem Melalath, Champion
Kol Daddomuslem, Champion
Mumuz Ebalustuth, Champion
Bembul Dodoklikot, Champion
Minkot Oshoshgoden, Champion
Likot Onulginet, Hammerer
Mezbuth Iyerkadot, Duke Consort
Medton Alathiereth, Child
Wizardmon, Champion

'The Tooninator' Matuliden Avan Zaled has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He admired a fine Seat lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He formed a grudge recently. He made a friend recently. He had a pretty decent late. He admired own fine Bed lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He was comforted by a wonderul creature in a cage recently. He was comforted by a pet lately. He is romantically involved with tekkud Shrinepaddles the Fright of Lullins. He is a worshipper of Rodem the Rag of Lobsters. He is an enemy of the Mysterious Dread. He is an enemy of the Fiery Demon. He is an enemy of the Allied Cruelty. He is an enemy of the Immorality of the Rag of Lobsters. He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of the Theater of Beards. 'The Tooninator' Matuliden Avan Zaled likes Chronite, Black bronze, Indiso tourmaline, pearl, the color aquamarine, greaves, cabinets and cats for their companionship. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven wine. He absolutely detests rats. He is unassertive. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He is modest. He is not affected by the suffering of others. He is confident. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. He doesn't really care about anything anymore.

I think that that's the first time I've seen grudges. What did Medtob ever do to you?

Umir:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'Umir', Cudiststakud, Elite Marksdwarf
'Umir', Scaldedmachines"
Soldier
Very Strong
Perfectly Agile
Very Tough
Competent Persuader
Competent Consoler
Competent Flatterer
Competent Conversationalist
Competent Comedian
Great Marksdwarf
Dabbling Armor User
Dabbling Weaponsmith
Dabbling Shield User
Dabbling Hammerdwarf
Two Kills
'Umir', Cudiststakud has been ecstatic lately. He had a fine drink lately. He made a friend recently. He admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately. He admired own bedroom like a personal palace recently. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a friend recently. He had a fine Seat lately. He slept in a fine Bed lately. He is a worshipper of Akil the Golden Silvers. He is an enemy of the Allied Cruelty. He is an enemy of the Immorality of Grasping. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'Umir', Cudiststakud likes Dense valena, Nickel, Jelly opal, Mangrove, cave lobster shell, beasts, ricks, shields, earrings and ballista parts. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven wine. He is self-conscious. He occasionally indulges. He is very assertive. He is often cheerful. He is mostly unaware of his own emotions and rarely expresses them. He is willing to compromise with others. He has a sense of duty. He is self-disciplined. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Akil Limulral, Deity
Ulin Ulgaros, Armorer
Melbil Sabillitast Utzilzolak Tarmid, Champion
Kith Cepelnebel, Marksdwarf
Mezbuth Iyerkadot, Duke Consort
Eshtan Egenfikod, Champion
Alath Rigothalis, Champion
Geron Bonrekirtir, Champion
Degel Gidthurkol, Champion
Uldar, Hammerer
Flint, Dakaskubuk Tatekkulin Lurit, Champion
Kubuk Sakrihdeduk, Champion
Lagem Melalath, Champion
Litast Iyerkadot, Champion
Mosus Olonastod, Champion
Kadol Uugaroth Tellisteyom Aroz, Elite Marksdwarf
Sarvesh Ganadlogem, Champion

Wizardmon:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'Wizardmon', Lolorumam Tumanosed Tustem, Champion
'Wizardmon', Lettersoared the Moral Maze of Courtesy
Soldier
Ultra-Mighty
Perfectly Agile
Superdwarvenly Tough
Growth
Professional Judge of Intent
Professional Pacifier
Professional Intimidator
Professional Conversationalist
Professional Comedian
Expert Consoler
Professional Negotiator
Professional Persuader
Skilled Wrestler
Dabbling Weaponsmith
Dabbling Weaponsmith
Professional Armor User
Professional Shield User
Legendary Swordsdwarf
Eleven Notable Kills
Five Other Kills

XX<giant cave spider silk trousers>XX, Lower body
XX<giant bat leather dress>XX, Upper body
XX<Pig tail coat>XX, Upper body
XX<Pig tail cap>XX, Head
XX<cowgar leather left glove>XX, Left hand
XX<cowgar leather right glove>XX, Right hand
XX<Pig tail sock>XX, Right foot
XXelk leather vest=, Upper body
XXcotton trousers=, Lower body
XXcotton sock=, Left foot
XXsteel plate mail=, Upper body
XXsteel helm=, Head
XXsteel high boot=, Left foot
XXsteel high boot=, Right foot
XXsteel left gauntlet=, Left hand
XXsteel right gauntlet=, Right hand
XXsteel chain mail=, Upper body
XXsteel short sword=, Left hand
XXsteel shield=, Right hand

Olin Ulgaros, Armorer
Astesh Litastngram Ungevati Goden, Champion
Roden Unib Zedot, Father
Rodus Unsharath, Mayor
Zaney Tekkudewul, Deity
Zan Geolalath, Child
Kumil Difaroslan, Child
New Amadastan, Glassmaker
Ustuth Ustakni, Metasmith
'The Tooninator', Matuliden Avan Zaled, Champion
Kib Amkolriyoth Fikuk Cudist, Champion
Kadme, Crithagob, Glassmaker
Kib Eshtanastan, Metalsmith
The Duke, Dumatigath, Miner
Ducim Dodokod Sirabtunom Gosmer, Champion
Ulon Bisekmawul, Champion
Menz Italrith, Champion
Melbil Sabillitast Utzilzolak Tarmid, Champion
Kuk Katakimush, Champion
Ezum Alathked, Champion
WorkerDrone, Sebirstukos Telingzolak Ilrom, Champ
Uuncar Vabakshetheth, Champion
Stukos Medtobkoman Ashzoslimul Amnek, Champion
Bembul Dodoklikot, Champion
Kuk Katakimush, Champion
Kol Katakimush, Champion
Geron Bonrekirtir, Champion
Uldar, Hammerer
Edem Oltarribar, Champion
Mezbuth Iyerkadot, Duke Consort
Litast Iyerkadot, Champion
Rachuk Yulath, Champion
Gath, Rovodsiknug Maskirethad, Champion
Kheskeim, Mebzuthoddom Dolek esed, Champion
Limestone, Sodonstak, Sodonkor Zensod, Champion
Nish Imkeskal Shecedeven Nakuth, Champion
Bim Ensebeshtan Bembullolum Estun, Champion

'Wizardmon', Lolorumam Tumanosed Tustem has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He made a legendary drink lately. He made a friend recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He admired own fine Bed lately. He is the son of Ulin Gildcertain. He is romantically involved with Astesh Torchrelieved the Failed Finder of Rope. He is a casual worshipper of Rodem the Rag of Lobsters. He is an enemy of the Mysterious Dread. He is an enemy of the Fiery Demon. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'Wizardmon', Lolorumam Tumanosed Tustem likes Limestone, Billon, Pink Jade, clear glass, war hammers and goblets. When possible, he prefers to consume Longland beer. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He tries to live a well-organized life. He constantly strives for perfection. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He doesn't really care about anything anymore.

WorkerDrone:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'WorkerDrone', Sebirstukos Telingzolak Ilrom, Champi
'WorkerDrone', Hiderazors the Coastal Blizzards of P
Soldier
Ultra-Mighty
Perfectly Agile
Unbelievably Tough
Competent Pacifier
Competent Conversationalist
Competent Judge of Intent
Competent Consoler
Competent Negotiator
Competent Comedian
Talented Wrestler
Great Armor User
Legendary Shield User
Legendary Swordsdwarf
Twelve Notable Kills
Six Other Kills

XX<giant cave spider silk trousers>XX, Lower body
XX<giant cave spider silk dress>XX, Upper body
XX<elk leather robe>XX, Upper body
XX<Pig tail left glove>XX, Left hand
XX<Pig tail right glove>XX, Right hand
XXsteel shield=, Right hand
XXsteel chain mail=, Upper body
XXsteel plate mail=, Upper body
XXsteel helm=, Head
XXsteel high boot=, Right foot
XXsteel high boot=, Left foot
XXsteel left gauntlet=, Left hand
XXsteel right gauntlet=, Right hand
XXsteel short sword=, Left hand
XXsteel shield=, Right hand

Edem Oltarribar, Champion
Limul, Deity
Gatten Nunqoslan, Bull (Tame)
Rachuk Yulath, Cat (Tame)
Minkot Oshoshgoden, Champion
Mumuz Ebalustuth, Champion
Urdim Urdimontak, Champion
Grimes, Tulonsterus Sodonkor Zengod, Champion
Flint, Dakaskubuk Tatekkulin Lurit, Champion
Wizardmon, Lolorumam Tumanosed Tustem, Champion
Ducim Dodokod Sirabtunom Gosmer, Champion
Nish Imkeskal Shecedeven Nakuth, Champion
Kol Daddomuslem, Champion
Medton Alathiereth, Child
Ezum Kasbenushat, Champion
Uldar, Hammerer
Kib Amkolriyoth Fikuk Cudist, Champion
Bim Ensebeshtan Bembullolum Estun, Champion
Kuk Katakimush, Champion
Uuncar Vabakshetheth, Champion
Stukos Medtobkoman Ashzoslimul Amnek, Champion
Pastot Ayuzalath Seshgidhur Zakvol, Champion
Gath, Rovodsiknug Maskirethad, Champion
Astesh Litastngram Ungevati Goden, Champion
Kheskeim, Mebzuthoddom Dolek esed, Champion
Olin Ulgaros, Armorer

'WorkerDrone', Sebirstukos Telingzolak Ilrom has been ecstatic lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a very fine tastefully arranged Statue lately. He made a friend recently. He admired a completely sublime paved road lately. He admired own fine Seat lately. He is romantically involved with Edem Gildhomage. He is a worshipper of Limul. He is an enemy of the Allied Cruelty. He is an enemy of the Immorality of Grasping. He is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. He is a member of The Theater of Beards. 'WorkerDrone', Sebirstukos Telingzolak Ilrom likes Alabaster, Trifle pewter, Gold opal, pearl, parties, war hammers, low boots, weapon racks and large wens. He absolutely detests rats. He enjoys the company of others. He prefers that others handle the leadership roles. He admires tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He is willing to compromise with others. He is disorganized. He strives for excellence. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. He doesn't really care about anything anymore.

WorkerDrone likes war hammers. I swear I didn't notice that when I chose the dwarf for you.

And WorkerDrone, orcs are nopain/nofear, not noexert. In fact, the only reason we were able to kill the master lasher from a while ago was that he overexerted to unconsciousness. When Lanternwebs gets up to 80 champions (as it should soon-ish), it should be an interesting battle.

Title: Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)

Post by: ToonyMan on May 27, 2009, 02:54:45 pm

I hat children..or hate them.

I like how you set everybodies profiles up, that must of took a while. Good jorb!

Title: Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)

Post by: WorkerDrone on May 27, 2009, 03:01:58 pm

Note the blood spatters surrounding Toonyman's head. AND AROUND HIS MOUTH.

HE EATS HIS KILLS. THAT'S WHERE THEY'VE BEEN GOING-OH GODS.

Title: Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)

Post by: ToonyMan on May 27, 2009, 03:04:59 pm

Oh sh** I've been found out. I must go real faster away from here.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 27, 2009, 09:39:04 pm**

Sweet, I got a kill already :), and my guy admired a fine chain; he must me thinking of some cold and ruthless way to better his position with it ;>

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **FellMoodFox** on **May 28, 2009, 03:25:21 am**

Oh... My... Wow. Absolutely amazing storytelling, not to mention the sheer volume of the fort's countless sieges. I'd normally ask if a speardwarf were available or possible to train, but apparently they're unwanted against orcs? [thought Pierce damage was a good way to quickly dispatch strong opponents, like with bows - pierce the heart/brain, it is destroyed!, orc dies]
Name: Foxkesh, Female
Preferences: Spear if possible, jeweler if not and there's none of competence in the fort [didn't see any listed]. If I can't make history at the tip of my spear, then I'll record it on gem-encrusted everything! *chuckles*

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Maverick** on **May 28, 2009, 01:45:14 pm**

From what I can tell, the bias against spears is driven by the damn things getting stuck in the target. Against these orcs, that's pretty well a death sentence.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **May 28, 2009, 04:15:50 pm**

Quote from: FellMoodFox on May 28, 2009, 03:25:21 am
I'd normally ask if a speardwarf were available or possible to train, but apparently they're unwanted against orcs? [thought Pierce damage was a good way to quickly dispatch strong opponents, like with bows - pierce the heart/brain, it is destroyed!, orc dies]
Name: Foxkesh, Female
Preferences: Spear if possible, jeweler if not and there's none of competence in the fort [didn't see any listed]. If I can't make history at the tip of my spear, then I'll record it on gem-encrusted everything! *chuckles*

We actually just got an artifact steel spear, so I'd be willing to train someone up in spears just to wield it. Plus, one of the nobles likes spears. Maverick is right though, the issue with spears is that when they get stuck the dwarf will sit there twisting it (creating what would be a lot of pain if the orcs felt any) or drop it and move to wrestling (which isn't very effective either). See the first two sieges for a clear demonstration of just how effective pierce damage is on orcs. The artifact spear, though, might do enough damage that it won't matter. I'll get you a dwarf as soon as I can.

Nichaey: The chain was likely either the artifact steel chain holding the tamed dragon in the statue garden, or the golden chain holding the watch-bull at the drawbridge. Up to you how you are plotting to use those to better your position.

No update today, I'm working out the final details of the first encounter on the way to Sosadcerol.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Bloogonis** on **May 28, 2009, 04:28:06 pm**

Can I claim one of your new spear squad?
Bloogon/Bloogonesa(if female is easier for you)
Civilian professions: cheese maker or engraver.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **nichaey** on **May 28, 2009, 10:53:06 pm**

:I...he must have really been admiring the bull. I think he wants to ride it into battle while duel wielding picks. *imagines thusly*

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Grath** on **May 29, 2009, 09:21:37 pm**

When did I get married? >:(

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **June 01, 2009, 09:07:19 pm**

Grath: I believe that you came married. I'm not entirely sure, though. I certainly don't remember any marriage announcements.

As mentioned previously, updates will be slow this week. I'm speaking at JavaOne (http://java.sun.com/javaone/), which is a bit higher priority than Dwarf Fortress. If by some random chance anyone is attending that, send something to me and I'll try to set up a meeting or something like that.

New Dwarves!

FellMoodFox:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

PS: 100
'Foxkesh' Thidascerol has been ecstatic lately. She has complained about the draft lately. She ate a truly decadent dish lately. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She slept without a proper room recently. She admired a wonderful floor grate lately. She was comforted by a wonderful creature in a cage recently. She was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately. She admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged statue lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is a worshipper of tooth umbraverplexed. She is a citizen of the braided lenses. She is a member of the theater of beards. Foxkesh Thidascerol likes shale, tempered clear glass, moss opal, chestnut, horn, mule bone, rope reed fabric, beasts and horses for their silky manes. When possible, she prefers to consume dwarven curry. She absolutely detests large roaches. She prefers that others handle the leadership roles. She regards intellectual exercises as a waste of energy. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She is not easily moved to pity. She is self-disciplined. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Bloogonis:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

PS: 99
'Bloogon' Atislibad has been ecstatic lately. He has complained about the draft lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He admired a splendid floodgate lately. He ate a legendary meal lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He ate a pretty decent meal lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He admired own fine bed lately. He is a casual worshipper of himul. He is a citizen of the braided lenses. He is a member of the theater of beards. Bloogon Atislibad likes fine raw adamantine, billon, picture Jasper, the color jade, bolts and querns. When possible, he prefers to consume horse, dwarven ale and dwarven wheat flour. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He has a calm demeanor. He is slow to anger. He occasionally overindulges. He prefers to be alone. He is very active. He loves a good thrill. He is grounded in reality. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He dislikes helping others. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

Soon-to-be defenders of the fortress, in the absence of most of the Grand Army.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **June 01, 2009, 10:39:32 pm**

A Grand Army's scouting party that I should be illustrating...Ehehehe.

Right. Should stop delaying that.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **FellMoodFox** on **June 02, 2009, 03:53:57 am**

Woo! Here's hoping I don't die in the first two seconds of real combat XD Or worse, in sparring practice.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Pyrophoricity** on **June 04, 2009, 02:42:36 pm**

Firstly can I just say to you Rysith I find your writing style incredibly engaging; love the characterisation especially.

On a note about Spears, I've found that equipping a second spear helps combat "stuck-in-right-shoulder" syndrome speardwarves face.

Also I'd like to throw in a request for a proud dwarf of Laternwebs, absolutely anyone would do, I'd just like to get in on the action. ;)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **June 08, 2009, 02:56:16 pm**

Argentum and Kheskeim crept forward as quietly as they could with their heavy armor. Behind them, the shining steel of the Grand Army of Lanternwebs marched to the west, following Kib's directions back to Sosadcerol, and from there to the Troll fortress of Ngososnol to crush their enemies.

Around them rose splinters of rock, pillars of basalt rising like blackened teeth above the yellowed grass and sparse vegetation of the foothills. The two dwarves moved with weapons drawn, moving cautiously from pillar to pillar as they scouted the route ahead for the main body of the army. Argentum held up his hand.

"Shhh!" he hissed urgently. "I thought I heard something!"

Kheskeim raised his axe and peered around, straining his ears through the steel of his helmet to pick up any sound he could. In the distance, a small group of deer meandered between patches of greener grass, and Kheskeim could hear the soft waving of grass in the wind. But nothing alarming.

"Are you sure?" Kheskeim asked.

"I'm positive." Grunted Argentum, sheathing his sword and reaching up to unfasten his helmet and shaking out his beard as he pulled the helm clear.

Cupping his hand to his ear, Argentum heard a faint clatter of stones from farther up the mountain.

"There!" he said, pointing up the slope. "Something up there!"

The pair hurried up, not bothering to duck behind the outcroppings now, until they reached an area of grass that bore the impressions of footprints.

"Recent." mused Kheskeim. "And too large to be dwarven."

A harsh cry sounded above them, and they looked up to see an enormous troll holding an equally enormous pike standing on top of one of the pillars. With a second cry it leapt down at them, sending the dwarves rolling to the side to avoid it as it landed gracefully and thrust the pike at Argentum as he struggled to put his helm back on.

Kheskeim moved forward, catching the pike on his shield and letting the shock of the impact travel down his braced legs. Looking around, he saw another six of the trolls emerging from behind the rocks, their iron armor clanking as they grinned and advanced, heavy maces swinging idly. Behind him, he could hear Argentum's armor creak as he shifted his weight, and the two dwarves backed into each until their back feet were almost touching, surrounded by the seven trolls.

The trolls advanced cautiously but quickly, the pikemaster circling around as the dwarves slowly turned to keep all seven in view. With a sudden cry, Kheskeim moved forward, brandishing his axe and rattling his shield before stepping back to cover Argentum's back. The trolls hadn't flinched at all. No fear, he thought. Just like Orcs back home.

The first strike swung in from Kheskeim's left, and he raised his shield to catch the iron mace and strike back with his axe, turning his body to lessen the impact and letting his momentum carry his axe into a strike at the troll's stomach, stepping inside the reach of the long arms where his smaller size served as an advantage rather than a hindrance. The axe screeched against the iron rings of the troll's armor before they snapped, the axeblood slicing cleanly through as a rush of black blood spilled cleanly from the wound. Finishing his turn with his back to the troll, he struck downward at the troll's unprotected foot, removing the leg at the knee and sending the troll crashing to the ground, a trickle of bloodied vomit at its lips.

At least they bleed, thought Kheskeim, and that means that they will die. He looked up to see Argentum riding the decapitated corpse of another troll to the ground, his feet planted firmly on the troll's chest where he had climbed to reach the neck. Seeing a troll raising its mace to strike Argentum, Kheskeim rushed forward and sunk his axe deep into its back, feeling a satisfying 'pop' as the axe parted vertebrae, finishing the movement with a kick to the inside of the knee that brought the troll down.

"It doesn't matter how tall your foe is if you've broken his legs." He muttered, reciting one of the many pieces of wisdom that The Tooninator had dispensed to him during their sparring sessions. With an overhead axe stroke, he smashed through the downed troll's armor and cut deeply into the chest. The heart beat briefly, the deep wound in it flooding with blood before it slowed and stopped and the troll's head slumped to the ground.

A great weight slammed into his back, and as he staggered forward and turned to confront a mace-troll standing behind him he winced at the pain in his back. Definitely bruised, he thought, but it didn't feel like anything was broken. The troll swung again, a sweeping upward strike that Kheskeim stepped backwards to avoid, swinging his axe in to cut the troll's arm, a long oozing cut but not a killing blow. The mace swung back again, forcing Kheskeim to turn to catch it on the edge of his shield, the spiked head skittering off the shield. Thrusting downwards with the shield, Kheskeim drove the head of the mace into the ground, then swung his axe to sever the troll's arm as it struggled to free its weapon. The strike had left him unprotected, though, and the troll bashed him with its shield and sent him tumbling to the ground.

Wasting no time, the troll was on him, using its larger size to pin Kheskeim to the ground and prevent him from using his axe. Using its remaining arm, the troll wrenched the axe from Kheskeim's hand, the stump flailing wildly as it tried to find purchase on his armor. He felt blood from the stump spray across his helm, the vile-smelling black liquid dripping through his visor to foul his beard. He raised his shield arm and struck once, twice, three times with the shield in the troll's face, mashing the nose and finally pushing it off from him. Not bothering to grab his axe, he drove his steel boot into the back of the troll's head as it rolled to the side, feeling bone snap as he drove the head into the ground.

He turned to see Argentum fighting with the pikemaster, the rest of the trolls lying dead and dismembered on the field. Argentum struck in with his sword, but the troll blocked quickly and spun the pike to leave a deep dent in his shield. Letting out a deep battle cry, Kheskeim rushed the troll, leaping onto its back and locking his arms around its neck. The troll, unbalanced from the extra weight, toppled backwards and landed heavily on him, knocking the wind out of him. As he struggled for breath, he saw Argentum rush forward and thrust his sword into the troll's chest, drawing a scream of rage from the troll as it struggled. Grimly, Kheskeim maintained his hold as Argentum stabbed over and over until at last the troll ceased its struggle and lay still.

"Hah! A bit harder than the orcs, wouldn't you say?" Joked Argentum as Kheskeim retrieved his axe. "No orc would have had you on the ground like that!"

"They bleed just the same." Replied Kheskeim, using a scrap of the troll's clothing to wipe the blood from his armor and weapon. "Just need to keep our guards up a bit more."

The two dwarves walked away in the direction of the Grand Army to report, leaving the dead for the rapidly-gathering scavengers to fight over.

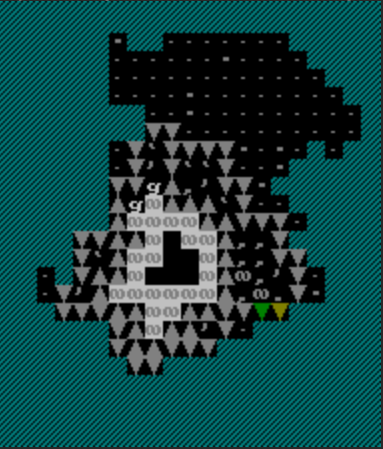
Sorry WorkerDrone, I had to post this to let the Grand Army storyline continue. I'll edit your illustrations in once you send them to me, though.

Pyrophoricity: Thank you for the complement, I'll get you a dwarf as soon as I can, which should be by next update.

Everyone: JavaOne is now over, so your regularly-scheduled updates are back now.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **June 09, 2009, 04:10:20 pm**

"Goblins!" Shouted the Medtob, running through the front gates of the fortress. "Goblins in the mountains!"
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Immediately, the barracks came alive, squad commanders rushing to rouse sleeping or drinking squadmates, sparring quickly halted to sharpen and oil weapons, and dwarves rushed to line up in the barracks by squad. Not because the goblins were a threat, of course, but because the first squad to assemble would be allowed to fight them, and an opportunity to fight without worrying about injuring the other combatants was never something to be passed up.

"Move, you cheesemakers!" shouted Sarvesh, his stocky wrestler's body seeming to tower over the four recruits that he ran alongside. "Only half of you may be worthy of anything but the title 'recruit', but by the Gods you'll be in armor toe-to-toe fighting goblins this day or I'll set you to three days sparring, unsupervised! Nichaey, help Bloogon get that breastplate on, you'll want him to help you when some goblin's trying to take yours off! Pyrophoricity, you've got your pauldrons reversed, fix them quick-like if you don't want what little training you've got in the fine art of joint-breaking to be for nothing. Foxkesh, put down that spear, you're better off with your fists than that silver stick. Line Up!"

Sarvesh paused to take a deep breath, his red face amplifying his red beard as he turned inspect the line that his four recruits had made.

"This isn't training, you know!" He resumed. "These goblins will be trying their best to grab you, hold you down, and lash your favorite pieces of skin off! You'll have to go out there, grab them in the face, and gouge their eyes out. If you can't do that, you'll grab them in the arm and twist it till it breaks! If one of them grabs you, punch him in the face and choke them. If you're feeling really gutsy, see if you can tear one open and strangle his friends with his guts before he bleeds out! These are Goblins! These are training for the Orcs, which you'll need a Little More Training before you have even a kitten's chance in magma of surviving against. But they will try to kill you just the same! You must meet them with ruthlessness, not fear. You must give them no quarter, and drive them back to the grimy holes they call fortresses! You will fight, you will kill, and you will know blood! Squad, Ready!"

Sarvesh said the last line and wheeled to stand at attention as Likot the Hammerer stepped through the barracks doors, her decorated hammer strapped across her purple cloak of rank. With the leadership of the Grand Army at war, she had been chosen as the temporary commander of the military forces of Lanternwebs, a post that she had been fulfilling thus far with a combination of clever challenges and exceptional social skills.

Behind him, the four recruits snapped to attention, their hands stiffly by their sides. Around them, other squads paused in their preparations, surprised to see a squad ready so early. Murmurs that it was unfair that Sarvesh had all the unarmed soldiers in his squad drifted up from the back corners of the barracks.

"All present and ready for battle, Sarvesh?" Asked Likot, inspecting the line.

"All present, my lady!" barked Sarvesh. "Each one as trained in the art of killing as you can get in less than a month."

"Well then, let's see how trained that is." Smiled Likot. "The field is yours."

"Recruits, to battle!" shouted Sarvesh as he marched out of the barracks, the rest of his squad clanking after him.

Pyro:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
s: 99
'Pyrophoricity' Stukoslar has been ecstatic lately. She talked with a friend lately. She made a friend recently. She has been annoyed by flies. She ate a legendary meal lately. She had a truly decadent drink lately. She slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. She had a legendary drink lately. She admired a splendid Floodgate lately. She admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. She ate a pretty decent meal lately. She admired own fine Bed lately. She is a faithful worshipper of Toth Umbraverplexed. She is a citizen of The Braided Lenses. She is a member of The Theater of Beards. Pyrophoricity' Stukoslar likes Mudstone, Nickel silver, Red beryl, the color chartreuse, shields, windows and coins. When possible, she prefers to consume muskox and Strawberry wine. She absolutely detests rats. She is slow to anger. She cracks easily under pressure. She likes to try new things. She sees others as selfish and conniving. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

You'd be amazed at how difficult it is to find non-champion soldiers in Lanternwebs these days. That means it's probably time for another recruitment drive...

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **June 11, 2009, 03:06:54 pm**

From the journal of Sarvesh, drillmaster and Elite Wrestler, Autumn 115

They say I got a bit carried away. Should have let the recruits have some more hands-on practice with the goblins. Feel the little clams and teeth and scourges clatter against their armor. Where else was I going to show them the Forbidden Wrestling Arts of the dwarves? I still remember when The Tooninator taught them to me, showed me the techniques he had learned fighting the Orcs, techniques that ripped flesh from bones and limbs from bodies. Techniques that would let a wrestler fight toe-to-toe with an orc, that would stagger them and kill them even though they felt no pain. Of course, you can't demonstrate techniques like that on dwarves, which is why they are called the Forbidden Arts. And training dummies don't come along every day.

The only problem, really, is that goblins can't take more than one or two applications of it before they keel over and die. And they aren't the sort of thing that you can practice in the heat of battle. So I killed all five of them trying to let the recruits get a good view of what I was doing. I'm sure they still got something out of it, even if none of them got any actual kills.

I think that's the first time I've seen a wrestler rip a goblin in half. Pictures up later. I still suspect that wrestlers aren't good against orcs, but the two speardwarves are getting extra wrestling training to help when their spears get stuck.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **June 11, 2009, 03:32:34 pm**

Lashers should use the spines of their foes.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **June 11, 2009, 04:37:36 pm**

Quote from: ToonyMan on June 11, 2009, 03:32:34 pm
Lashers should use the spines of their foes.

This.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Bloogonis** on **June 11, 2009, 04:58:59 pm**

Bloogon stowed his note pad, that was the most awesome lesson EVER! now to test those moves in practice in the barracks.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **BloodBeard** on **June 14, 2009, 11:59:45 am**

For the arrival of the Grand Army to their destination, the capital of Nilarzes' civilization, follow this link:

<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=31475.msg601469#msg601469>

Hey Lanternwebs ;)

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **June 14, 2009, 01:12:57 pm**

Combined stories, cool. That means twice the read!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **June 14, 2009, 03:38:47 pm**

Just because Toonyman has more kills then me doesn't mean I don't deserve a mention ya know.

Good read.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **June 14, 2009, 04:49:34 pm**

I think you have more kills actually. By one.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **June 14, 2009, 06:31:18 pm**

Woah, seriously?

Edit: You sick bastard. I have twelve at last count and you have 37.

Don't lie to the WorkerDrone.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **June 14, 2009, 06:32:16 pm**

Go back a page or two.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **June 18, 2009, 11:48:44 pm**

Grath marched onward, his mind barely on the path before him. His place in the second rank meant that the ground before him was well-trod, sticks and rocks crushed beneath the steel tread of the advance guard, and then buried by the steps of the first rank.

The core of the army was Lanternwebs, their numbers bolstering what remained of Sosadcerol's forces. They marched in close formation, their gleaming steel shields forming a solid wall before them. In combat, the front rank would change and push, clearing a path to the heart of the enemy formation for the second rank, who would widen the breach before the frenzy of battle claimed them and any thought of strategy dissolved into melee. There, skill with axe and shield would determine survival, not adherence to a complicated battleplan. The formations would dissolve as each warrior sought glory in battle, their weapons hunting for the kills that they would sing about at the battle's end.

The bulk of Sosadcerol's forces were the advance guard, light troops spread out to protect the main column from ambush. Grath was certain that no troll force had a hope of breaking his formation, but Flint had insisted that they have a screen to protect them from troll archers. Plus, he had said, many from Sosadcerol were inexperienced in the techniques that Lanternwebs had developed, and there was no time to teach them. Sosadcerol had also provided all but two of the marksdwarves. Lanternwebs would form the core, and Sosadcerol would form the shell.

Not that Sosadcerol could be trusted, Grath reminded himself. They were loyal, of course. He had seen the destruction the trolls had brought to them, and the fire in their soldier's eyes. But fire in the eyes did not mean that they had the courage to stand before a charge, the skill to block and swing and kill. Their spirit was well-placed, but their bodies would not be. Lanternwebs would have to protect its own in the battle, he was sure.

But protect their own they would. Each of them would be a match for five of the trolls at least, if Argentum was to be believed. Though he

had never seen trolls, Argentum's description of them with their pebbly hides and thick black blood had given him a taste of the battle to come. And if Argentum and Kheskeim could take on seven without anything serious enough to warrant bed rest, he would gladly take on six at once. The trolls would need to assemble their entire army to challenge the Grand Army, and when they lost they would be broken and no threat. He brought his attention back to the front, watching the forest give way to mountains carved by time out of marble and gneiss, their pale slopes rising beneath his boots as the Grand Army marched on.

Time to write while on vacation? Hah! Hopefully I'll get another of these up over the weekend, before we should be back to regular updates on Tuesday.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Grath** on **June 19, 2009, 02:12:40 pm**

Damn dirty inexperienced cowards, those Sosadcerolians! ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **June 22, 2009, 11:32:01 am**

Fantastic developments. Back from busy work schedules, business travels and gf knee-operation.
Great writing Rysith. Not sure I understand how exactly this ordeal with the Troll war is going on or if Argentum and Kheskeim really did encounter some or not, but the writing is great so who cares really.

I think Kheskeim will fit right in with the Bloodgod guys. Black troll blood will do.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **June 25, 2009, 06:46:40 pm**

"That's enough storytelling for tonight, I think." Silvereve said, raising his mug and taking a long drink as the campfire in front of him flickered and danced. A murmur of complaint passed around the other marksdawrves who had been listening as he recounted the battles of Lanternwebs, from his first frightened battle in the mists to his latest heroics against goblins.

"One more, please!" cried Ducim, a young marksdwarf from Sosadcerol.

"Oh, all right." Said Silvereve, reaching over put down his drink. "But this time, I'll tell one is from before I ever saw combat.

Back when I was learning to shoot, I had a mentor, Melbil. Best marksdwarf I've met yet, and the first marksdwarf in Lanternwebs to earn the rank of Champion. He could hit a fluffy wambler at fifty paces and could fire a bolt for every beat of your heart in battle, so fast that he earned the title "The Jade Blizzard of Blades". Fired the arrow that slew Xuspgas, former leader of the Mysterious Dread.

That's just a brief introduction. He was a steady hand with a crossbow when I was fumbling to load my first bolt, and he told me three very important things, things that I've always remembered. Three things that I'm going to pass on to you, now.

The first one is the most practical. Remember your place and role in battle. That may sound simple, but once combat hits and everyone's screaming and fighting around you, it's hard to remember. You're a marksdwarf, you're there to support the other soldiers. Keep cover between you and your opponents, and aim for the chest. A hit to the legs won't slow a troll down any more than it would an orc, and it doesn't slow orcs down at all. A hit to the head might phase them a bit, but I've seen orcs keep fighting with their brains all but gone. But a good shot to the chest will make them bleed enough that soon they won't have enough blood to keep fighting, no matter how little they are feeling.

The second one is that the only way to get better is to challenge yourself. He told me, and I'll tell you, that once upon a time we were just as green as the newest among you. Your first battle you will be filled with terror, unable to move. Your bolts will feel like they are made of lead, your enemies like they are made of smoke. You'll mis-slot the bolt, fire wide, and take three tries to grab a fresh bolt out of the quiver. But it's not through something innate that I can kill half a dozen goblins before they can get over a twenty foot bridge. The only way past that terror is to face it, to fight it, to beat it down and focus on what you have to do. You might not win against it your first time, but every time you fight it instead of giving in it will be a bit easier to defeat the next time, the movements will come a little more naturally. You just have to keep going.

And that brings me to the third one. Killing should never be easy. The swordmasters and axe lords know it, every time they kill they are face-to-face with their enemies, trusting their armor and shields to keep them safe. The marksdwarves, safe on the edges of the battle and isolated by distance, sometimes need to be reminded of it. No matter how fast you can slot and fire, no matter how safe you feel from those who are attacking you, no matter how much those who are attacking you need to die, the killing should never be easy. Each time you release a bolt to strike someone's heart, you need to recognize that you ended a life. You may have needed to end that life. The world may be a better place for lacking that life. With the trolls, it probably is. But as soon as you stop thinking of them as lives, as soon as they become the same as the archery targets that we splinter bones against as we hone our art, you become a monster. You lose the part that separates you from those you fight, the part that can know if ending that life was the right thing to do.

Now, that was probably overly preachy and not much of a story at all, so I'll make it up to you with a story from Melbil's past, in the early days of Lanternwebs. Back I came to Lanternwebs, before we had the Grand Army, when even Flint and Kib were inexperienced warriors, a terrible Orc chieftain named Utes Devilfray came to lay siege to Lanternwebs..."

Silvereve drifted off into the story, his hands reenacting the first major battle of Lanternwebs, his audience listening intently far into the night.

Blargh, no time!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **June 26, 2009, 04:56:53 pm**

"The bulk of what they can muster will be in the tunnels." Kel said, pointing her finger at the map of the trollish fortress. "They can't hope to stand against us on the surface, but in the tunnels their larger size may allow them to overpower us individually. We'll have to be careful of ambushes."

"But surely they realize that retreating into the tunnels is a death sentence for them?" Asked Flint. "They require meat to survive, and you can't get meat off a mushroom. We aren't even sure they can grow edible mushrooms under there. They'll starve to death before the first snows of winter, while we wait outside."

"Any less of a death sentence than meeting us on the open field?" Kel responded, indignantly. "Seventy-odd heavy infantry with crossbow support, when we can already take on three to one odds comfortably? Our scouts reported no more than a hundred and fifty trolls there, and that's going to include the noncombatants as well. More than we could take, to be sure, especially while providing for the defense of Sosadcerol as well, but after Argentum and Kheskeim's battle I can't see that many trolls posing a problem for us. You could have sent half as many troops as you did, and I'd still be confident of victory."

"No." Stated The Tooninator, who had been observing the tactics discussion with uncharacteristic silence. "With half as many troops, we'd win the battle, but not win the war."

"What do you mean?" Asked Commander Muthkat. "Even with only thirty of your dwarves, I'd stand by them against a hundred and fifty

trolls, if those two scouts you had ae any indication of the rest of your troops."

"You'd win, sure." The Tooninator responded. "But it would look like you might not. If we sent thirty to kill a hundred and fifty, who knows. Maybe next time they would gather two hundred and try again. The chieftains would cry out that they must avenge the hundred and fifty that we struck down, and the youth would go eagerly to war with fire in their hearts, eager to prove themselves in combat with a hated foe."

"But sixty," he continued, " Sixty is bigger than that. Sixty is big enough that we'll send a message not just to the trolls, but to everyone else: Attack Sosadcerol too much, and you'll be up against an army so big that it will destroy you no matter what you send to challenge it, an army that will come to your home and burn it to the ground. That message will strike fear into the trolls, it will break their spirits where our strength will break their bodies. Their chieftains will be unable to gather a new army with cries for vengeance, because everyone will be fearful of the vengeance that Sosadcerol would call down upon them. You will be left in peace, because it will be too dangerous to do otherwise. We must strike them once, with overwhelming force, not many times with carefully measured force. We must give them no hope that we can be opposed."

"Moving on," said Kel, momentarily shocked by The Tooninator's speech, " We need to discuss tactics. The hallways will be narrow, so we won't have the advantage of numbers. They'll know the layout much better than us, too, so we'll need to be careful to avoid being surrounded. I'd suggest splitting into groups that can keep a two-deep formation across the tunnels, and hitting as many of them at the same time as we can. It will hopefully make it harder for them to mount a coordinated defense, and we'll clear the fortress more quickly."

"What of the surface?" asked Flint. "Suppose they do decide to stand and fight?"

"I would trust that to you." Replied Kel. "Tell us where our forces need to be, and we will d our best to follow your plans. Your dwarves will be leading the core of any field battles, so you'll know best how they fight."

"Right." Said Flint authoritatively. "If we're fighting on the surface, we'll want the heavy infantry at the middle, making a shock charge and then setting up a line of battle. The support forces will stay back, moving to prevent any flanking and reinforce any breaks in the line. Marksdwarves will fire over the line at will, with an emphasis on leaders. Plan B is to allow the line to fold to boxes encircling the support, then fight the boxes to join up and allow for us to fight in turns." He rapidly sketched on the map with a piece of lignite, The Tooninator and Kib nodding in agreement.

"Sir!" Shouted Workerdrone, bursting into the command tent and saluting. "My scouting party has returned. We've found the fortress."

"Excellent." Said Flint. "Any idea of the opposition?"

"We'll likely move close enough to hear the war drums tomorrow." Workerdrone replied. "It looks like they are gathering everything they have to try to drive us off. Four hundred soldiers on the field above the fortress, at least, with a dozen or so who look like leaders. There could be more inside, I'm not sure. I didn't want to get any closer, to avoid them chasing after me and forcing me to kill them all before reporting back to you."

"Four hundred, you say." Flint mused. "Looks like we'll be having our surface battle after all. With a small change of plans. We're going to go in as the box, and try to fight to the fortress gates. We'll drop a team of heavy infantry down to clear the fortress, and if necessary we'll retreat to the fortress once it's ours. I'd like to see them try to fit that army into the tunnels while dwarves are holding them. We'll really be able to show them they can't oppose us, now."

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **June 26, 2009, 04:58:19 pm**

As always, need I say more?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **June 30, 2009, 07:08:13 pm**

"Dwarves of Sosadcerol!" Flint bellowed from the head of the column. "Dwarves of Lanternwebs! Today we shall fight the trolls that have so long troubled Dwarfkind. Today, we shall open their skins to let their blood spill upon the ground. Today, we shall end their lives and return home with glory on our shoulders."

They had been marching for most of the day, walking slowly to conserve their strength for the battle that they knew lay ahead of them. Over the next ridge, they knew, waited the troll army. The troll army that would be nothing more than broken bodies and black blood upon the ground by daybreak.

"When you go to fight, remember your comrades who have fallen in battle with these foes." Flint continued, his strong voice carrying to the back reaches of the hundred-strong army of dwarves. "When you go to fight, remember that this night, with your axe, with your sword, with your crossbow, you can protect dwarves for generations to come. When you go to fight, do so with fire in your heart and a calmness in your eyes. Trust in your fellow soldiers, let your weapon strike true, and you will return to your homes as heroes, remembered through the ages in song and stone."

Workerdrone had been right. By noon, they had all been able to hear the steady beat of the trollish war drums, preparing their warriors for battle. Flint had ordered the soldiers to beat their shields as they marched, heavy gauntlets striking steel shields to send up a challenge to the drums. A Sosadcerolian, Bomrek, had started reciting the great deeds of The Great Roughness, tuning the poetry to the shield-drumming. Soon, he was joined by Shoruke, adding the tales of The Braided Lenses. The army had advanced as the two storytellers had recited tales of the heroes and victories of the two civilizations.

"Never falter." Thundered Flint. "Never doubt your own abilities. Never hesitate. If you are struck, rise again. If you cannot, fight from the ground. Even if you feel the life flowing from your body, fight on. You will be buried in heart of the mountains, warmed by their blood, and sent with glory and honor to the next world, where those you have slain will serve you eternally. Strike your foes without mercy, without pause. It is through courage, skill, and determination that we shall prevail in the battle to come."

Silvereye had returned in the evening with a count of the enemy. Four hundred and fifty, give or take a dozen, he had said. The news had been greeted with cheers from Grand Army. Four to one odds meant plenty of kills for everyone. It meant the possibility of a challenging fight. It meant that they would be able to demonstrate their mastery of the fighting arts, that they would be able to return with a story that was worthy of the journey they had taken to reach here. No simple mauling of near-equal numbers, here they would fight the largest army the world had ever seen. What more could they ask, they said, than to die in glory in the largest battle any of them were likely to see?

"And remember, above all else, that each of you is a dwarf." Said Flint, his voice quieting as he finished his speech, though the words still carried easily. "You have the finest equipment, you have the finest training, and you have the finest comrades to be found anywhere. Tonight, you will fight side by side with those you have known for scant weeks, and you will emerge victorious. Tonight, you will show all who would lay siege to a dwarven city that they must be prepared to challenge all dwarves if they do. And tonight, you will show them that they cannot possibly prepare enough for that challenge. Dwarves, light torches!"

Each soldier in turn dipped a tallow-soaked branch into the fire, mounting it firmly to their armor until the field was brightly lit by the points of fire dotting it.

"Dwarves, assume formation!" Shouted Flint.

The soldiers quickly moved to their assigned places, a massive box surrounding their marksdwarves and second wave of fighters.

"Dwarves, to battle!" Shouted Flint, a shout followed by a roar from the soldiers as they began marching up the hill, ready to bring fire

and death to the trolls that waited for them on the other side.

Disadvantages to writing this way: It's hard to actually play Lanternwebs, for fear of moving the "real" timeline too far along compared to the Grand Army timeline.

Advantages to writing this way: I can't get a 500-person battle to describe in fortress mode.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **June 30, 2009, 07:11:46 pm**

This is awesome and going to be even more awesome. Good work Rysith. Each of your posts is equal to all my posts put together!

*typo

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **July 08, 2009, 06:15:26 pm**

Kib jogged in the center of the dwarven formation, her torch reflecting its green light off the steel armor of the dwarves that surrounded her. Green from powdered copper, sprinkled through the burning fat-soaked cloth, to mark her as a squad leader. The regular soldiers carried no color, and their flames burned a dull yellow, while Flint and Kel would both fight beneath the gleaming gold of iron filings, marking them as the commanders of the army. And, Flint had joked, to draw the best of the trolls to him for single combat.

He had insisted on a night battle, and the torches, to give the dwarves some sense of coordination after battle was joined. Despite his elaborate plan, he knew as well as any that once they met the trolls the line would break and dwarves would head off, fighting their way through the trolls in small groups. They needed space to move and dodge, since their heavy armor alone could not protect them. They needed space to lunge and swing, to let their weapons penetrate the iron shields and chain of the trolls. And some of them, undoubtedly, would be claimed by the battle trance and be totally unable to coordinate with the rest of the army. Better to plan around those than try to fight them. Better to have dwarves fighting towards the green lights, than to rely on them recognizing unfamiliar dwarves in the heat of the moment. Better to rely on light in the darkness than vision in the day, surrounded by trolls.

Crossbows sprung as the marksdwarves fired their first volley, falling back to retreat and take up flanking positions. They wouldn't be able to aim effectively until the melee dwarves had moved in among the trolls, bringing their light with them, but blind firing as better than no firing. Ahead, Kib could see the lit area that surrounded them begin to reveal the first of the trolls, standing ready with pikes. A moment of worry flashed across his mind: If their leaders were skilled enough to get them to hold, what other combat prowess might they have? But his resolve quickly banished it. It did not matter how skilled they were, they would still die this night.

The clash of arms echoed through the forest as the first wave of Lanternwebs soldiers absorbed the shock of the pikes and stepped through, twisting the pikes as they passed the first rank of trolls and letting the second rank swing into the troll's exposed sides and backs before the box dissolved and Kib was able to step into the thick of combat. The troll's larger size was working against them, she could see, with only small numbers able to press close to the dwarven formation while the dwarves were able to maneuver with as much freedom as they would have in a cramped tunnel between their legs. A swift chop to an unguarded leg shredded chain leggings with no more effort than it took to rend the meat and bone beneath it, sending the troll next to her to the ground. Blocking a sword strike on her shield, she swung at the neck of the downed troll before deflecting the next sword strike and catching the blade in her steel-plated grip. She felt the dull iron of the troll's sword pulling her up as the troll drew the sword back, tightening her grip and jumping to let herself fly as high as her arc would take her before severing the swordstroll's windpipe.

Letting the falling troll's corpse cushion her fall, Kib turned to see Kel fighting to keep two trolls away from a wounded Sosadcerolain soldier. Without hesitation, she charged the back of one, her axe sinking deeply into its leg as the force of her charge knocked it to the ground. A powerful overhand stroke severed its torso, and she pivoted to strike at the second troll's arm as it swung at Kel. Though the blow didn't break the troll's thick skin, it did unbalance the troll enough for Kel recover from her block and slash into the troll's hand. As thick blood flowed around the troll's fingers, Kel's axe found its maul, tearing the weapon from the troll's weakened grip and sending it flying across the battlefield.

Kib seized the opening, swinging her axe into the troll's undefended side. The steel blade cut deeply, bringing the troll to its knees. Despite its injuries, the troll managed to catch Kel's next strike on its shield, the iron screeching in pain as it turned aside the steel blade. Kib's next stroke struck true, the shield out of position and the troll's metal cap providing no resistance to the blow that split its head.

"That's my four." Kib joked to Kel as they set off together for another clump of dwarves. "Where are yours?"

Blah, partial post because I ran into a wall trying to visualize the battle. I'll edit this in later tonight, since I didn't want to delay updating any more. And by later tonight I mean tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **July 09, 2009, 07:06:52 am**

Death!
Blood!
Victory!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **July 13, 2009, 06:28:46 pm**

A raven, disturbed from sleep by the clash of steel on iron, circled the battlefield.

Below her, the dwarven torches clearly illuminated the struggle as it played out, their flames giving illumination to the chaos below as the sounds blended into a single heavy noise that blotted out all others. Here she saw a troll struggle to pry an immense axe from the lifeless corpse of a plate-clad warrior as the fallen dwarf's friends rushed it, their weapons biting through its armor and skin until it fell on top of their comrade to join him in death.

There she watched a space widen as a dwarf fought with an enormous piketroll. Back and forth they jumped, matching each other strike for parry, as the battle raged around them. The troll's larger weapon struck heavily on the dwarf's shield, the dwarf's sword nipped at the troll's hands, its wielder unable to get close enough for a telling blow.

Here she saw two dwarves with axes move methodically through the trollish ranks, their green torches casting their surroundings in an eerie glow. Yellow flames flocked to join them and fell back, extinguished, but the pair of green flames held strong as troll after troll died to their steel.

There she saw a green-torched swordsdwarf stumble as he blocked a troll-chief's maul, the steel of his shield denting as he absorbed the blow and knelt under its force. A second dwarf severed one of the chieftain's arms as it raised the maul for a killing blow, striking again to slay it before reaching down to help the green-torch to his feet.

Here she saw another troll chief, standing with his sword on top of a mound of slain dwarves, let out a war cry of triumph before a dwarf flew through the air to land a pickaxe in its chest. The steel point found purchase in the troll's ribcage as the dwarf climbed to strangle the troll, both falling to the ground as the troll lost balance trying desperately to claw the dwarf off of its face.

And there, she saw a single dwarven unit, still in close formation despite the chaos, leaving a trail of mutilated trolls behind them as they moved quickly through the trollish lines. They marched purposefully towards the open pit that marked the entrance to the troll fortress, and their leaders both wore flames of bright gold. They were a point of order in the chaos of the battle, dwarves with a purpose beyond killing. They would strike at the heart of the trolls, and tear it out, leaving the field heaped high with the bodies of the dead. There would be much carrion here in the morning, she knew. Much to feast on.

More updates! Much easier to describe a battle like that, then trying to capture everything from the ground. This segment is almost over, and while it's been fun to write I'm eager to get back to Lanternwebs proper.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **July 20, 2009, 07:33:56 pm**

With a final axe swing, Flint took the legs off the last troll to stand between him and his target. Before him gaped the entrance to Vicevises, the fortress of the trollish force that they had come to destroy. He looked to Shoruke, standing at his side holding her war-pick, and nodded.

"Assault team, ready!" He shouted over the battle, calling Workerdrone and Grath back from the skirmishes they were in, their armor and weapons spattered with black blood from their fight to the back of the battle.

"Argentum first!" he called, and Argentum clambered over the edge of the pit, his torch barely strong enough to illuminate the floor far below. On the far side, he could see the Sosadcerol team beginning their decent. Each would take half of the fortress and sweep it clear of trolls while the battle raged above, to cut off the troll's retreat and cut the heart from the troll's assault against Sosadcerol.

He swung himself down onto the crude trollish stairway as the rest of the assault team followed, Silvereye picking off a last troll as they descended. As they neared the bottom, they could see the large forms of the trollish guards rushing to meet them. With a shout, the six dwarves lept from the stairway to land beyond the guards, Flint quickly recovering and rushing to slam his axe deep into the left arm of the nearest guard.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Soldiers of Lanternwebs!" Flint shouted as he swung his axe again. "Let none of these foul trolls escape. To battle!"

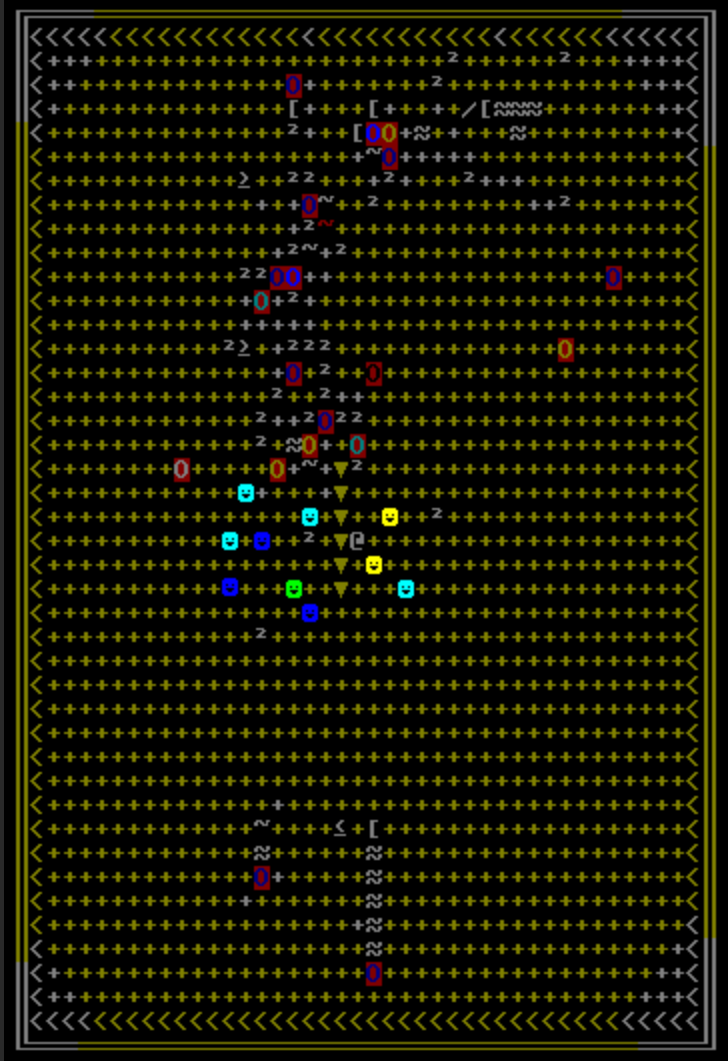
Hah, finally, back to actually playing dwarf fortress!
Shoruke is unfortunately a speardwarf here, since the miner + pick trick doesn't seem to work in adventure mode. It seemed the closest to her actual skills that I could come.
The "party" was also unfortunately limited to only 6, since I couldn't figure out a good way to add party members over the limit before half of my carefully pre-made soldiers wandered away.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **July 21, 2009, 06:30:47 am**

Into the cave now!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **July 28, 2009, 08:26:25 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Alright, that's the entrance clear." Flint said to Kel. "We'll take this stairway, you take the other one. We'll meet outside and see who killed more!"

The six Lanternwebs dwarves descended into the interior of the troll fortress, watching the Sosadcerol dwarves jog towards the other ramps. As their eyes adjusted to the darkness, the two glowing eyes of a troll stared back at them. Flint lunged for it, but Workerdrone was faster, his sword plunging into the troll's chest before it could draw its own weapon.

The darkness lifted to the shades of gray that the dwarves were used to seeing underground, advancing steadily through the roughly dug earth of the fortress. Wherever their eyes, wide with the lack of light other than their few torches, found signs of the trolls they moved swiftly and quietly to open its skin and let its blood splash the walls and floor. All six, their movements guided by years of fighting orcs, glided through each battle with ease, some moving up to take heavy blows on their shields to allow others to deal telling strokes with their weapons. Even as they lost weapons to the clinging bodies of their foes, they still fought on, their skill unmatched by any who opposed them.

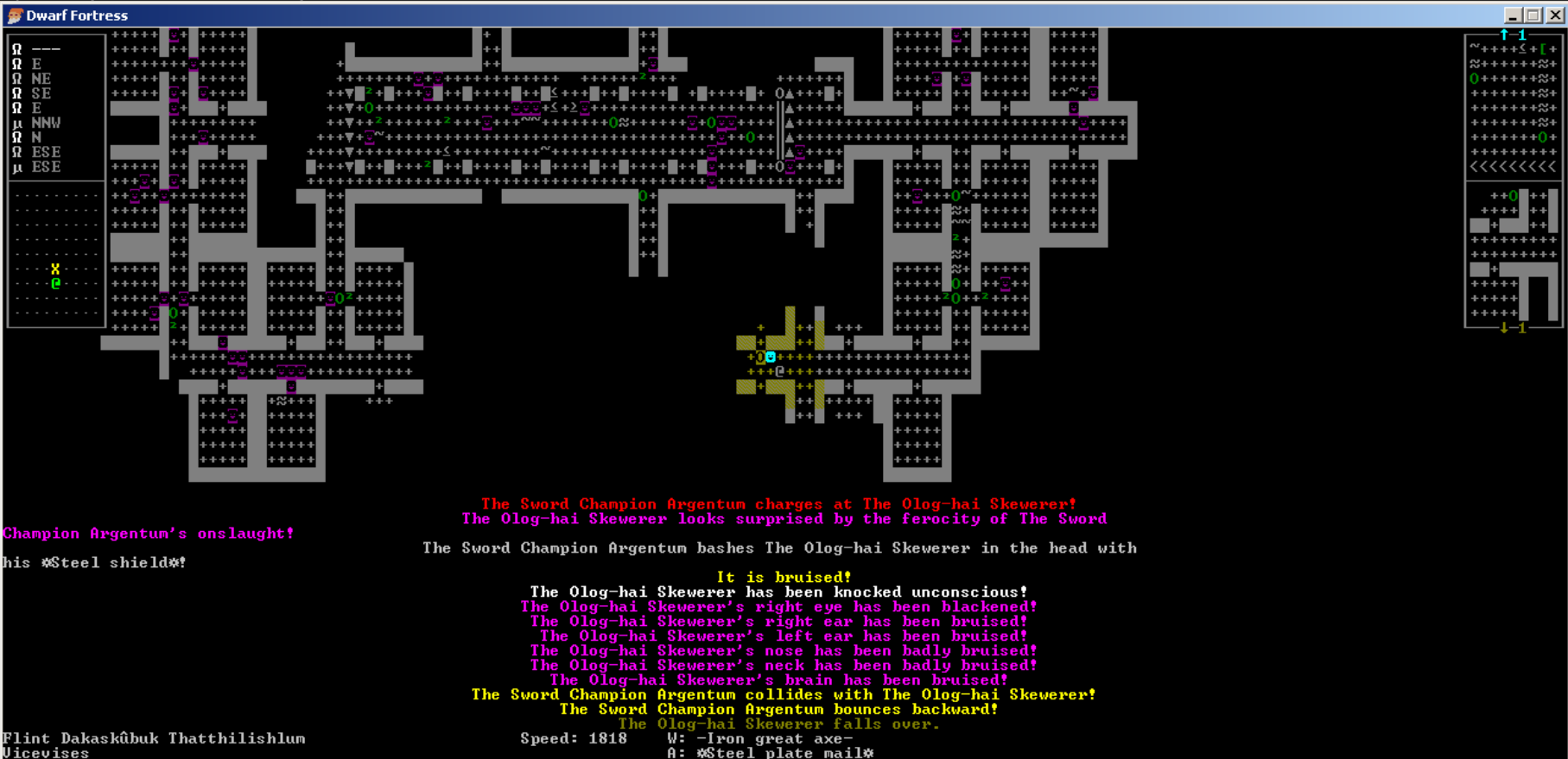
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The olog-hai Slasher Bosa ũsbustok stands before you.
 Bosa ũsbustok, Olog-hai Slasher: I am Bosa Evilburdens!
 Bosa ũsbustok, Olog-hai Slasher: Strangler of Datan Sunspaint the Directions
 of Oil, a whelp that strayed too far from her mother!
 Bosa ũsbustok, Olog-hai Slasher: Prepare to die!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Olog-hai Slasher charges at The Axe Champion Grath!
The Olog-hai Slasher strikes at The Axe Champion Grath but the shot is blocked!
The Olog-hai Slasher collides with The Axe Champion Grath!
They tangle together and fall over!
The Olog-hai Slasher misses The Axe Champion Grath!
The Olog-hai Slasher is no longer stunned.
The Sword Champion Argentum hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the head with his Steel short sword!
It is cut!
The Olog-hai Slasher has been knocked unconscious!
The Olog-hai Slasher's right eye has been slashed out!
The Olog-hai Slasher's left eye has been slashed out!
The Olog-hai Slasher's nose has been badly cut!
The Olog-hai Slasher's neck has been badly cut!
The Sword Champion Argentum hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the lower body with his Steel short sword!
It is broken!
The Olog-hai Slasher looks sick!
The Olog-hai Slasher's right kidney has been cut!
The Olog-hai Slasher's lower spine has been badly cut!
The flying Steel bolt strikes The Olog-hai Slasher in the lower body!
It is badly pierced!
The Olog-hai Slasher's spleen has been badly pierced!
The Olog-hai Slasher's lower spine has been pierced!
The Steel bolt has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Sword Champion Workerdrone hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the left lower leg with his Steel short sword!
The shot glances away.
The Sword Champion Argentum hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the left lower leg with his Steel short sword!
It is cut!
The Sword Champion Workerdrone hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the left claw with his Steel short sword!
It is mangled!
The Olog-hai Slasher's left wrist has been broken!
The Olog-hai Slasher loses hold of the Iron shield.
The Axe Champion Grath hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the left claw with his Steel battle axe!
The Olog-hai Slasher loses hold of the large Iron left gauntlet.
The left claw flies off in a bloody arc!
You hack at The Olog-hai Slasher in the left lower leg with your Steel battle axe!
The shot glances away.
The Sword Champion Argentum hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the right upper leg with his Steel short sword!
It is broken!
The Sword Champion Workerdrone hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the left foot with his Steel short sword!
The Olog-hai Slasher loses hold of the *large Iron high boot*.
The left foot flies off in a bloody arc!
You hack at The Olog-hai Slasher in the left lower arm with your Steel battle axe!
The left lower arm flies off in a bloody arc!
The Sword Champion Argentum hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the right lower leg with his Steel short sword!
It is cut!
The Olog-hai Slasher's right knee has been sprained!
The Steel short sword has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Sword Champion Workerdrone hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the right upper arm with his Steel short sword!

It is mangled!
The Steel short sword has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Olog-hai Slasher loses hold of the Iron two-handed sword.
The Axe Champion Grath hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the right lower leg with his Steel battle axe!
It is mangled!
You hack at The Olog-hai Slasher in the right lower arm with your Steel battle axe!
The shot glances away.
The Sword Champion Argentum twists the embedded Steel short sword around in The Olog-hai Slasher's right lower leg!
The Sword Champion Workerdrone twists the embedded Steel short sword around in The Olog-hai Slasher's right upper arm!
The Olog-hai Slasher vomits.
You hack at The Olog-hai Slasher in the head with your Steel battle axe!
The shot glances away.
The flying Steel bolt strikes The Olog-hai Slasher in the upper body!
The shot glances away.
The Axe Champion Grath hacks at The Olog-hai Slasher in the right upper arm with his Steel battle axe!
It is mangled!
The Sword Champion Argentum twists the embedded Steel short sword around in The Olog-hai Slasher's right lower leg!
You hack at The Olog-hai Slasher in the upper body with your Steel battle axe!
It is mangled!
The Olog-hai Slasher is having trouble breathing!
The Olog-hai Slasher's left lung has been pierced!
The Olog-hai Slasher's heart has been pierced!
The Olog-hai Slasher's liver has been mangled!
The Olog-hai Slasher's upper spine has been mangled!
The Olog-hai Slasher is propelled away by the force of the blow!
The Olog-hai Slasher vomits.
The Olog-hai Slasher slams into an obstacle!
The Miner Shoruke stabs The Olog-hai Slasher in the upper body with her Steel spear!
It is pierced through completely!
The Steel spear has lodged firmly in the wound!
Bosa -sbustok, Olog-hai Slasher has been struck down.
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The soldiers moved quickly from room to room, their weapons sharp and their swings sure as they cut down the trolls. The trolls rushed to combat singly or in pairs, their great size and strength rendered useless against the dwarves as they were overwhelmed with numbers and the impenetrable defense of the fine dwarven armor.
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The flying Steel bolt strikes The Olog-hai Butcher in the upper body!
It is pierced!
The Olog-hai Butcher's right lung has been pierced!
The Olog-hai Butcher's left lung has been pierced!
The Olog-hai Butcher's heart has been pierced!
The Olog-hai Butcher's liver has been pierced!
You charge at The Olog-hai Butcher!
You hack at The Olog-hai Butcher in the right foot with your Steel battle axe!
It is broken!
The Olog-hai Butcher's right ankle has been badly sprained!
The Olog-hai Butcher's second toe, right foot has been broken!
The Olog-hai Butcher's fourth toe, right foot has been broken!
You collide with The Olog-hai Butcher!
You tangle together and tumble forward!
The Sword Champion Workerdrone misses The Olog-hai Armorer!
The Olog-hai Armorer strikes at You but the shot is blocked!
The Sword Champion Workerdrone attacks The Olog-hai Armorer but He jumps away!
The flying Steel bolt strikes The Olog-hai Butcher in the upper body!
It is pierced through completely!
The Steel bolt has lodged firmly in the wound!
Stozu Emzureng, Olog-hai Butcher has been shot and killed.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"That's all of them." Flint announced at last, the first words that any of them had spoken since they had entered the fortress. "They'll not be able to recover from this, not to any strength that would let them attack Sosadcerol again."

"Too bad it's carved out of sand and peat." Muttered Workerdrone. "Nothing in this damp hole will burn, so we can't have the pleasure of putting it to the torch."

"Let's go see how Kel and his group are faring." Said Flint. "I wonder if their trolls managed to put up any more of a fight."

Gah, that was a pain to write, and I feel kind of guilty about posting it. No real narrative structure at all from the game that I could use, and the Lanternwebs dwarves are entirely too good to make the fights interesting. There was one injury in the entire attack, when Argentum got a spear stuck in his right wrist. It's a light gray injury, and he pulled it out without harm a few turns later, after killing the guard that put it there. Combat in adventure mode on this scale just takes too long, and consists mostly of the dwarves beating on the trolls until they get an instakill. That everyone was losing their weapons to stuckins and reverting to shield bashes didn't help either. I'm sorry for the unsatisfying update, but I think I'll be glad to get this over with and back to Lanternwebs proper. I've got the combat log if anyone is interested, though it's roughly 7500 lines long. 146 kills total. On the other hand, it showed that I'm going to have to significantly boost the orcs for the final siege, given the troll's performance against these six. I'm thinking of giving the "average" orcs professional shield/weapon/armor, with squad leaders at Grand Master or possibly Legendary. Should be fun, I think.

Also, as might be expected with 146 kills among six dwarves, everyone got new titles:

- Spoiler (click to show/hide)
- Flint "The Autumnal Nut"
 - Argentum "The Withered Brute of Drenching"
 - Workerdrone "The Free Bowels"
 - Grath "The Blockaded Meanness of Screaming"
 - Shoruke "The Comedic Whiteness of Cudgels"
 - Slivereye "The Fed Satin-Sick of Labor"

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **July 28, 2009, 09:38:50 pm**

NEVER.

EVER. SPEAK OF THE TITLE I HAD THAT **NEVAAAAAR** EXISTED.

EVER AGAIN.

The shame.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **July 28, 2009, 10:05:04 pm**

Too easy. Too easy WorkerDrone. Not worth the time.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **July 29, 2009, 07:16:56 am**

I will never live this down. I swear, Rysith might be totally be bullshitting me, but the worse part would be that he's actually NOT.

I'd feel BETTER if he was.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **July 29, 2009, 02:31:45 pm**

Quote from: WorkerDrone on July 29, 2009, 07:16:56 am

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I'd feel BETTER if he was.

Sorry, I don't control the titles.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Workerdone Sebirstukos Eshingúr, "Workerdone Hiderazors the Free Bowels", male dwarf

On the other hand, it could well be something that you inspire in your foes. If you had gotten "Workerdrone Hiderazors the Fearful Blade" or something like that, the "fearful" wouldn't have referred to you, but your enemies. Being able to inspire your opponents to void their bowels with your very presence seems pretty badass to me.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **July 29, 2009, 04:14:09 pm**

You make everything seem more awesome Rysith.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **July 29, 2009, 04:52:55 pm**

Sniping babies is awesome.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ousire** on **July 30, 2009, 12:04:11 am**

Quote from: Rysith on July 29, 2009, 02:31:45 pm

Workerdone Sebirstukos Eshingúr, "Workerdone Hiderazors the Free Bowels", male dwarf

no way. that is **too** awsome. ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **August 02, 2009, 01:11:17 am**

Those are some of the most bizarre and hilarious titles ive ever seen. :D

Also, i like how Silvereye just randomly shoots somebody in the middle of the combat texts. Great work, as usual.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Grath** on **August 02, 2009, 09:37:51 am**

Quote from: Rysith on July 29, 2009, 02:31:45 pm

Quote from: WorkerDrone on July 29, 2009, 07:16:56 am

I will never live this down. I swear, Rysith might be totally be bullshitting me, but the worse part would be that he's actually NOT.

I'd feel BETTER if he was.

Sorry, I don't control the titles.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Workerdone Sebirstukos Eshingúr, "Workerdone Hiderazors the Free Bowels", male dwarf

On the other hand, it could well be something that you inspire in your foes. If you had gotten "Workerdrone Hiderazors the Fearful Blade" or something like that, the "fearful" wouldn't have referred to you, but your enemies. Being able to inspire your opponents to void their bowels with your very presence seems pretty badass to me.

Actually if you have Dwarf Companion open, you DO control the titles.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **August 08, 2009, 09:13:19 pm**

Yellow dawn light crept over the battlefield, overwhelming the weak light of the dwarven torches. High overhead, the black wings of scavenging birds beat slowly as they circled and waited for their chance to feast on the mangled bodies that covered the clearing. On the field, wounded dwarves rested in a small cleared area by the entrance to the troll's fortress as the able-bodied ones picked through the corpses for still-living comrades and usable equipment.

The Tooninator rose from his seat on a pile of severed troll heads and saluted Flint as he climbed out of the pit, his five warriors behind him, all covered thickly in troll blood. Flint looked around, sheathing his axe as he turned to speak.

"So, you managed to win up here, did you?" He asked. "How much did it cost us?"

"Oh, it was a great opportunity to practice." The Tooninator replied, smiling broadly. "Lots of trolls for everyone, only a few that managed to run. We got all the big fancy-armored ones, too."

"And the losses? How many did we lose?" Flint pressed, eyeing the wounded dwarves laid out in rows as soldiers carried buckets of water, drawn from the aquifer below, to the thirsty. Others worked to wrap cave spider silk bandages around wounds and to fashion weapon hafts into splits for broken bones.

"Five of the Grand Army." The Tooninator stated. "Well, five that we've found thus far. We still aren't finished searching the field. Nearly thirty wounded as well, though mostly light wounds that should be healed in a day or so. Sosadcerol lost 17, with another twenty wounded. About the same, actually, it was just a question of what was a kill and what was a bruise."

"And Kel? Have they returned yet?"

"Nothing yet. We wanted to wait for you to return before sending people down. I've sent some of the axedwarves out to gather wood, and we should be able to get a wooden wall up and a roof over our heads in a day or two. It's going to be a while before we can move out, so we might as well make ourselves comfortable."

"Demon!" shouted Silvereye, a bolt already flying towards the enormous shape flapping up from the pit. Blood trailed from a deep gash on one of its legs, and it faltered as the bolt struck it in the chest, the dwarven steel piercing skin before shaking loose and tumbling to the pit floor.

Wheeling, the demon snarled at the dwarves, diving for Silvereye but pulling up as Umir sent a bolt through its right wing, opening a wide hole as the membrane stretched back. Flapping hard, the demon struggled to gain altitude as marksdwarves hurried to send more bolts at it. With a final leaf-shaking roar, it passed over their heads and flapped away pursued by a scattering of other shots.

"Kobold's luck!" shouted a voice from the bottom of the pit. "Usmza made it out. Tell me you brought him down outside? Please!"

Flint and The Tooninator walked to the edge and peered down to see Kel emerging from underground, her axe in hand and steaming from the demon blood coating the blade. Behind her, the other members of the Sosadcerol force were emerging, including Kib supporting a macedwarf, his right leg heavily bandaged.

"Hail!" Shouted Flint. "We have carried the day on all fronts, it seems, now that you have emerged without losses!"

"Carried the day, Hah!" shouted back Kel, reaching into her backpack and pulling out a severed head, which she held aloft by the hair. "Here is the head of Atu, scourge of Sosadcerol and leader of Vicevices. He shall trouble us no more. Would that we could present Usmza's head as well, but I'm sure we've left little doubt in his mind that we'll be able to do just that if he makes war on us again. The day is ours, indeed!"

Now that I've settled into my new job, it looks like I'll be going to weekly updates. I'm sorry for the infrequency of it, but it seems much better to have a schedule and stick to it than try to update more and either be unable to hit a regular schedule or turn out poor material.

One more update before this arc will be wrapped up, either tomorrow or next weekend, and we'll head back to Lanternwebs. Much has changed in the Grand Army's absence, it should be interesting.

Title: Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)
Post by: ToonyMan on August 09, 2009, 09:25:37 am

Suck an elf!

Title: Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)
Post by: Rysith on August 16, 2009, 09:23:54 pm

Kel and Kib stood by the gates of the wooden stockade, hastily dubbed Hammerwebs, both deep in thought as they looked at the bustling dwarves within.

"So, this is it?" Kel asked. "The end of a successful campaign?"

A season had passed since the troll's defeat in The Onslaught of Slaughters, and the former battlefield now boasted a high wooden wall, the logs gathered and shaped by the axedwarves. In the halls of Vicevices, the damp loam had already provided them with a harvest of plump helmets to supplement the marksdwarves's hunting, and the cave wheat and quarry bushes were growing well, promising a harvest before winter. And, in the former trollish throne room, twenty-eight dwarven coffins lay, each inscribed with the deeds of the fallen warrior inside, each carved with stone replicas of the armor and weapons that had served them in life.

"This is it." Kib responded, sadness in her voice. "Our wounded are healed or buried, our packs are full of dried food to see us safely back, and our scouts have not reported any trollish activity at all. The battle seems to have won the war. And, as much as I enjoyed the time that I was able to spend in Sosadcerol, I think that I will be glad to see my friends again in Lanternwebs."

Within Hammerwebs, the Grand Army had gathered in the center, slowly separating from the Sosadcerolians as they said their farewells. Laughter floated up as final stories were exchanged, as well as the clash of armor as last-minute wrestling matches broke out.

"What about you?" Kib asked, turning to face Kel. "Glad to be heading back to Sosadcerol?"

"I won't be leaving for a while." Kel replied. "Official word from the King is that he's sending a group out to settle here. Got to expand, he says, might as well take what the trolls left. The soil here's good, and the last few layers were sedimentary. Not much chance of magma, but there should be plenty of coal and wood for an outpost, at least. I'll be waiting here until they've established themselves, make sure that they've got a few good soldiers around, and then we'll see."

"Well, take care of yourself, friend." Kib said as she saluted Kel. "May your shield be strong, your axe be sharp, and your death be glorious."

"You as well, friend." Kel responded, returning the salute. "And who knows? Perhaps we will see each other again sometime."

Below, the Grand Army had assembled into marching order, Flint standing at the head talking with a Sosadcerol dwarf on crutches. Kib walked over to join Flint, ready to lead the Grand Army home in victory.

"It is my duty to come with you to Lanternwebs." The dwarf was saying as Kib approached.

"I'm sorry, but you can't." Flint replied patiently. "Not with that mangled leg. Besides, you must have friends, or family waiting for you when you return. You can't abandon them, can you?"

"Without Lanternwebs, I would not be alive to return to them." The dwarf responded. "I owe my life to Kib Amkolrigòth the Fields of Scalding, and must follow her that I might serve under her with honor."

"Adil?" Kib asked, stepping next to Flint. "You're sure you want to come with us? You're sure you can make it?"

"I would rather that I came and died along the way than that I stayed." Adil said. "When that spear-troll stabbed my leg, I am sure I would have died had your axe not intervened. I can do nothing less than devote my mace and my life to you."

"Then you accept that if you should fall behind, we will not slow our march for you?" demanded Flint.

"I do." Stated Adil

"And you accept whatever life may await you in Lanternwebs?"

"I do."

"And you accept that you'll be sent out to near-certain death at the slightest hint of an orcish invasion?"

"Flint, stop intimidating the rookies." Sighed Kib, stepping in front of him and offering her arm to Adil. "Here, take my arm. We'll see you safely to Lanternwebs, and whatever lies beyond. Welcome to the Grand Army, I'm sure you'll do well."

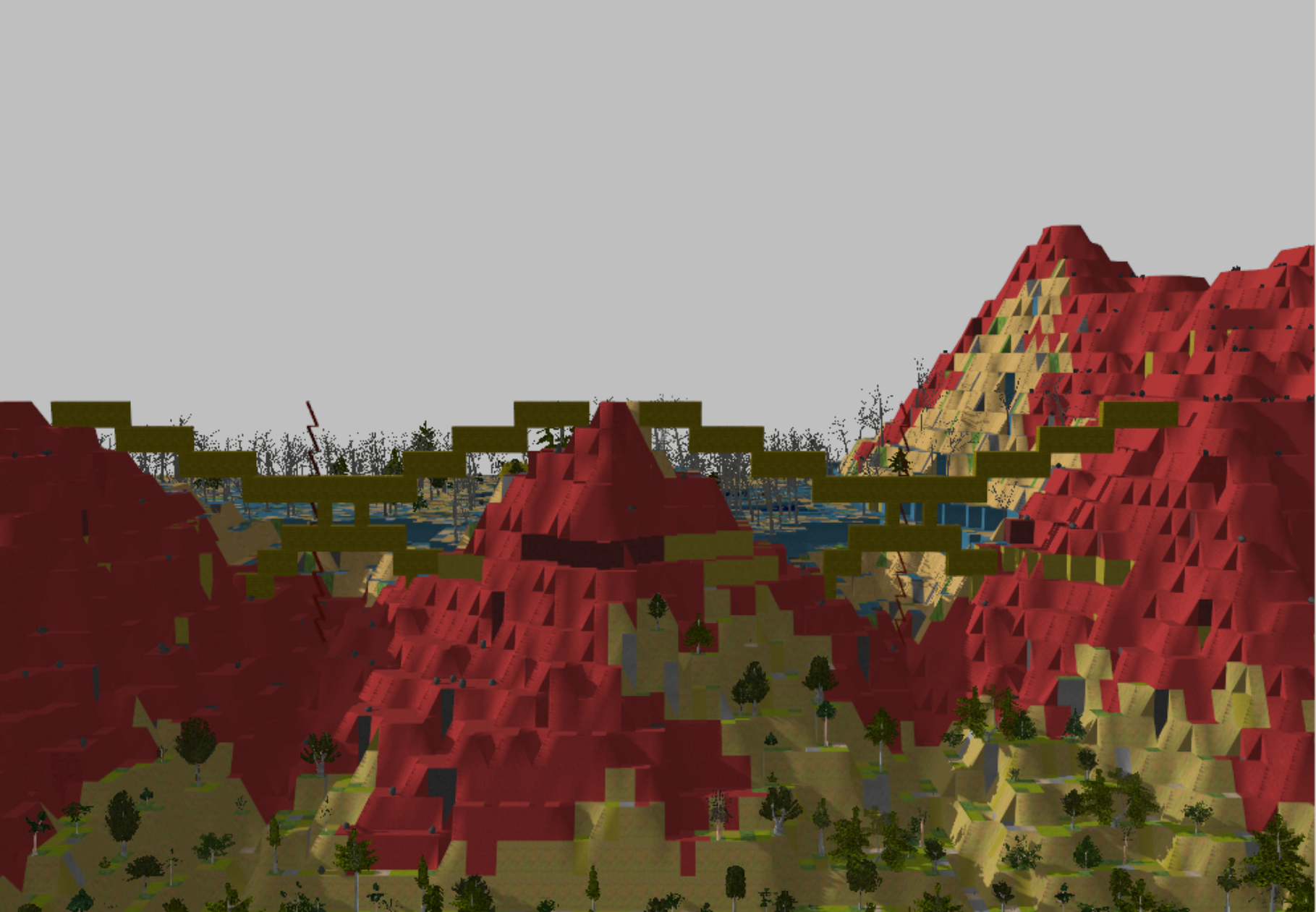
Hooray, that bit's done and I can finally go back to Lanternwebs. Adil will be joining as Bloodbeard's claimed dwarf, so he'll almost certainly be showing up more. The bit about Kib saving his life is true, too. During Bloodbeard's run-through of the Olog-Hai fortress, he got a mangled right lower leg, but was saved by Kib:

Spoiler: [combat log](#) (click to show/hide)
The Olog-hai Hunter stabs The Macedwarf Adil in the right lower leg with her +Iron spear+!
It is mangled!
The +Iron spear+ has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Axedwarf Kib charges at The Olog-hai Hunter!
The Axedwarf Kib hacks at The Olog-hai Hunter in the upper body with her □Steel battle axe□!
It is cloven asunder!
The Olog-hai Hunter is propelled away by the force of the blow!
The Olog-hai Hunter slams into an obstacle!
Snamoz Uzorkutsmob, Olog-hai Hunter has been struck down.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **August 24, 2009, 09:24:42 am**

Sorry for the late update, several things ended up happening that delayed getting Lanternwebs up to where I wanted it to be when the Grand Army returned (as in, more than a single season into the future), and some of those events ended up meaning that I needed to play through two updates. I should have an update up later tonight, and in the mean time, some highlights:

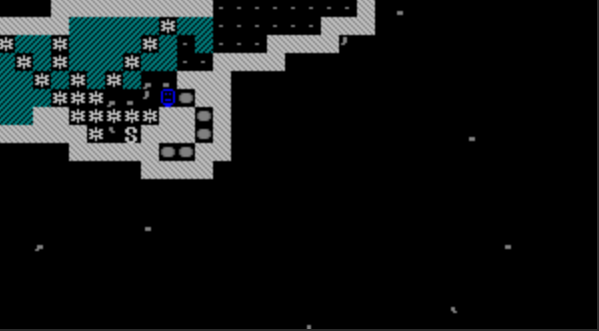
Tosid: "Phase II nearly complete!"
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Nichaey: "Kill them all! Bwahahaha! Pickaxes to the face!"
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Zon: "I told you, by the beard of Armok, I told you! But did you listen? Nooooo. 'There's no way there could be invisible 8-foot spiders hiding in the chasm', you said. 'It's perfectly safe!' you said. Well now look! Can you see it now?!"
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **gumball135** on **August 25, 2009, 06:24:04 pm**

AWESOME! Finally managed to catch up after my long absence from DF :D Keep it up, Rysith! And how is Grimes doing?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **August 25, 2009, 06:45:35 pm**

I totally forgot I was entered into this one.

Maybe its because I haven't been mentioned in battle unless it was in the PAST tense since...

The first update I APPEARED in. Hur dur.

Edit:

Okay, that's not TRUE...three or four updates after that I appeared in the present tense of battle as having a direct influence on where my blade flew and who's head got chopped off.

But after THAT I've been messenger boy.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **August 25, 2009, 09:46:30 pm**

Great Updates! The more thou better!

Meh.Meh.

I MEAN HALLUCINOGENS.
Meh.Meh.

I MEAN HALLUCINOGENS
I MEAN HALLUCINOGENS.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (To War!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **August 28, 2009, 12:34:11 am**

Quote from: Rysith on August 24, 2009, 09:24:42 am
I should have an update up later tonight, and in the mean time, some highlights:

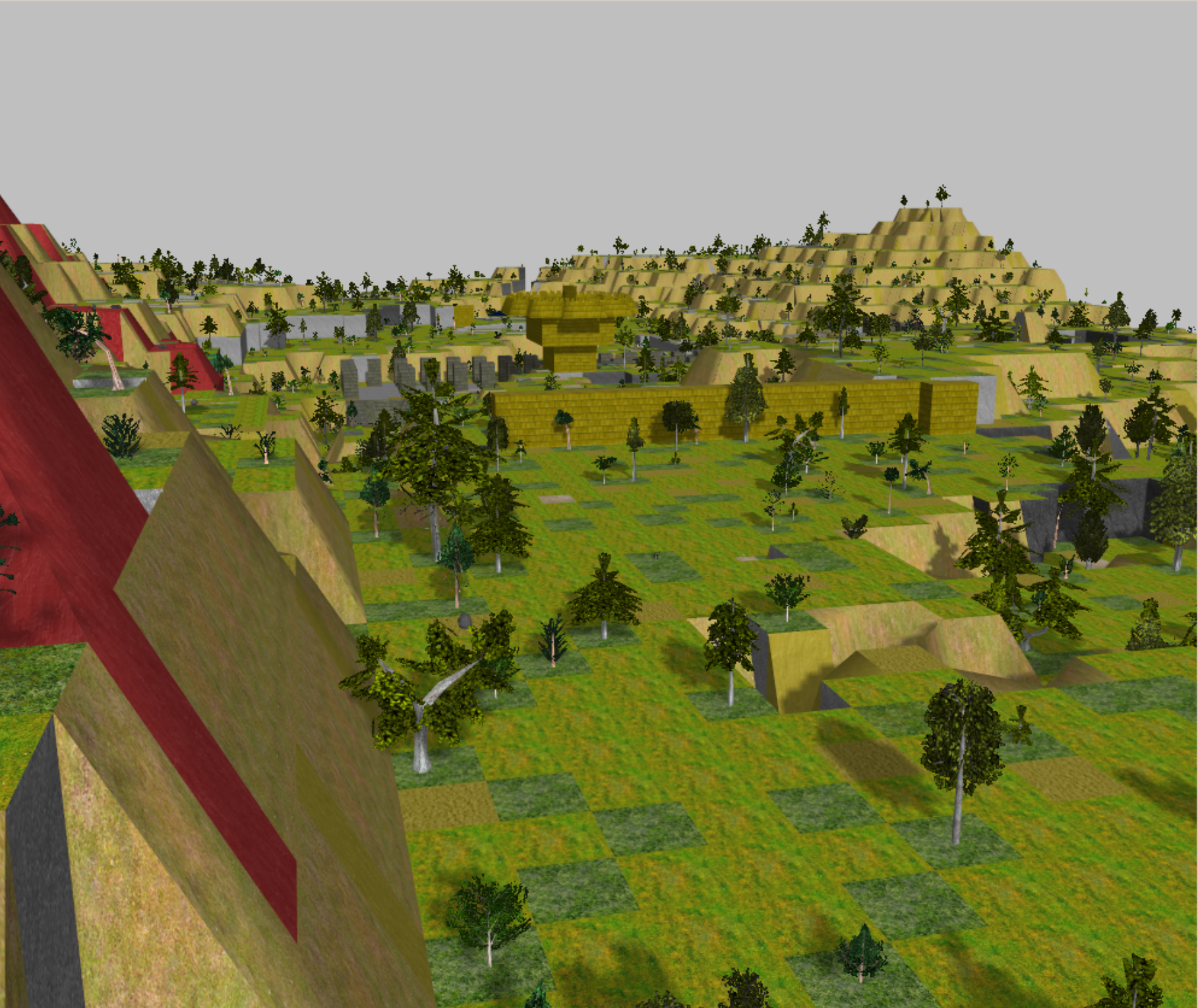
By "later tonight", of course, I meant "another goblin siege, some drama with the GCS, an emergency search for Aluminum for the Duke Consort, and the first death of old age later".

The positive news is that it's done, and I'll be putting out probably an update tomorrow and two on Saturday to make up for it.

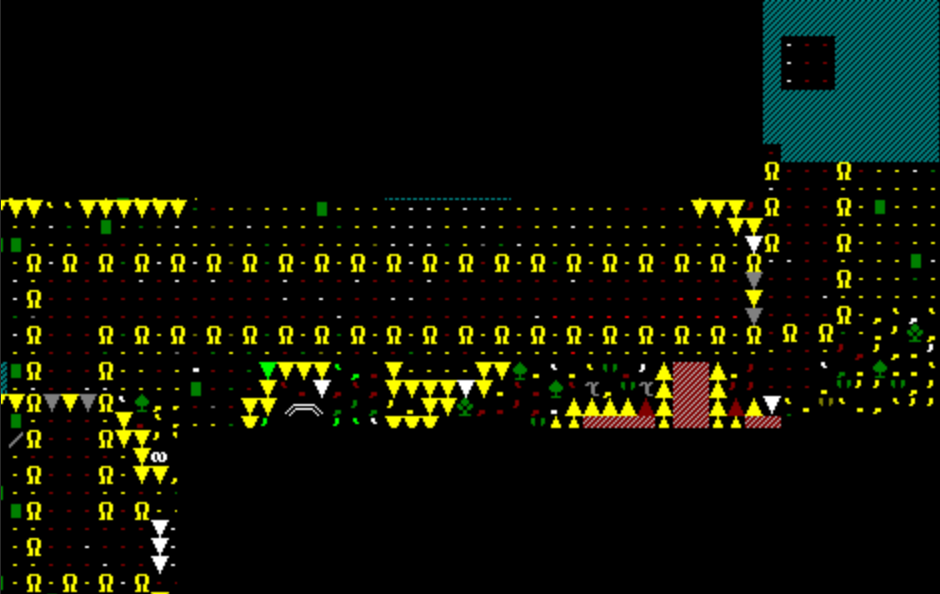
Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (In Glory We Return!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **August 29, 2009, 02:59:38 am**

"There it is!" Exclaimed Kib, grabbing Adil's shoulder and pointing to the white stone tower just visible over the hills they were marching through. It rose, as it always had, dwarfed by the mountains rising to the west but still seeming proud, a statement that dwarves lived here and always would. This time, though, Kib could see the gleam of sunlight reflecting off the polished gold of rows of statues flanking the walkway.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



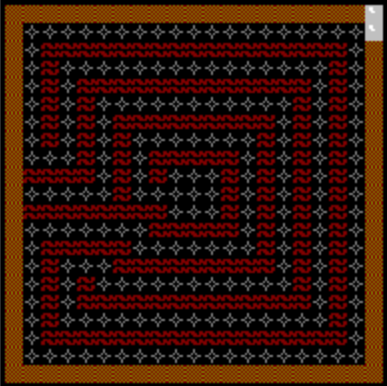
A view from the southwest, showing the watchtower and the steel pillars. Unfortunately, the statues don't render yet.



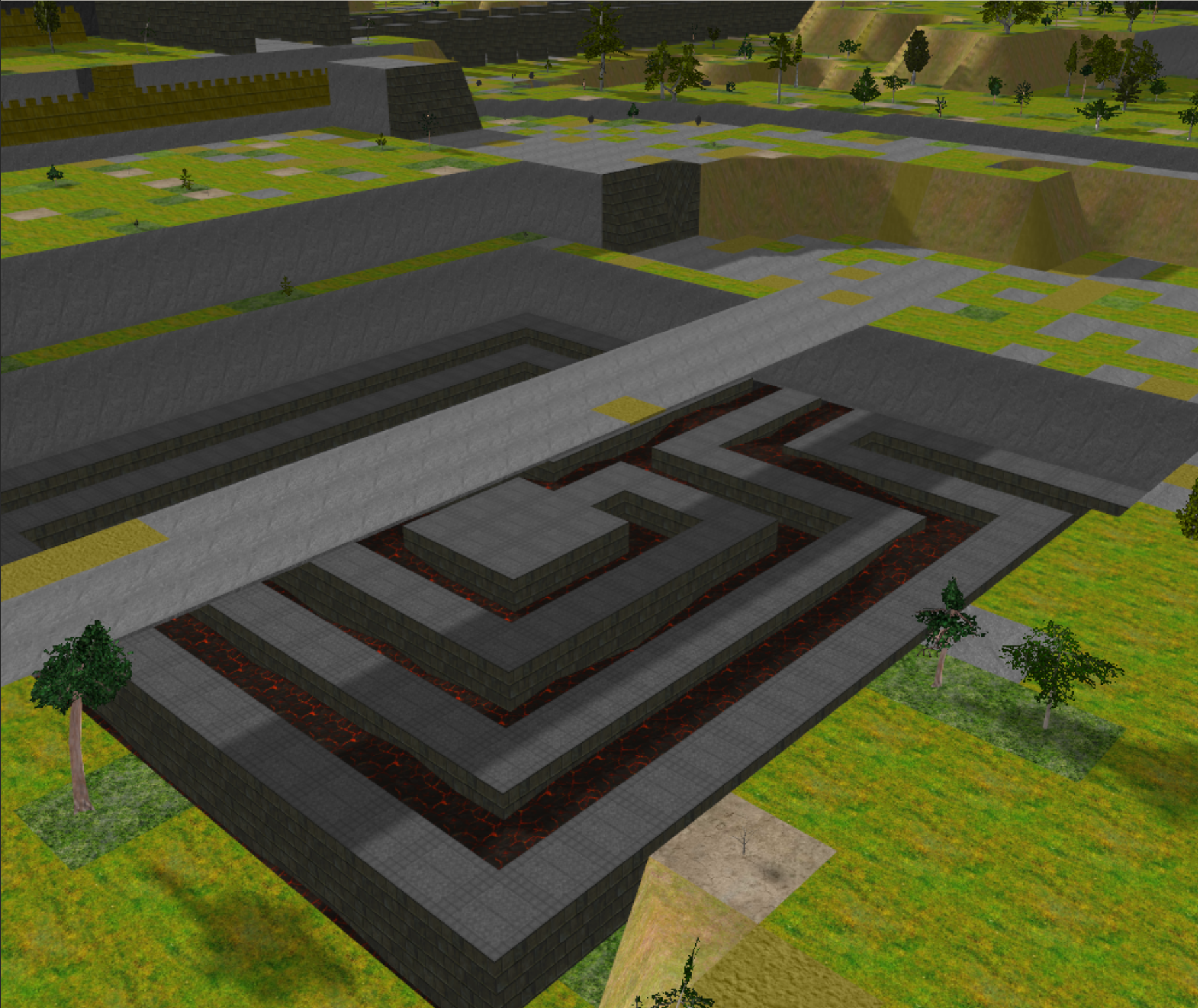
This is a stitched-together image of the three z-levels of entrance way. Each statue is a masterwork or exceptional gold statue on a steel block pillar. Yes, we've got a lot of gold lying around.

"Welcome back!" shouted Nichaey from the bridge as they reached the road, leaning on a skull large enough to be carved into a throne. "Watch your step over the magma there, we haven't gotten the guardrails up. The battle went well then?"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Lanternweb's new magma labyrinth (Our symbol is a ritual labyrinth, so it seemed appropriate). Once again, all the walls are steel blocks. We've got a lot of steel lying around too.



And there it is in 3d. You can't see it, but the strip over it is the gold/steel road that showed up last year.

"That it did." Replied Flint. "Less than thirty dwarves for more than four hundred trolls. I doubt they'll be recovering any time soon. It looks like you managed some killing of your own, there?"

"Well, I didn't kill this." Nichaey replied, tapping the skull with one of his pickaxes. "But I did kill enough to tell a story or three over your first mug of Lanternwebs beer. Or goblet, since the Duke Consort's been on about making stuff out of aluminum. An eventful time with all of you gone, I'll say that."

"Well, then, let's get to swapping stories." Kib declared. "It should be a good introduction to Lanternwebs for Adil here. It's good to be home."

I totally forgot I was entered into this one.

Maybe its because I haven't been mentioned in battle unless it was in the PAST tense since...

But after THAT I've been messenger boy.

One of the things that Lanternwebs has been running into is that there are only two or three sieges a year, with normally two "battles" each. There are now 17 claimed dwarves in the military, so assuming that I tell each battle from a different claimed dwarf's perspective, that gives you a battle every three to four years. I've been trying to think of a good way around it, but it's difficult to do it well and rotate the claimed dwarves through faster.

To help out a bit, here's a bit from the Troll Siege:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
The Sword Champion Workerdrone hacks at The Guard in the upper body with his Steel short sword!
It is cloven asunder!
The Guard is propelled away by the force of the blow!
The Guard slams into an obstacle!
Damsto Asnustozu, Guard has been struck down.

New map up on DFMA here (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/map-6843-lanternwebs>)
[Spoiler: stocks](#) (click to show/hide)

PS: 100% phone. Uddilors has. "Lanternwebs"

Animals	Kitchen	Stone	Stocks	Justice
Created Wealth: 20597396#				
Weapons: 1503600#				
Armor and Garb: 2758167#				
Furniture: 1085210#				
Other Objects: 2704064#				
Architecture: 1720595#				
Displayed: 1362797#				
Held/Worn: 4462763#				
Imported Wealth: 799339#				
Exported Wealth: 324408#				
Food Stores: 4577				
Meat 238				
Fish None				
Plant None				
Seeds 1846				
Drink 1344				
Other 1149				
Population: 185				
Miners 3				
Woodworkers 4				
Stoneworkers 8				
Rangers 1				
Metal Smiths 15				
Jewelers 3				
Craftsdwarves 13				
Nobles/Admins 8				
Peasants 5				
Children 20				
Fishery Workers None				
Farmers 12				
Engineers 5				
Trained Animals 9				
Other Animals 255				
Leader @				
Champions 75				
Axe Dwarves 1				
Axe Lords None				
Swordsdwarves 1				
Swordmasters None				
Macedwarves 1				
Mace Lords None				
Hammerdwarves None				
Hammer Lords None				
Speardwarves None				
Spearmasters 2				
Marksdwarves 1				
Elite Mrksdwrvs 4				
Wrestlers None				
Elite Wrestlers 1				
Recruits None				

Stocks for the year. Definitely a year focused mostly on getting the projects done. It's also worth noting that once the rest of the melee dwarves hit champion, we'll be ready for DC-enhanced orc sieges.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (In Glory We Return!)**
Post by: **ousire** on **August 29, 2009, 11:26:21 pm**

Quote from: Rysith on August 29, 2009, 02:59:38 am

The Sword Champion Workerdrone hacks at The Guard in the upper body with his Steel short sword!
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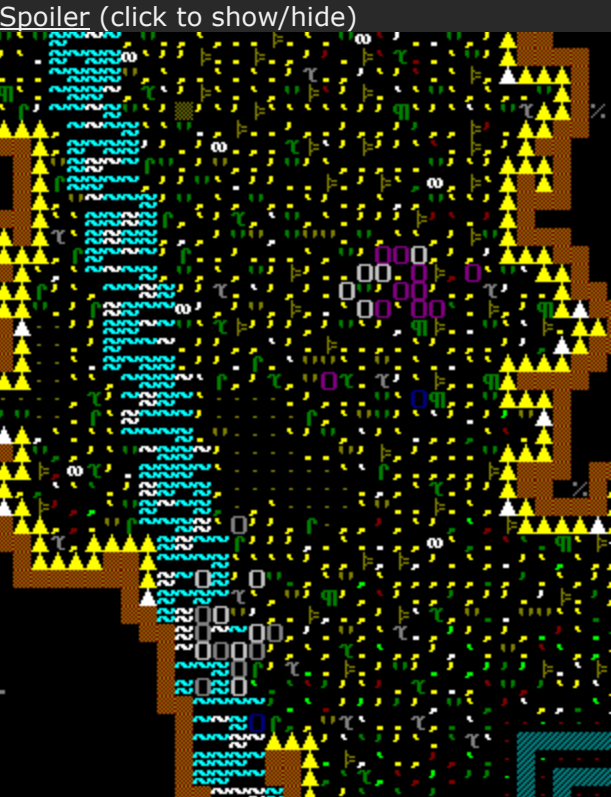
impressive. The Free Bowels has proven himself in battle again! ;D

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (In Glory We Return!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **August 29, 2009, 11:31:57 pm**

w00t w00t and what not.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (In Glory We Return!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **August 30, 2009, 12:08:57 am**

"So," Nichaey said, lowering his tankard as he leaned across the table toward Workerdrone. "Not two months after you left for the trolls, our friends the mysterious dread decided to show up." He waved his drink around, indicating the rest of the newly-retuned warriors that had joined him in the dining hall. "Maybe they heard that you'd just left, and thought that we'd be soft. Maybe it was just that time of year. Anyway, they showed up with eighty of them to thirteen of our champions, and they'd abandoned those annoying beak dogs for war elephants. Just in case they thought it would make a difference."



"Anyway," Nichaey continued, pointing to Pyrophoricity, "The first thing Pyro here wants to do is run out, hack of few of them to death, then get stomped on by one of the elephants. Tosid, though, wouldn't have any of that. He ordered a squad of us up to the entranceway, ordered the marksdwarves to the fortifications around the pit, and another squad to stand outside the barracks in case the elephants managed to break out of the spike-pit doors."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Now, I know I've never seen the front floodgates close while I've been in Lanternwebs. Hell, I've never even seen us let invaders past the first bridge. So you can imagine the feeling we had, the ten of us at the top, as we listened to the orcs coming. The heavy thumping of the elephant's footsteps, the orc's shouting, the sounds of the statues outside toppling. When the floodgates are closed, you can't see out at all, so we had no idea what was going on outside. Just standing there, waiting to take out whatever orcs made it through the side corridor, or to hold them off if the elephants came through the floodgates."

"Then, then we head the deathtrap click, and we heard the elephants panic as the floor dropped out from underneath them and the marksdwarves on the second level opened fire. We could hear them coming through the corridor, too, the ones that were fast enough to avoid the deathtrap grid. The elephants just plowed through and the traps mulched them, but that jammed them up pretty quickly, and the orcs themselves just shrugged them off. But the first orc makes it out of the side corridor, gets his eyes on one of Grath's kids that's wandered up to watch the battle, and *wham*!" Nichaey slammed his fist onto the dolomite table for emphasis. "Pickaxe to the head. Turns out that a pickaxe through the eye will take you down even if you can't feel any pain at all, hah."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"After that, we got into a bit of a rhythm. The deathtrap would click, we'd get a bit of a break as the orcs fell, then it would click again and some of them would manage to filter through and we'd kill them, and then we'd repeat. Eventually, all the traps got filled with elephant parts, so we started getting some of those through too. That's where I got my giant skull, you know. Kogan tried making a totem out of one, but it really wasn't working. That's when I learned that orcs are really surprised when you climb up the side of their elephant with your pickaxes, too."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"When everything finally settled down, the orcs were fleeing and the peasants were complaining about having to clean up all the blood we left lying around. Grath, I'm sorry to say that we lost Oddom somewhere in there. It was a real shame, too, the kid showed promise for the grand army, watching a fight like that. I don't even know how many we killed, especially with the deathtrap working like that. I saw them hauling corpses out of the pit for weeks afterward, I know that much."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

S: 100 Oddom Oltarthiz, "Oddom Gildfastens", Child
Oddom Oltarthiz has been ecstatic lately. He has been attacked lately. He was comforted by a lovely waterfall lately. He talked with father lately. He died in a legendary dining room recently. He slept in a bedroom like a personal palace recently. He admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Restraint lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He admired a fine Bed lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was comforted by a wonderful creature in a cage recently.
He is the son of Eschtan Giftglaze and 'Grath' Archdwelling the Equivalent Decency. He is a dubious worshipper of Inod.
He is a citizen of the Braided Lenses. He is a member of the Theater of Beards.
Oddom Oltarthiz likes Yellow sand, Aluminum, Tsavorite, the color beige, stars, helms, amulets, anvils, cats for their aloof nondesire and steelhead trout for their lack of broad red bands. He absolutely detests cave spiders.
He occasionally overindulges. He doesn't need thrills or risks in life. He admires tradition. He is guarded in relationships with others. He is not easily moved to pity. He lacks confidence. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.



"So, it may not have been some giant battle against a bunch of trolls, but one of the holes I left in an elephant was big enough that the Queen officially named me 'The Crater of Stars'. Besides, that was only half the sieges we got when you were gone. I'll leave the other one to Pyrophoricity, though, since that one's why we've started calling him 'The rages of strife'. And Shoruke, you need to watch out. Duke's started killing things too, so you might have a challenger soon."

The first of two sieges while the grand army was "out". Several more titles showed up (Nichaey, Pyrophoricity, and Duke), which incidentally makes Duke our first titled civilian.

During that siege, I learned that turning the deathtrap on drops my FPS to 7 from ~40 normally. I think I'll be sticking with using the Grand Army. My music player also decided to play Bach's Cantata 29 (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5iKurCniUIY>) as the orcs approached, and then Handel's Allelujah chorus as the deathtrap turned on, which made the entire siege seem much too happy. I like Baroque music, ok?

Armored War Elephants seem to have been successfully introduced, and seem to be working properly. We'll be eating Armored War Elephant Meat Roasts for quite a while, now.

Grimes was part of the Sosadcerol aid force (all of the claimed champions were, actually), even though he wasn't directly mentioned. He would have been in the surface battle, so I can't tell you what exactly he did during that. The original plan was to try to have all of the claimed dwarves be part of the adventure-mode part, but getting them to all be in the same party involved necromancy and luck, so I didn't bother.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (In Glory We Return!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **September 07, 2009, 02:01:07 pm**

"I'll go next, as long as we're telling our war stories." The Duke said, finishing his drink as he motioned the listening dwarves to come closer. "It'll be a short one, I promise."

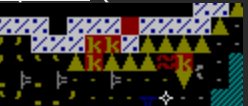
"Must have been about mid-spring. I was up with Fath clearing out the ramps around the plateau, something about Tosid's plan with the dolomite webs. Anyway, we're out there when suddenly one of the stonemasons shrieks that he's discovered a bunch of skulking kobolds."

"Now, most of us are able to strangle a kobold to death without even trying, so I knew this was more than just a thief or two. Sure enough, it looked like the kobolds had decided that just sending in thieves wasn't going to be enough, so they'd sent in some spearbolds to try to take some stuff by force."

"Now, I'm not a champion or anything, but I wasn't going to let a bunch of yapping vermin poke holes in one of our dwarves. Swinging the pick for these eight years had given me strength and speed, and you can't become a high master brewer without getting at least as tough as the stuff you're brewing, so I thought I'd be able to fend them off. Jumping down a level, I swung my pickaxe into the back of the closest one, just as he was moving up on the mason."

"The first thing I noticed was it's a lot easier to mine through flesh than it is through rock. The swing sent the spearbold flying off, down toward the river. The second thing I noticed was that the rush you get in combat is actually pretty nice. Nothing compared to, say, sniffing the vapors off a freshly-brewed batch of high-quality whip wine, but pretty good nonetheless. From that first swing, it was really just a matter of cleaning the wrestlers off the mason, just like cleaning the granite away from a nugget of gold. The rest of the spearbolds turned and tried to run, but they weren't used to running around through the rocks. All six of them died to my pick."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"And well, after that there was a little awkward ceremony where the queen gave me a title for bringing death to the enemies of Lanternwebs. I'm sure it was supposed to be formal and moving, but my lack of military status really seemed to get in the way. I didn't have a helmet to remove, they couldn't point to scratches on my armor as evidence of the difficulty of the fight, I didn't have a commanding officer to vouch for my bravery and military discipline. Tosid stood in there, citing my service to Lanternwebs from its founding, but it was definitely more improvised than the rest of them."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

'The Duke' Dumatisgath Idashbrodum Eshtân. "'The Duke' Roughnessscrape the Moist Bowel of Smiths'. Miner

"So now, I'll let Pyro tell you all about what happened when he did get his wish to run out and hack some baddies to death. I'll stay in here with the rocks and have fine beer to serve you when you get back, thank you very much."

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (In Glory We Return!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **September 07, 2009, 02:17:08 pm**

Some things up with the titles in this fort.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (In Glory We Return!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **September 18, 2009, 12:23:55 am**

"Well, watching orcs and elephants get put through a box of needles and carving up vermin is all well and good," Pyrophoricity said, returning with a fresh mug, "But I know what you all really want to hear about is combat on the open field, your plate and your shield the only thing protecting you, your axe firmly in hand as you face your enemy."

"As luck would have it, this Spring the goblins decided that they would show their filthy faces here again. A squad at the gates, and another two squads trying to sneak in through the forest, the cowards."

"I immediately proposed that we run out and kill them all, and to my surprise Tosid agreed with me. Something about practice, but I think he had seen some faults in the deathtrap and wanted time to repair it. Anyway, he sent the champions down to the gate, and me, Nichaey, Bloogon, Foxkesh, and one of the rookie axedwarves up to hold the forest gate."

"As we climbed the stairs to the gate, we could hear the sound of the gate battle playing itself out. It went about as you'd expect a battle of Lanternwebs champions against goblins to go. "

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

First battle (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1667-116springbattle1>)

"But, as that died down we reached the top, and we gave the signal to let the bridge down. Nichaey was the first out of the gate, both picks up as he charged. Foxkesh and Bloogon were right behind, and I hung back with the rookie to make sure he didn't do anything stupid."

"Nichaey got there first, but he ran right past the first few goblins, screaming insults at the guard leading the squad and his mother's lineage. Foxkesh got in the first blow, a solid spear thrust to the gut that left him with a goblin wrapped around the end of his spear, while Nichaey kept charging in. He got within range of the guard, too, before he caught a hammer-blow to the leg. Hah, he's still right here, don't worry, I just like teasing him about this bit of the battle. Anyway, he gets hit, takes the goblin's leg out from under him, then looks back and sees that he's fifty feet in front of the rest of us, surrounded by goblin wrestlers."

"So, he backs himself out of there, dodges his way all the way around the block protecting the guard, gets himself up next to him again, then looks around and realizes that he's still fifty feet from us, and now he's got all the goblins between us and him. So he runs all the way back around, still dodging wrestlers all the way. Running around like a maniac."

"By the time Nichaey gets himself back on the right side of the goblins, we'd reached them. Foxkesh and Bloogon are busy sticking them, I'm trying to model good axe form for the rookie, and Nichaey's finally remembered that he's supposed to hit the goblins, and we're generally wiping the floor with them. It's really amazing what goblins seem like after you've geared yourself up to fight orcs, you know? Goblins aren't even larger or stronger."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Second battle (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/movie-1668-116springbattle2>)

"This whole time, of course, Nichaey's shouting insults at the goblins, and some of them start shouting them back, in what little dwarvish they know. Mostly words I won't repeat here with the children about. Well, one thing lead to another, and this hammergoblin shouts something at me as he's turning to run away, and I just lose it. He's running away, and he has the nerve to say that? So I swing at him, hit his leg and send him flying into a fleeing wrestler. Still, he's got the nerve to keep shouting at me in goblin, so I head over there and take his limbs off, one at a time. I still say the little cretin deserved it, but I guess Nichaey was still a bit sore from me poking fun at him

when he was going after the guard. When we get back, Nichaey proposes "The Rages of Strife" as my title, and that's what it ends up being."

"But, it's still a title. I'll be out there with you guys the next time the orcs show up, standing by your sides. What a fine day that will be."

Second battle, unfortunately, took place in the mountains where filming is a pain.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (In Glory We Return!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **September 18, 2009, 06:12:17 am**

Hah! In the first battle one of the goblins falls through the gap in the maze thing.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **October 01, 2009, 10:19:49 am**

Zon carefully closed the steel doors of Queen Vucar's throne room behind her, moving to take her seat at the central table. At the head sat the Queen herself, a clear look of agitation on her face. To her sides sat Flint and Workerdrone, speaking for the Grand Army of Lanternwebs, their expressions and beards hidden by their steel helms. Across from her sat the Dutchess îton, her cape of office hastily donned for the meeting.

"Dwarves," The Queen began, "Today, we are threatened by an enemy that we have faced only once before. The dragon Usmok Kamdeostri the Jewels of Sweltering has been reported to have woken from his slumber and begun a rampage nearby. It is only a matter of time before he is drawn to us by our wealth, and we must be prepared for him when he arrives."

"Can't we just capture him, like we did with Osram? Have two dragons chained in the statue garden?" The Duchess asked.

"No, no, no." Zon quickly replied. "Two male dragons in the same fortress? They'd rip each other apart fighting for dominance, or drive each other crazy if we restrained them. Dragons are very territorial creatures, and a few hours of teaching them that dwarves aren't food isn't going to change that."

"Then our path is clear." Stated the Queen. "We'll lure the dragon to the entranceway and dispatch it with crossbows. I believe that was your suggestion the last time we were threatened by such an enemy, Zon."

"That won't work." Workerdrone said as Zon nodded her agreement. "The Grand army is more skilled now, and the Forest Gate is still unready for marksdwarves to hold it. Better that we send champions out to do combat with the beast in the mountains, where there will be no danger that it will start a grass fire. I volunteer myself, since I wouldn't ask any other dwarf to take on a combat that I would shirk myself."

"I agree." Said Flint. "A battle in the mountains will be much more predictable than one on the grass, and that means slaying it with sword and axe rather than crossbow."

"Then it is decided." The Queen said. "Workerdrone and Flint will consult with Zon on the best methods to slay a dragon in open combat, and will respond when Usmok threatens us."

The others at the table nodded in agreement.

"One more thing before we adjourn." Continued the Queen. "As you have no doubt heard, The Duke recently discovered a vein of adamantine while digging near the second apartment level. As I'm sure Zon knows, we know little of it other than its amazing combination of strength and lightness, and that our ancient history is littered with the remains of fortresses, destroyed shortly after discovering it. Be on your guards."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Sorry for not updating, real life (once again) has been quite hectic.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **October 01, 2009, 02:00:37 pm**

Praise the miners!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Grath** on **October 01, 2009, 04:13:39 pm**

How the heck do you have a noble mining? Are you CHEATING?

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Eagle** on **October 01, 2009, 04:19:14 pm**

Duke 2.0

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Bloogonis** on **October 09, 2009, 05:19:46 pm**

I go away for a little bit and I get a good solid mention in the story, woohoo.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **October 14, 2009, 12:39:55 am**

When the dragon Usmok Kamdeostri the Jewels of Sweltering came to Lanternwebs, he came wreathed in flame, the rock before him blackening with soot as he roared his challenge, claiming all that he could see as his own.

When the dragon Usmok Kamdeostri the Jewels of Sweltering came to Lanternwebs, Workerdrone and Flint stood ready to meet him, their polished armor rattling as they struck armored fists on shining shields, answering Usmok's challenge with the voice of dwarven steel.

When Usmok met the dwarves in combat, his mouth yawned wide, yellowed teeth seeking to crush armor, muscle, and bone alike. His claws stretched outward, the points seeking weapons to wrest them from the weak grasp of his foes. His tail swung in a wide arc, the armored tip whistling as it sought to shatter steel against itself.

When Usmok met the dwarves in combat, Workerdrone stood to the front, catching the teeth on his shield as his armor took the scrapes

of the claws. Behind him, Flint charged past to strike Usmok's flank, the axe scraping off the dragon's scales as the tail lashed around, the tip denting Flint's shield across the middle with a crunch.

Flint reacted quickly, trapping the tail against the ground with the remains of his shield and hacking at it until his axe struck sparks on the rock beneath and Usmok's blood stained the ground. Workerdrone tore his own shield free as Flint dropped his on the ground, Usmok turning to face the pair.

Fire streamed from Usmok's mouth, Workerdrone stepping forward to catch the blast on his shield as he struck forward. His arm entered the flames, the heat singing his arm, as his sword struck the inside of Usmok's mouth. The flames cut off abruptly, the teeth clamping down on the sword and arm, armor shrieking as teeth scraped along it and Workerdrone was lifted into the air.

Stunned only briefly, Workerdrone twisted his arm inside Usmok's mouth, feeling the sword bite into soft flesh and feeling hot blood gush between the cracks of his armor. Usmok opened his mouth with a roar of pain, and Workerdrone swung around his neck, losing his grip on his sword but unbalancing the dragon and crashing with him to the ground.

Seeing his chance, Flint rushed forward to strike Usmok's exposed stomach, his axe finding purchase and breaking through the scales to reveal glistening organs beneath. Usmok's movements grew weaker as Workerdrone held the dragon's stomach exposed and Flint hacked more, opening the gash further until at last Usmok ceased to draw breath and grew limp.

Thus ended the rampage of Usmok Kamdeostri the Jewels of Sweltering, terror of men, elves, and dwarves since the dawn of time

Usmok served handily as a test for boosting things with DC, which was nice. Flint ended up getting the final kill, I think mostly since Workerdrone lost his sword and went with wrestling. Workerdrone received a yellow arm wound, but it healed before he could get back to rest it. Definitely a good megabeast fight.

And, as usual I apologize for the slow updating, blame real life getting in the way, and promise to try to get future updates out on time.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **WorkerDrone** on **October 14, 2009, 03:52:33 am**

I liked it.

I wrestled a dragon and then Flint hacked him up a lot.

Sounds good to me. Though I'll need that sword back.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **November 30, 2009, 01:50:07 am**

For months, Stozu had sat in his cage, steeling himself for the tortures that he knew to be coming. Before he had joined Staspst's lance squad as a wrestler, he had been employed as one of Snang Ronuxlozu's many torturers. He knew all the methods of extracting information from a prisoner, from the hooks under the eyelids to iron gauntlets heated over an open fire, and he knew that confining him away from the light was only the beginning. They would expect him to be more pliable, able to be rewarded with a glimpse of the sun or a breath of outside air. Perhaps they even expected him to go mad, to shriek the secrets that he held as his mind fled the confines of his skull. But he had envisioned his torture dozens of times, seen the grin on the dwarf's face as he tightened the vice around his elbow and asked him once again what he knew. He had carefully prepared a list of falsehoods, to scream as if in defeat when he could feel the heat of the glowing spike on his eye, to deceive them. He had rehearsed, within the steel bars, a speech that he would give, suggesting that he might be of use to the dwarves, that he would go back to the Allied Cruelty and feed information back to them, warning them of impending attacks. And he could see the dwarves, taken in by his change of heart under their knives, releasing him to walk free again and plot his revenge on those that had tortured him.

The sound of footsteps shook him from his fantasies, and he pressed his eyes to the bars of his cage and strained to see in the darkness. The sudden light of a lantern being unhooded dazed him, light that seemed as bright as the sun sending him staggering against the back of the cage. As his vision swam with colors, he heard the rattle of keys in a lock, and the creak as the door to his cage swung open. His vision returned in time as dwarven arm, clad in purple silk, reached in to grasp his arm firmly and yank him from the cage.

He allowed himself to be shoved in front of the dwarf, knowing that any anger he provoked now would only be cut out of him before they began asking the actual questions. Ahead he could see the dim light around the central staircase, and he was grateful that at least that part of this smelly rat-hole had light in it. They reached it and descended, then continued into the darkness of the next level down.

"I'll never talk." He said in broken dwarfish, hoping that the intent carried through if not the precise words. The confident ones always broke, he knew, and broke most dramatically and thoroughly. They would need to believe that that was what had happened to him.

"Eshom" Barked the dwarf, her tone clearly conveying that she didn't care what he had to say. Sloppy, he thought to himself. Their torturer didn't even bother learning the language. He shook his head at their amateurism. You can't talk if you can't communicate. Some of the best torturers even spent years learning about their subject's culture and mindset. What could they expect to get if they couldn't even speak properly?

His feet faltered as he came across another stairway in the dark, his leather shoes losing their purchase on the packed sand as he unbalanced and fell. The dwarf never slowed, twisting his arm behind her as she swept past him and dragged him down the steps before he could regain his balance.

When the stairs ended he was still in darkness, forced to follow behind the dwarf until the hewn stone beneath his feet gave way to smoothed tiles. He looked up to see a statue, dimly illuminated by torches burning a deep red. At the feet of the statue lay swords and knives, axes and barbs, each made of steel and each coated thinly with fresh blood. The statue itself, a tall figure shrouded in a long cloak, was carved out of blood red stone and had ruby eyes. It was, he felt, a bit over the top for a torture room. Blood only went so far in instilling fear, and he felt that the most effective blood to frighten a subject was their own.

The dwarf holding him carefully selected a small knife from the foot of the statue, and hauled Stozu to one side of the room. There there would be a table, or a chair, with restraints on it. He stumbled ahead, his free hand searching for it. A table was more confining, but more passive. A chair meant they expected him to fight, and expected to be able to draw that out and break him with it.

His hand touched only open air, and he felt the bite of the knife between his shoulder blades, the blade sliding easily down his spine. Not a lethal blow. Barely even breaking the skin, in fact. Maybe they weren't as incompetent as he had thought, he reflected as he felt the warm blood flow across his back.

"E Armok, etom." Intoned the dwarf behind him, and a dozen more voices echoed "Etom." Stozu barely had time to wonder what they had said before he pitched forward, barely getting his arms out in front of him as he fell through where the floor should have been, landing heavily several feet down on smooth stone.

Above him, he could hear more dwarven chanting as he struggled to his feet and looked up at the dim red square above him. Just a moment now, to collect himself and figure out how to escape from his new cell. The first thing to do, he knew, was to find out how large it was. Maybe with a running jump, he could pull himself up into the torture room once they had left...

The first wave of silk hit him from behind, forming thick fibers that pinned him in place as he struggled to turn to face his attacker. His arms stuck uselessly at his sides, he jerked slightly as he felt the fangs enter his shoulder, and then felt only pain as Oxoxaslo the giant cave spider, avatar of Armok in Lanternwebs, fed on the first of many sacrifices.

On time? Did I say on time? Anyway, it's not dead yet, and the last few updates should flow reasonably quickly from here.

And, the giant cave spider is untamed, as avatars of Armok should be.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **November 30, 2009, 06:26:16 am**

Very nice Rysith!

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **November 30, 2009, 06:39:46 am**

A very good mega-beast fight. I love the idea of Workerdrone with his hand inside of a freakin dragons mouth trying to get his sword.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 27, 2009, 04:42:44 pm**

"And that," Zon said, placing the finely-engraved granite slab back in its silk pouch, "Is how Flint lead the Grand Army to victory over the demons, and the beginning of the Golden Age of Lanternwebs, in which we live now."

"Is it really true?" Asked Sigun, one of the children sitting around her feet. "Was that really how Lanternwebs started out?"

"Of course, dear." Zon replied. "Wizardmon still leads the Grand Army since Flint's retirement, you can ask him if you don't believe me."

"But really?" Sigun persisted. "Was that really the history of Lanternwebs?"

"Well, there may have been an embellishment here or there, and I had to gather the early history from Tosid and the others, but it's as close to what happened as I could get it."

"Were you really that unhappy at the beginning?" piped Atir, from the circle of children who had been listening.

"It was a much rougher place then, children, and I was much younger. Much younger, and more foolish perhaps. It's grown on me, certainly, back when I thought that being part of the Order of the Masters was all confronting fell beasts in their lairs, and not chatting with dragons about the history of creation or passing knowledge on to others. I'm glad now that Inod sent me on that path, even if I wasn't at the time."

"Is there really a giant spider under the floors?" Asked Kivish, one of the younger children.

"I should know as well as anyone, I had to help move it down there. A great mass of legs covered in bristles as large as swords and sharp as spears. If Workerdrone's been taking as good care of it as he claims, it should be even larger and more fearsome now. If you don't get your chores done on time, it will come into your bedroom and gobble you up! Speaking of which, don't you all have plants to be harvesting at this time of year?"

Zon chuckled to herself as the children scattered to the fields, searching for ripe prickle berries to bring in. It was almost time for Osram's feeding, and he had said that they'd have a discussion of the early years of the world with Bomrek this afternoon. Nothing to do now but talk and teach, just as she'd thought that she'd only be able to do back at the old mountainhome.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (Praise the Miners!)**
Post by: **Rysith** on **December 27, 2009, 04:57:20 pm**

And, with a (somewhat lengthy and drawn out) final few posts, I think that's the end of Lanternwebs. It turns out that even demons and dwarf-companion boosted orcs aren't much of a challenge for the Grand Army, especially when they all have adamantine weapons and shields. Hardly even worth writing about, really, which is why I opted for the ending that I did. Plus, it got around the ugliness of having to put parts of the story in spoilers.

Lanternwebs really did essentially reach the point of invulnerability and ludicrous wealth (six magnetite clusters and counting, along with half a dozen gold veins and legendary smiths will do that), and I'm not even sure if I could have triggered a tantrum spiral with it. Fortresses like that really stop being fun to play, and I don't have the literary skill to keep a story interesting in the absence of in-game conflict. Toward the end (IE when I stopped having a job that let me take a few hours out of every day to write ;D), real life commitments started making it a bit hard to get the entries done "on time". Writing it was certainly fun, though, and I may come back with shorter pieces in the future. Thank you to everyone who has read this, and I'd be happy to answer any questions about the final state of the fortress in a week or so when I get back to the computer that it's on.

Off the top of my head, Flint won the notable kill count with fifty-something kills, closely followed by Workerdrone and The Tooninator. All of the claimed military dwarves had titles (plus Duke), and all of the claimed craftsddwarves had reached legendary in their skill (Radhe and Hat without moods, I believe). Final created wealth was a bit over 32 million, and megaprojects (visible in a to-be-uploaded map) included The Webs, the magma labyrinth, and the Dwarven Fire Extinguisher (made in preparation for pit-breaching, but never activated as is usually best for those sorts of devices).

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The End!)**
Post by: **ToonyMan** on **December 27, 2009, 05:14:53 pm**

And it's over. Oh well.
This is like my first community fortress I was in that ended.

EDIT:
Lanternwebs started over a year ago! WOW.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The End!)**
Post by: **Flintus10** on **December 27, 2009, 06:44:56 pm**

Excellent story well done rysith.

Title: **Re: Lanternwebs (The End!)**
Post by: **Xanares** on **December 28, 2009, 12:33:09 pm**

Thanks for having the stamina to finish it off so nicely Rysith. Enjoyed it very much throughout.

Final Stocks Screen:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99% of the wealth is from the adamantine

Animals	Kitchen	Stone	Stocks	Justice
Created Wealth: 33435722* Population: 202 Leader 0 Consort 0				
Weapons: 2749460*				Champions 0 96
Armor and Garb: 10702072*				Recruits 1
Furniture: 24078224*				Axe Lords 0 None
Other Objects: 5204880*				Swordsdwarves 0 None
Architecture: 3191856*				Swordmasters 0 None
Displayed: 2674120*				Macedwarves 0 None
Held/Worn: 6305510*				Mace Lords 0 None
Imported Wealth: 1044035*				Hammerdwarves 0 None
Exported Wealth: 376743*				Hammer Lords 0 None
Food Stores: 7420				Speardwarves 0 None
Meat 33	Seeds 2364			Spearmasters 0 None
Fish None	Drink 1076			Marksdwarves 0 2
Plant 19	Other 3928			Elite Mrksdwrvs 0 None
				Wrestlers 0 None
				Elite Wrestlers 0 1
				Recruits 0 None

Around 2M of that wealth is from the adamantine

Final kill counts, organized as notable + other

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

- Flint: 51 + 23 kills
- Workerdrone: 47 + 26 kills
- The Tooninator: 40 + 34 kills
- Shoruke: 25 + 2 kills
- Grimes: 27 + 14 kills
- Grath: 19 + 9 kills
- Adil: 16 + 4 kills
- Foxkesh: 15 + 3 kills
- Wizardmon: 14 + 7 kills
- Pyrophoricity: 14 + 4 kills
- Argentum: 12 + 6 kills
- Kheskeim: 12 + 6 kills
- Bloogon: 12 + 1 kills
- Nichaey: 9 + 7 kills
- Silvereye: 9 + 2 kills
- The Duke: 6 + 0 kills
- Umir: 2 + 0 kills

Remember that the vast majority of "other" kills are Beak dogs and Armored War Elephants, reasonable kills in their own right.

Final map, with comments, is now available at the DFMA (<http://www.mkv25.net/dfma/map-7777-lanternwebs>)

At the end, we had nearly a thousand gold nuggets and over 2000 magnetite left to smelt, in addition to 1800 iron bars, 470 gold bars, and 500 steel bars. I was in the process of installing a steel cabinet into each bedroom, but wasn't able to finish before I decided to end the fort.

In total, 16 dwarves perished in Lanternwebs, all but four of them soldiers. Just over 1100 assorted hostile creatures were killed in Lanternwebs, roughly half of them Orcs or Goblins.

And, for anyone who believes that Lanternwebs belongs in the Hall of Legends, don't forget to vote for it there.

The Webs are really good looking. Nice addition to the fort.